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FEZ, THE MECCA OF THE MOORS.

WE were encamped in a garden by the mosque of Mulai Abdallah Sherif, the most holy sanctuary of Wazan, the most holy city of all the many sacred shrines and holy cities in Morocco, high up on an outlying spur of the Northern Atlas. The government whose protection we enjoyed was a perfect theocracy. Our fellow-citizens were exclusively saints, but after a stay of three days in the midst of them, we discovered that in the goodly fellowship of the saints there were many sneak-thieves, and were forced to the conclusion that unless we broke camp and immediately continued our journey we should leave Wazan barebacked and without supplies. One morning a bridle was missing, the next day a saddle, and then the hind quarters of the sheep upon which we had based dreams of gormandise possible only to beef-eaters who have been on a vegetarian and fruit diet for many days. This resolution to depart caused us many a pang, and doubtless lost us the acquaintance of many an interesting saint. While preparing to leave we picketed our camp with sentinels, and instituted a policy of non-intercourse. Wazan is even outside of the Koranic law, which is more or less observed in the rest of Morocco. Here the grand sherif is king and pope in one. His word is the only law recognized. The mosque of Mulai Abdallah Sherif is an inviolable sanctuary, much frequented by brigands and other refugees from justice from all over the empire. The grand sherifs are the most merciful of men; indeed, they strain the quality of mercy to an almost unheard of extent. There is no crime, however revolting, over which they will not throw the mantle of charity, especially if the refugee supports his prayer for protection with the gift of a few *meskals* of copper, the coin of the country.

Passing all our days in delightful idleness in a garden bright with the flaming-red blossom of the pomegranate and musical with the sweet song of the bulbuls, watching the many-colored fish disport themselves in the pellucid waters of the many fountains, listening to the strange and unfamiliar cries of the uncouth sectaries who thronged the holy places, it was difficult to believe that we had not been translated to another planet, that we were only two weeks out from New York; and it was quite impossible to credit the testimony of my diary when, on turning back the pages, I saw that six days before we had attended a mass-meeting of indignant British taxpayers on the rock of Gibraltar. On reaching Wazan we had accomplished one half of our pilgrimage to Fez, the Mecca of the Moors.

They were indeed a picturesque and motley crew, the saints and pilgrims we saw in Wazan. The Riaffa were the most strikingly original in their dress and traditions. They come from the Riff highlands, which stretch along the Mediterranean from Tetuan to near the Algerian frontier. It is a land to which the Christian has never penetrated. Their heads

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are close shaven, with a long scalp-lock hanging far down the back. The utility of this pigtail is apparent only after the death of the wearer. The Riaffa, among the many quaint ideas which they have, believe that when the gates of heaven shall be opened for the reception of the faithful, there will take place a scramble among those clamoring for admission, and that in the struggle not a few will be pushed aside or trodden underfoot, and so lose all chance of enjoying the pleasures of paradise. Their peculiar head-gear has been devised in the hopeful spirit of giving their particular patron saint at the golden gate a stout braid inviting to the grasp, by means of which they may be hoisted into heaven if it be his will and the will of Allah.

We were only awaiting cooler weather to make a start, when one evening a very hungry and ferocious-looking band of devotees from the Touat arrived, and pitched their weather-beaten tents in unpleasant proximity to our encampment. They seemed to have brought with them to the shrine nothing but humble, contrite hearts, and a few dried figs and dates as a present for the sherif. They were traveling very light, and were open-mouthed in admiration of our outfit. Having now nothing to gain and much to lose by further sojourn among the saints, we folded our tents some hours before daylight the next morning, and were many miles on our way to Fez, the Mecca of the Moors, before our absence could have been observed.

In the sleepy town of the Wazan saints we had learned that "hurry is the devil," as the sluggish Marabouts say. The thermometer, which ranged from 106° to 108°, impressed this great truth not only upon our minds, but upon our bodies, so we arranged the last stages of our inland journey on most luxurious lines: we would take five or six days to cover the hundred miles that lay between us and Fez. We wished to travel like the sultan, we said,—that is, from daybreak until eight o'clock in the morning,—and then pitch camp for the day. In this fashion we could hope to reach Fez with sleek cattle and a contented caravan and in about a week's time. But our march, which at the outset was so dignified and slow, soon became a thoughtless, reckless scamper. Unfortunately, we made our reckoning without consulting our cook or our mule-drivers, which was unwise. We had not counted upon the irresistible attraction of the holy places that we were now approaching. When we called a halt for tea and sardines, our cook would respond with citations from Ibn Mahomet Ibn Khaldun, the great chronicler of the Mograb. "O Fez, city of cities," he would cry in impatience at our delay, "every beauty of the world is found within thy walls! Fez, city of flowers and of fountains, are thy flowers of gold tinsel, and is it white honey or molten silver that flows from thy fountains?" To escape the contagion of this enthusiasm, we would gallop ahead for a mile or two, and then dismount to snatch forty winks under the groups of ilex-trees which here and there brightened our journey. But soon we would be awakened by the lusty cries of the approaching mule-drivers: "Thrice holy Mulai Edriss, favored indeed are they who dwell in thy shadow! O Fez, peerless city, source of virtue, home of science and of the arts, when, oh when, will our weary eyes be gladdened by the sight of thy tall towers?" Again we mounted and went bravely on for an hour or two, only again to fall by the wayside victims of the heat. Then came El-Howsi, the clown of the caravan—El-Howsi, who smoked away his brains and his memory with the insidious hemp-seed, and who was as happy the livelong day as the butterflies, and the birds who sing at liberty. He rolled from side to side in his broad *burda*, or saddle, and twanged his *gimreh*, or two-stringed lute, in ecstatic rapture. "Perish all other pleasures! Give me the dancing-girl of Basra with white and rosy face! Let her gaze intoxicate! Let sweetly blushing flowers ever bloom afresh in her cheeks, and pearls beyond price glisten between her ruby lips!"

Howsi, as will be gathered, was of the earth, earthy; but such songs as these banished sleep and swung us into the saddle. The monotonous landscape, the treeless mountains, the wretched *douars*, or mud villages, failed alike to detain us, and so it happened that on the evening of the second day out from Wazan we pitched our tents at a government halting-place, with Fez only fifteen miles away. Here we joined the main caravan trail to the east and to the south, and before evening closed in at least five hundred camels were hobbled inside the cactus hedge that surrounded the halting-place, and row after row of camel's-hair tents rose mysteriously out of the ground on each side of our new encampment.

We were permitted to join the camp-fire of the *krebir* (the leader of the larger caravan), which was composed of merchants from Figuig and the Tidikelt. The krebir has nothing to do with the commercial venture of the caravan. He is merely the pathfinder, the pilot who is paid to lead the merchants safely through the bewildering oceans of sand. This krebir was a very old, dried-up little man, with parchment cheeks that seemed to crackle as he energetically attacked his evening meal of *kouscous-o*. After supper he rolled himself up in his *jelab*, and apparently went to sleep on his prayer-rug.

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY. A MOOR FROM THE RIFF MOUNTAINS. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

But at regular intervals of about half an hour he would raise his head and shout:

"Guards, are you sleeping?"

"We are watching," invariably came the reply from the guards in a hoarse, singing voice, like the cry of the lookout on shipboard.

The talk around the camp-fire was all about commerce and trade; the dangers of a caravan journey through the Bled-el-Khouf (the Land of Thirst), and the robbers of the Bled-el-Rhela (the Land of Emptiness); disputes about the price of ostrich feathers, gold dust, skins, and antimony. The fever of money-getting and the race for wealth seemed as sharp in the hearts of these venerable-looking merchants, as they crouched about the fire on their prayer-rugs, as it has ever appeared to me from the conversations of our own oil magnates and commercial kings in their palatial clubs.

"The Soudan is the remedy against poverty, as tar-water is the cure for camel's mange," stoutly asserted one successful merchant, who had crossed the Atlas and was bringing back with him innumerable goatskins, and an exceedingly heavy pannier, on which he rested his head while sleeping, and which we supposed contained gold dust. His eyes gleamed as he talked of his profits and conjured up visions of the pleasures which a year's successful travel in the Soudan had brought within his reach.

In the midst of all the talk of profit and loss, a poor cripple whom I had not noticed before drew near the charcoal fire. He was a saint, I learned, who had joined the caravan far in the East, and was journeying to Fez to say a prayer at the tomb of the apostle, and to witness the great fête that was soon to take place.

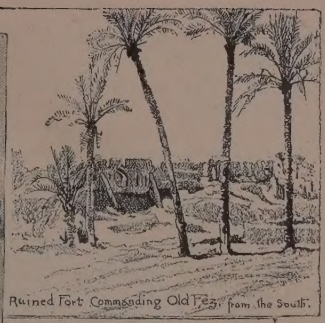
"O my brothers," he said, as the merchants

licked their chops, and talked of their great profits and the pleasures that were awaiting them in the walls of Fez, "the freeman is but a slave if he be avaricious! The slave is a freeman if he be contented with little. Whether ye dwell in camel's-hair tents or in a palace, the earth will be your last resting-place. Nourish the body with the fruits of the earth; drink only of the cool running water of the streams, and so ye shall dwell in and leave this world in peace." But the Marabout was as little heeded as a street missionary preaching in Wall street. The talk of gold dust and ostrich feathers and skins went on, and he finally stalked away from the fire with the pride of a man who has borne witness to the truth that is in him, even in the market-places of the children of Mammon.

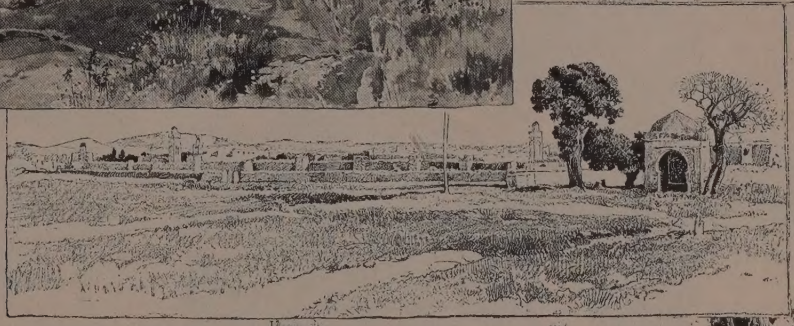
Within five miles of Fez the country became more rolling and less severe. Our soldier, Caid Sudek, in pious impatience for the first view of the green roof and *koubba* of Mulai Edriss, sent his spurs deep into the flanks of his magnificent iron-gray barb of the Ducala strain, and rushed up the hills like the wind, hoping each time to be blessed with a glimpse of the resting-place of the Moorish apostle. He had sent his gallant charger up four or five hills in vain — still no sign of Mulai Edriss or the saintly city. Suddenly, however, three well-mounted Berbers, with their flowing robes and many-colored caftans, galloped into view. The Caid, who, unfortunately, was far ahead of us, brought his galloping horse down to a snail's pace with a sharp pressure on the bit. We expected to see some "gun-play," as we knew that the Caid was on the worst possible terms with several of the Berber tribes. Several years before, at the sultan's command, he had killed one of their chiefs. The Caid's friends had advised him to retire to the sea-coast, as the Berbers are very vindictive and never give up a vendetta. He had taken service with the Bashaw of Tangier, and this was his first return to the scenes of his warlike exploits. The Berbers also checked their horses, and then began a very amusing scene, which, though terminating peaceably in a hand-shake, might at any moment have developed into a skirmish, had not all the requirements of courtesy been complied with by both sides. The moment the desert nomads caught sight of Sudek's *chechia* (the high-peaked fez which is worn only by the imperial soldiers), they instantly unfastened the flap of their gun-covers, and advanced with finger on the trigger. The Caid did the same. Slowly the champions approached each other until they were about ten yards apart. There was a pause of a moment, a painful silence, and then the Caid spoke in a voice as soft and insinuating as the hushed love-song of the dove in the ilex wood. He invoked blessings upon the heads of the Berbers, upon the graves of their ancestors, and upon the heads of their unborn children. The Berbers now relaxed their haughty bearing, and answered with kindly words. Then they brought their prancing horses together, and, still clutching their rifles in their left, in readiness for any change of mood, with the right they shook hands with great apparent heartiness. The Berbers then gave their horses the steel, and dashed away across the uneven country at breakneck speed, with their white *haiks* and scarlet caftans flying like streamers in the wind behind them; and the Caid's face, which had been of a strange color for the last ten minutes, resumed its ordinary copper-colored hue.

A few minutes later our attention was attracted by the approach of a stately cavalcade coming over the brow of the hill, and we had our first view of high life at the sherifian court. First came three magnificently mounted *emhazneea* of the Abou Kari, or black body-guard of the sultan. They carried long Sus guns, the stocks beautifully inlaid with ivory, and the barrels hooked with silver and bright with filigree-work. They rode swiftly past us, paying no more attention to our humble caravan than to the dust under their feet. Then, perched on a high-peaked saddle tipped with green velvet tufted and covered with red fez cloth, came a very stately-looking personage indeed — a retired vizir, as we afterward learned. He rode a mule of great size. Immediately behind him, riding abreast, and apparently in perfect harmony, came three ladies of his harem. They seemed young and pretty, though, unfortunately, the heavy folds of the traveling jelabs which they wore compelled us to depend almost entirely upon our imaginations for a fitting presentment of their charms and graces. Still, the odds and ends of their attire that we were enabled to see convinced us that we were in the presence of three members of the smart set at court. The *yashmaks*, or kerchiefs, with which their faces were concealed were of lace, and the green leather boots that peeped out from under their riding-cloaks were heavily incrusted with the golden embroidery for which Fez is famous. Behind one of the harem beauties trotted a greyhound that had been amusingly decked out for the journey by his mistress. The nails of his feet were red with henna, and his eyes were encircled about with kohl, as though he too were a member of the seraglio. We afterward learned that the great man who had passed us so haughtily was on his way to the sulphur-baths of Mulai Yokoub for a week's repose. The cavalcade closed with another squadron of the black guardsmen, and soon the dainty ladies,

FORT NORTH OF OLD FEZ, CALLED DAR EL BAROUD.



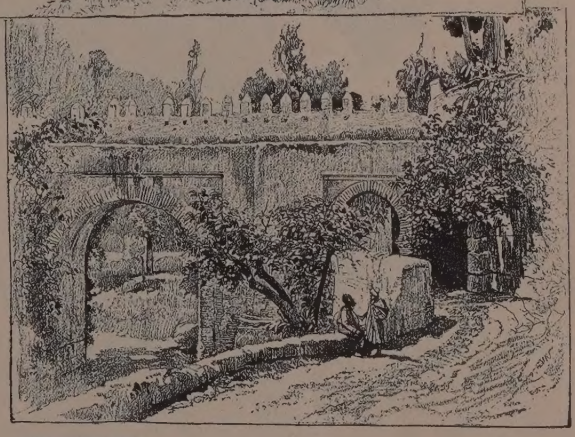
Ruined Fort Commanding Old Fez, from the South.



SULTAN'S PALACE, FEZ.

the retired vizir, and the haughty blacks, all disappeared from our view in a cloud of dust.

We now ascended gently rising hills. The mule-drivers pressed on eagerly. Suddenly, as one man, they cried out, "Mulai Edriss!" and across the plain there opened before us a truly disappointing panorama. As Caid Sudek prostrated himself in pious ecstasy over his saddle, we caught sight of a high mud wall. Across the sunburnt plain bounding our horizon all that we could see of the holy city was a few white walls glistening in the sunlight, and, beyond, the dull-green roof and the square minaret of the sacred mosque. We now emerged from the shadow of the hills, and descended into the sun-baked plains. Cloaked in the folds of our turbans to protect ourselves as much as possible from the scorching heat, and with eyes cast down in disappointment, we pounded along for twenty minutes across the plain. Suddenly there was a halt, and as I raised my eyes from the ground I found that we had arrived at the western gate of the city. Impatient travelers who had preceded us would seem to have hammered and battered the bronzed surface of the gates out of all recognizable shape, but our Caid showed no sign of impatience. He gazed up at the *douab*, or turnkey, who, like a man of iron, gazed down upon our little caravan from the lofty wall. Not a word was spoken, but there seemed to be the most thorough understanding between the two. Suddenly I comprehended. It was Friday (Jama, the Moslem Sabbath), and it was the hour of the midday prayer; the faithful throughout the empire, in the towns with their tall mud walls, in the douars with their hedges of prickly cactus, in mosques built by the great Geber from whom our architects have learned so much, or in the camel's-hair tents where the humble Kabyles worship, all were lost to this world



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

RUINED MOORISH AQUEDUCT AND SMALL GATE, FEZ.

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

A BRIDE OF THE DESERT.

in adoration, and with their faces and their thoughts turned toward Mecca, were praying to the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment. As we waited outside the gates I recalled a story, read somewhere in the Moorish chronicle, of how in the tenth century the godless Berbers had chosen this hour of prayer, when the faithful were gathered in the mosques, to enter the city and capture their arms and loot their dwellings. Since that event, ten centuries ago, the gates of every town in the Moorish empire have been closed at prayer-time, and at this hour a king himself could not obtain admission.

In half an hour the gates were opened to us, and in single file we entered the city, or rather I should say a new and surprising world. So fast, and in such quick succession, did our impressions follow one another, that upon my mind they have left very hazy memories. We passed a mosque. Hundreds upon hundreds of worshipers were streaming out of the gates. Rows upon rows of *baboushas*, or slippers, covered the courtyard as with a yellow carpet. They all seemed equally yellow, equally worn, and equally dirty, but without a moment's hesitation or delay each man picked out his slippers from the many aligned before him. This struck me as one of the most remarkable sights I had ever seen.

We were weary and listless, completely fagged out with the heat and our hurried journey, and at first I noticed very little of what was going on around us. But soon the novelty of the scene, and the surprising sights through which we passed, enlivened and awakened our drooping spirits. We soon noticed that wherever we appeared we produced a sensation. As we suddenly turned into a new street or market-place, all animation was immediately arrested. Men and women, who a moment before were hurrying hither and thither engaged in their everyday pursuit, seemed as though by some electric shock to be turned into stone. We noted their expression of defiance and hatred. And as we passed into another dark and crooked byway their contemptuous words of "Sirrane! Kafir!" came echoing behind us.

Another turn of the road around another corner, and we found ourselves in still another and different world. We were surrounded by men whose faces were strangely familiar. They wore long black gabardines, beneath which appeared lean yellow shanks. They embraced our knees, kissed our hands, and patted our horses affectionately, and wherever we appeared children and women left their work and joined in a low sepulchral cheer. We had entered the *mellah*, or quarter set apart for the Jews. With many expressions of devotion they followed us to the door of Moses-ben-Amoor-ben-Azulli, whom we hoped to make our banker. The crowd followed us with truly touching desires to do our bidding, and some intrusted us with petitions to be presented on our return to the President of the United States. Five minutes later we found ourselves seated at the table of Moses-ben-Amoor, which was covered with all manner of disgusting sweets—orange blossoms cooked with sugar, cakes covered with sugar, and fig-brandy distilled in sugar. Then followed a number of courses of *halooah*, each dish more revoltingly sweet than its predecessor, till at last, when we were sick at heart, and elsewhere, and when all thought of ever eating again for weeks and weeks to come had passed out of our minds, a delicious baked chicken was produced. It was exasperating, and we sat there silent while Moses-ben-Amoor made a speech in a jargon of Hebrew, Spanish, and Moorish, of which we could understand every now and then only "Shuf, Sidi Blaine" ("Now listen, Mr. Blaine"). Several hours later we rode out of the mellah. We had cashed a draft on Tangier for one hundred dollars, and it took two extra mules to carry our spoil away to the garden where we decided to camp during our stay in Fez.

Geographers, from the days of Leo the African down to Rohlfs, have waged learned war, and one which promises to be everlasting, over the disputed question of the situation, the early history, the origin of Fez, and the story of its name. Is it really the site of the Roman Volubilis? Does it lie on Giebel Salah or on Mount Zalag, and is it merely called Fez because its inhabitants neither make nor wear the head-dress known to us by that name? I began my researches into all these weighty matters with but little zeal, and was satisfied and even pleased when to one and all of my questions Salem, the Sheshouan boy, replied, "O son of America, God alone knows the truth concerning these things."

But the story of Fez as a Moslem city is known clearly for at least ten centuries, and you can read of all its greatness and its glory in the Mograbin chronicles, in comparison with which the records of the Venerable Bede, Guy of Malmesbury, and Froissart are modern literature. Confirmation of these stories is seen in the remains of mosques and palaces and bastions which lie far outside the present circumference of the dying city; for Fez is dying by inches, from inanition, and to-day is not half so large as it must have been in the comparatively modern time when Mulai Ismael and Mulai Soliman sat in the shade of the sherifian umbrella. Then it was that these magnificent palaces, Alhambra-like in their splendor, rose as if by magic on the banks of the Sebu to delight the eyes of the

victorious generals returning from their campaigns in the countries beyond the Atlas, where with the sword they had taught the word of the Prophet to the fetish-worshipers of the Soudan and the idolaters of the Niger basin. In these the golden days of modern Morocco the genii of the Arabian Nights were leagued with the adventurous merchants who carried salt to Lake Tchad, and brought back with them great treasures of ivory, gold dust, and slaves to do their bidding. Now, however, only about one hundred thousand people are living in the shadow of Mulai Edriss. But at seasons the floating population of merchants and pilgrims to the western Mecca brings the population up to a much higher figure, and even in these days of its decadence and decay Fez is far larger than Mecca and Medina and the other holy cities of Arabia taken together.

Old Fez, Fez Bali, Fez "the worn out," as the Moors who recall the splendor of the days that are gone sadly call it, though a dying city, is to my mind dying a beautiful death amid the fragrance of flowers on the hills of Salah and Zalag, crowned with wild olive. It is dying true to the faith of Edriss. No Christian can boast of having defiled by his presence its sacred shrines, and nowhere in the city can be found an object smuggled in from the outside world, or any evidence of the century in which we live — a century which Fez ignores. Old Fez, which interests us most, lies on the low swampland by the river, on the site where Mulai Edriss founded the western Mecca in the ninth century. It is low, swampy, and unhealthy. Its inhabitants are scrawny, wretched-looking people, all suffering more or less from rickets and rheumatism, and with frames racked by fever. In our own wide-awake Western world the city would have "busted up or moved on" centuries ago; but the apostle had chosen this site for reasons best known to himself, and the children of Mograb have bowed down before this decree of his inscrutable wisdom. It is divided into two distinct sections, one called the *adowa* Kairouan from the fact that its earliest settlers came from Kairouan in Tunis, the other *adowa* Andaluz, because it was first peopled by Andalusian Moors expelled from the Caliphate of Cordova in the days when the Saracen ruled on the bank of the Guadalquivir. The Tunisian and the Andalusian settlers were continually at war with one another until finally in the twelfth century Sultan Youssef built Fez *djedeed*, or new Fez, across the river, and on higher land. Here the sultan placed his cannon and located his army, and whenever municipal war broke out between the jealous townsmen, he was prepared to take a high hand in the game and reduce them to submission. But new Fez in the course of time grew and prospered, and like old Fez became proud, haughty, and intractable, so that the latest sultans of the Fileli, or reigning dynasty, have been compelled to build strong forts still higher up on the slopes of Giebel Salah, to keep new Fez in subjection, as the Imam Youssef built new Fez to intimidate the old city. The recent sultans have, as a rule, been proclaimed in the south, where the Edrissian legend has a less powerful hold on the imagination of the people, and every one of them has had to fight his way into Fez.

There are few remaining relics of the past splendors of the imperial palaces visible at the present day to the outside observer. The walls that surround the palaces must inclose at least several square miles of park dotted with palaces. They are long, low buildings, never over two stories high, built uniformly of *tapia*, a composition of clay, lime, and sun-baked mud. One explanation given me for the absence of architectural beauty in the imperial palaces is that they are occupied only during the life of one sultan. However beautiful the palace may be, and however much care and money may have been expended on it, the moment the sultan dies and his successor is chosen, the palace is either dismantled or converted into offices, and new palaces are immediately constructed for the sultan, who cannot be expected to enter a building that has been defiled by the presence of the angel of death.

"I am the caliph of the Lord; I am the captain and commander of the Faithful, the chosen one of the Prophet; I am the King of kings; I am a Prince in paradise: then obey me without a murmur, as my camels do."

This is the magnificent pretension of the Sultan of Morocco, and it is generally allowed. It is refreshing to find a country where not only has the divine right never been contested, but where as yet it has not even been questioned. Now and again a pretender to the throne has turned up, and the annals of Morocco are red with stories of civil wars. But the pretender has never been a revolutionist; he has always based his contention upon having a *more* divine right, and the alleged possession of a more generous and direct flow of the blood of the Prophet in his veins.

The loyalty of the people toward the monarch partakes of the nature of adoration. When the battle is fought and won, and the soldiers who have fallen sorely wounded are brought off the field and placed in a circle around the white pavilion in which the mysterious monarch lives, as unapproachable and invisible in his camp as in his court, then, it is said, the dread sultan walks up and down among them, smiling with silent pity upon their agony; and

they, the poor ignorant Kabyles of the valleys, and the nomad horsemen from the desert, cry out until their cries give place to the rattle of death, "Allah ibark amer Seedna" ("God prolong the days of our Lord"). And this too is the cry of the malefactor as he goes toward death or mutilation, and these are the words of the disgraced vizir who, when for purposes of political necessity he must disappear or be effaced, takes the cup of poisoned tea from the hand of his gracious sultan. The mantle of the Prophet of Medina that he wears must indeed be broad and ample, for it is called upon to cover a multitude of sins,—that is, viewed from our standpoint,—but the Moors believe that, try as he may, the sultan can do no wrong. He is like the saint I saw in Tangier who spends his entire time in drinking gin and whisky. One might think that this saint was drinking an undue quantity of strong waters, but such is not the case; at least it has never appeared to the Moors in this light, for he is such a holy man, they say, that the moment the strong waters come in contact with his person, they lose all their fiery qualities, and become innocent mare's milk.

The sultan's life is a very busy one. Six months of the year, in spring and fall, he spends under canvas, engaged with his army in "eating up" the country or province of some of the various tribes who are constantly in rebellion. There seems to be very little real fighting in these rebellions; sometimes the outposts stumble upon one another, and a man or two is shot. The large and powerful tribes, like the Benim'ghil, the Zimmoor, and the Zair, the sultan is careful enough to leave severely alone; but when smaller and less powerful tribes refuse to pay taxes, he leads his army into the country, and does not leave it while a blade of grass remains in the fields. The Moors have a story which accounts for the presence of the thick and luxuriant forest behind Rabat. They say that here the Sultan Ismael pitched his tents and "ate up the country" so thoroughly that when he had done the work and concluded to move away, he found that his tent-pegs had taken root and grown up into young saplings.

The few spare moments that he has from his affairs,—for almost every transaction of state is passed directly through his hands, from the negotiation of a treaty with a foreign power to the hiring of a mule,—the sultan spends in the shady groves of Lallah Amina, a palace he owns just outside of Fez, on the banks of the River of Pearls. From here, it is said, a subterranean passage leads to a fort which commands the city, and which is always placed by the sultan under the command of his most trusty officer. Here he spends his time in idleness. He has in his harem some eighteen hundred wives, or "gazelles." I quote the very lowest figure I ever heard as to his matrimonial delinquencies. It is generally stated that his wives number fifty thousand. It is said that he finds relaxation in picking out a dozen of his prettiest wives and making them race on the bicycles recently presented to him by the French government. The sultan is so often rude and unmannerly to strangers that I take pleasure in recording here the kindly way in which he received the request of a German prince who some years ago came to Tangier for his health. He was suffering with rheumatism, and brought with him his equipages. The first day he attempted to drive up and down the Malabar beach he was stopped by the soldiers, and forbidden to drive any further again in the city. He immediately appealed to the sultan, who wrote back the following answer, and had it despatched from Fez to Tangier by a particularly swift courier: Yes; he would be delighted to have this stranger prince drive about his city of Tangier; and he gave him permission so to do, but with one condition: every time he drove abroad he would please take the wheels off his carriage, otherwise he might run over and seriously hurt some of the little children in the streets.

As a mere republican intruder at courtly revels and functions in many countries, it has often occurred to me that those who hang about the throne have a much better time of it than the occupants themselves; but after a short survey of life at the holy court of Morocco I find that, at least as far as this country is concerned, my opinion has to be revised. To hang about the saintly throne of the right sherifs is a very dangerous occupation, and leads to the joys of paradise by way of martyrdom. The moment a Moorish sultan comes to the throne, he sets himself industriously to the task of killing his relatives, and putting his brilliant generals and high dignitaries in irons or to the sword. To prevent the rebel tribemen from transferring their allegiance to some other member of the saintly and royal family, and installing him under the sherifian umbrella, the new sultan finds himself confronted with the duty of putting all his male relatives to death. Some sultans have simply done their duty in the most brutal manner, by sending around their devoted slaves and having their relatives killed wherever found. Mulai el-Hassan, the present sultan, however, has the reputation in Morocco of being an eminently humane man—humane, indeed, almost to the verge of weakness; and, as was to be expected from a man of his delicate nature, he hit upon more refined methods of doing away with possible rivals. When he came to the

throne he had many vigorous uncles and any number of promising cousins, all young men with the blood of the Prophet coursing at a lively rate through their veins, and all desirous of ruling in some capacity. Mulai el-Hassan first bethought him of sending his cousin Mulai Edriss, a most popular and soldierly young man, to suppress a rebellion in the Sus country. He conferred upon him supreme command of the army, and also charged him with the administration of this rich province. He called his young kinsman to court, and conferred with him over many cups of tea, and told him what his wishes were in regard to the government of the province; and then as a sign of the high favor and esteem in which he held him, and the prominence to which he destined him, he presented young Mulai Edriss with an imperial sherifian tent. Now a sherifian tent is not after the fashion of an English tent — at least you cannot roll it up and put it in the pocket of your shooting-coat; it requires thirty mules to carry the double thickness of its canvas, and a dozen mules or more to drag the huge center-pole surmounted with the brass ball which in Morocco takes the place of the imperial eagle. For the erection and management of so large and intricate a tent a special corps of tent-raisers is required, and these, too, the generous sultan supplied to his gallant and promising young cousin by men picked and chosen from his own body-guard. The young Mulai Edriss started out in high feather to reconquer the Sus, with hopes of winning higher renown and amassing much treasure; but unfortunately, on the third day out from Fez, as he lolled on his divan, the magnificent tent-pole fell, and the huge brass ball that surmounted the pole of sweet-smelling Atlas cedar came in contact with the skull of poor Mulai Edriss. For a time his death was accepted as accidental. However, it has since been noted that whenever the sultan presents his own sherifian tent to a promising young general, the same mishap seems to occur, despite the fact that the kind sultan never fails to accompany the gift of his tent with the loan of a score of his own men who are experienced in raising it. So often has this occurred that now the imperial tent-pole is regarded as an administrative way of getting rid of obnoxious people, and victorious generals show a decided preference for the humble lean-to made of coarse camel's hair.

Then an uncle, one Mulai Ali, offended the sultan. He was a cheerful individual, and popular with the soldiers, and there was a rumor about that he was very fond of fig-brandy. The sultan called him to him and reproached him bitterly with the disrepute into which he had brought the saintly family in becoming a slave to drink; then, feigning to pardon him, he sent him to one of his palaces outside the walls, and had him served with a few gallons of fig-brandy every day, but not an ounce of food. In a month Mulai Ali died. Then there was left only Mulai Ismael, who was rather weak-minded, and the sultan consequently appointed him chief cadi, or supreme judge, of the empire.

It was on the morning of July 5 — the Moorish New-Year's day, or fête of the Ait el-Kebir — that we succeeded in attaining our first glimpse of the secluded monarch. From time immemorial on this day the sultan has always received his people in a monster audience. The scene of the ceremony is the place of sacrifice outside the western gate of the city, and on this morning certainly sixty thousand people were gathered on the hilltop to enjoy the pageant, and wish Sultan Mulai el-Hassan many happy returns of the day. As punctuality is not one of the forms of politeness practised by the Moorish princes, we were forced to wait more than an hour after the appointed time before there was any sign of the approach of the dread Seedna; and it was an unpleasant wait, too, in the broiling sun, with any number of long-haired saints prowling about, their fierce animal eyes fixed upon us with never-changing expressions of undying hatred. But even the Sultan of Morocco comes to those who wait. At last the gates of the palace at the foot of the hill upon which we stood were thrown open, and the sultan appeared at the head of a stately cortége. He rode slowly up the hillside to where thousands of his loyal subjects were awaiting him in a silence inspired by the fear of his awful presence. As he drew nearer it was seen that he bestrode a white horse, and as though some heavy weight was lifted from every mind, the multitude breathed more freely. The benign color of the horse he rode indicated, it seemed, that the sultan was in a gentle and even genial mood, and that no blood would be spilled that day on the place of sacrifice save the blood of the sacrificial lamb. But had he ridden a black horse, his favorite mount when the fierce tyrannical mood is upon him, the day would have ended less innocently. He came proudly up the hill, clothed in garments of dazzling whiteness. We had kept on the outskirts of the crowd in deference to the loudly expressed wishes of the long-haired saints, who never let us escape from their sight. Still, over the heads of the multitude, that were bowed low to the ground as the sultan made his way through the midst of them, we caught the outline of his noble features, and the commanding lines of his countenance, and so in a measure could understand the fascination and charm of his personality,

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY M. HAICER.

A BEAUTY FROM THE SUS.

which even those who have least reason to like him — the European envoys to Morocco — are compelled to admit.

The sultan was preceded by some ten or twelve Soudanese carrying long steel-tipped spears, which they thrust and brandished fiercely about them in the quite unnecessary exertion of clearing a way where no one obstructed. Then followed a body-guard of fly-flickers, whose duty it was to see that neither the caliph nor the noble charger he rode was molested in any way by the buzz or the bite of the many-winged insects that now and then enveloped us like a cloud of locusts. The sultan rode under the scarlet and purple umbrella, the emblem of sherifian sovereignty. He was surrounded by dense body-guards of courtiers, dignitaries, and officers on foot, who kept circling around their master like so many frisking puppies. There was the Caid el-Meschwa, "the introducer of ambassadors," a man selected for this post because of his gigantic stature, and whose proud boast it is that there has never come an ambassador to the Moorish court who could not walk under his arm stretched out straight from the shoulder; then came Sid Mahomed ben-Moussa, or the "Eyebrow," as he is quaintly called. Sid Mahomed fulfils an office which is never vacant at any court, yet nowhere are the functions which he performs so frankly acknowledged as at the sherifian court. He takes his orders from his master's eyebrow; by years of obsequious servitude he has learned to interpret the rise, the fall, and the various twitchings of the monarch's eyebrows. When in the dreadful presence of his majesty, his eyes are ever fixed upon these indicators of imperial will and pleasure. Following the court strode an elephant presented some years ago by her gracious majesty the Empress of India to her good brother the Sultan of Morocco. The forehead of the great beast, which is held by the Moors in the highest veneration, wore a coat of green and purple paint in honor of the festal day. The elephant, too, was surrounded by many fly-flickers and other personal attendants charged with the task of looking after its comfort. Then came the nondescript rabble and disorderly mob which the sultan is pleased to call his army. At least the artillery collection was interesting. There were guns dragged heavily over the ground on dilapidated carriages that were taken from the Portuguese about three hundred years ago, in the wars for the possession of the coast towns of Morocco; and immediately after them were light mountain batteries turned out by the best foundries in France and Germany only a twelvemonth before. The procession was concluded by large delegations of Berbers. Finally the sultan reached the top of the hill. His followers and courtiers fell back, leaving a large open space about him. He turned his horse's head toward the east and recited a short prayer. As he ended, and once again faced the multitude, a great cry went up, in which fifty thousand voices mingled, of "God prolong the days of our Lord Mulai el-Hassan." Then the reception began. The mighty men of Morocco, the ministers of his divan, the chiefs of his household, the *aghas*, or army colonels, and the nomad sheiks from the desert, all passed before him in single file, and with low obeisance saluted their lord and wished him many happy returns of the day.

As we rode back into the town, the streets literally ran blood. There was no family in Fez so poor as not to kill a sheep and let him bleed to death on their door-step in honor of the day. Our mule-drivers were very discontented; they had no sheep, and we showed no disposition to advance them money. Finally, Salem and the Caid called upon me, and by their conversation betrayed the following amusing conceit, which, as it has been revealed to many other travelers in Morocco, I think may be safely considered a national one. Salem began by saying that he, the Caid, and the muleteers had been praying for some days to Allah for a sheep, but without success, and that he and the Caid had now come to me to beg me to join in their prayer. When I told them that I thought my prayer would hardly be more successful, Salem let the cat out of the bag by giving me the following amusing explanation of the greater material prosperity of the Christians, which he had doubtless picked up in one of the mosques:

"No," said Salem; "so sweet and grateful to the ears of Allah are the prayers of the true believers that he rarely grants our requests: he loves to listen to the words of the prayers that fall in such sweet and pleasant cadences upon his ears. But the prayer of the Christian is harsh and unpleasing to Allah, and yet the Christians are so persistent in prayer that finally, losing all patience, Allah turns to his angels and says, 'Grant the prayer of this Christian: give him anything and everything he wants; only see to it that he stops praying.'"

Not wishing to put my faith to the ordeal of competitive prayer, I did not comply with Salem's request, but they got their sheep,— their story was worth that,— and that night our garden was the scene of a grand carouse over kouscous-o and fig-brandy.

In the bazaars the stifling heat of the last month had brought all trade to a standstill; but a weather-prophet wandering through them had these words of hope, of comfort, and of warning:

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

AN ITINERANT MINSTREL FROM THE SOUDAN PLAYING ON THE REBEC.

The *gerba* [the cool west wind from the Atlantic] is coming up the valley of the Sebu. It will soon reach Fez. Then have a care to change your smart summer caftans of silk and satin for caftans of fine-spun wool.

For several hours gusts of wind came eddying back upon the city, now with gusty boisterousness, now with a soft, sighing sound, all of which lent color to the report that the west wind from the Atlantic and the sirocco from the Sahara were having a battle royal for the right of way somewhere down the valley of the Sebu. We awaited developments with breathless interest. Toward midday, alas! the prophet disappeared from the tea-houses, and the terrible sirocco triumphed all along the line. Even the sun was obscured by the clouds of sand that it brought from the desert. The wind blew fiercely and with a breath of flame, and in despair we pictured to ourselves the genial gerba driven back to the Atlantic coast, where during these weeks of the hot "blizzard" we had so often wished to be.

We sought distraction in a tour through the Kessaria, or bazaar quarter of the town. Speaking generally, this quarter extends from the mosque of Kairouan to Mulai Edriss, something over three quarters of a mile. Along what in default of a better term I must call the main thoroughfare, which after many and devious windings leads from one mosque to the other, are situated the more important stores, narrow little cubbyholes, in which the shopkeepers of Fez squat cross-legged the livelong day, and sell their wares or sell them not, "as it is written." Out of this main street, which is often so

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

RUINED TOMBS OF SAINTS OUTSIDE FEZ.

narrow that two mules with their broad, outspreading *burdas* cannot pass, run any number of still more narrow alleys, which soon, however, broaden out into large courtyards and market-places. The shopkeepers and the artisans at Fez are divided into guilds of great antiquity. The domain of each guild or trades-union is clearly marked off, so that in each of the little market-places the wares displayed are all of one kind — brasswork, slippers, caftans, or lamps. The whole business quarter presents a perplexing labyrinth without a clue. After a month in Fez I was as helpless to find my way about the bazaars as on the first day I entered it. It was my pleasure to wander alone through its mazes day after day, but these expeditions almost always ended in my becoming hopelessly lost, and having to sit down and await the arrival of the faithful Sheshouan boy, who would leave the horses and scour the bazaars in search of his bewildered master.

We now rode down into the city and dismounted at the *fondak*, or inn, on the border of the bazaar quarter. It was a remarkable caravansary of great antiquity, decidedly the best in Fez. Here lodged the wealthy caravan merchants with their wives and slaves. The guest-room, adorned with Salee matting, opened out into a quaint octagonal courtyard, the cedar-wood cornice that supported a balcony running around the second story of the building, and though black with smoke, still displaying magnificent wood carvings, an art in which up to very recent years the natives of Fez excelled. Here, reclining upon Benim'ghil rugs remarkable for their perfect blending of colors, merchants would pass the day talking trade and drinking their nauseating mint-tea. Sometimes, though very rarely, I have surprised them in the act of making a sale, the record of which they would enter in their ledgers, antique parchment books quaintly bound in the red goat-leather of Morocco. About six o'clock they would close up shop for the day and waddle off to the mosque for evening prayer. On their return they would lounge about for the rest of the evening, reclining on their rugs and cushions, listening to the itinerant story-tellers who wander

about the country, delighting camel-drivers, vizirs, and children alike, with their stories of genii, of which the Moors never seem to grow weary.

It was the hour of Asra, or afternoon prayer. As we walked through the narrow byways, strangely deserted and still, we were suddenly confronted by one of the lofty gates that open into one of the spacious courtyards of the sacred mosque of Kairouan. Never having been so fortunate as to obtain an unobstructed view of the sacred mosque, I cannot give a clear idea of its proportions or size. I saw it many times, but always from a new standpoint, and my latest view and impression would always change and dispel previous ideas and impressions rather than round them out into a complete whole. We would suddenly emerge from the darkness of a narrow street or byway, and, dazzled and startled by the flood of light that came in upon us so unexpectedly, we would see before us one of these strange gateways, surmounted with a Moorish arch, and adorned with patterns of bronze work and wood-carving. As our blinking eyes became more and more accustomed to the dazzling light, we would see stretching out before us the vast and spacious courtyards, with their many strange effects of light and shadow, and hear the rhythmic murmur of the town, and the low hum of the prayers, which in this holy place are never hushed. I spent many long and tedious hours endeavoring to walk around the sacred edifice, and to obtain at least the meager satisfaction of knowing approximately the area which it occupied; but my efforts were never crowned with success. The Kairouan is rather a collection of mosques, *mederças*, *zouias*, or holy schools, than a single edifice, and after many attempts I found it quite impossible to distinguish with precision the precincts of the mosques from the many sacred buildings and colleges that surround and immediately adjoin it. In the main mosque there is room for at least thirty thousand people to go through, at the same time, the many evolutions that the Moslem prayer demands. It is impossible to get an idea of the *ensemble* of the mosque at close range, owing to the surrounding buildings, and from a distant hill outside of the city walls—the only hill that commands a view of the sacred quarter—I could make out only the square minarets and the koubba-shaped roofs of the many mosques within the walls of Kairouan.

As we peeped discreetly in through the open door, the courtyard became populous with worshipers from the sanctuaries and saints' tombs within. The prayers had been said, and the worshipers hurried out into the streets on their way back to their homes and their occupations. We withdrew from our position of prominence into the shadow of a side street, for by innumerable unpleasant altercations we had learned the danger of being discovered casting our "evil eyes" upon the holy places. The true believers passed in review before us: first, the fat merchants of Fez with their fair complexion and surprisingly blue eyes and not infrequent blond or red beards. This sight never failed to produce a sensation of surprise, which a constant repetition of the sight rather enhanced. To see that

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE CEMETERY IN FEZ ON THE MOHAMMEDAN SABBATH.

a Moor is not a blackamoor upsets all preconceived ideas, and prepares one's mind for almost anything in the way of startling surprises. The native Fez merchants, as they swept past us with the pride of the Pharisees in their port and bearing, seemed to be a very weak and weedy race. They were either fat and helpless or thin and decrepit, and appeared to be anemic and of little bodily vigor. Indeed, it is said that the old families of Fez manage to survive only through constant intermarriage with the blacks of the south, or with

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

A JEWISH TYPE.

women of the pure Arab tribes of the northern and western provinces. After the dignified procession of merchants, and paying them but scant respect, came a crowd of soldiers of the Government, great burly blacks, skylarking like boys on their way home from school. The tribes or families of these men have been "adopted" from time to time by the sultan of the day, and are passed over to the Government from generation to generation. They are the chosen soldiers of the sultan, and the backbone of the fighting force of the empire, and their breeding is the special care of the Government. Following the soldiers, came worshipers representing every half-tint in the range of human complexion: coal-black water-carriers and mule-drivers from the Soudan; the men of the Sus, with their strange muddy, chocolate-colored faces; and then complexions showing every shading of the negroid type. Then came a strange apparition—a Toureg from the desert: in striking contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the costumes of those about him, he wore a jet-black burnoose, and his face, from the eyes down, was covered with a yashmak cloth, as though he were a woman.

The courtyard was again quiet and deserted, and the clattering sound of the many baboushas was dying away in the distance when the last figure of this strange, motley congregation came in sight. This was a "saint" with wild, animal eyes, who now came sliding out of the doorway of the mosque into the sunlight of the courtyard, shoving himself along with his arms, for his legs were shriveled and paralyzed with disease. In the abandon of the religious ecstasy which was his normal state, he gave voice to strange, wild cries as he dragged himself to the fountain. He could not stand upright, so he drank of the overflow water from the fountain where innumerable Moors had been going through their ablutions. Dragging himself along like a spider, he reached the great doorway, and looked anxiously up and down the street. Our mule-drivers told us strange stories of this saint. He was a member of the Senussiyah, and an emissary of the Senussi Mahdi, who far away in his desert home in southern Tripoli is plotting the expulsion of the Christians from Africa, and planning a brotherhood of all the Moslem races to encircle the globe. We heard that this saint had been preaching in his sanctuary, denouncing the sultan as a faithless caliph, as a kafir, or Christian, in disguise. Under the protection of the Edrissian saints he could say with impunity what he pleased in regard to the sultan, but only here within the sanctuary, which the sultan himself dare not violate. Knowing this, the saint of the Senussiyah dragged his shriveled limbs back across the tilings of the courtyard and crawled into a corner to sleep. Here he passed his days and his nights, and for food and drink he had the water that flowed from the sacred fountain, and an occasional crust of bread thrown to him in charity.

The streets were again quite deserted. We stole softly back to the gate, and again profaned with our curiosity the courtyard that led to the holy of holies. I conjure up in my mind

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS

FOUNTAIN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KAIROUAN.

the scene of which some day, sooner or later, this courtyard and these narrow streets that lead from the holy places will be the theater—the scene that will take place on the day when, touched to the quick of their indomitable pride, and angered beyond all self-restraint at the never-ending encroachments and exactions of the powers, the sultan and the sherifian saint will raise the green banners of the Prophet, so jealously watched over in the mosques, and proclaim the holy war, which will unite the men of the Mahkzen, the Berbers of the desert, the Touregs of the plain, and all the strange, uncouth sectaries of Africa who are now allied in the brotherhood of the Senussi Mahdi. The merchants of Manchester and Marseilles, of Madrid and Milan, who are clamoring for what they call, in their cant phrase, "The opening of the last market of the world," will, when this day dawns, be confronted with an army of fanatics, with a paladin at their head who will wield the golden sword that rests to-day on the tomb of Mulai Edriss, awaiting the coming of that strong arm, and these fanatics will take a lot of beating—more, I think, in view of the expense, than the merchants of the world will feel inclined to give them.

We now entered the carpet-bazaar. Here, side by side, were the ragged rugs of the last century, dirty and full of holes, but still wonder-

fully beautiful in the soft, harmonious blending of colors, and the new carpets, which set one's teeth on edge with their crude and crying colors. For here, indeed, a breach has been made in the Moorish barrier of conservatism: the carpet-weavers of to-day have forsaken the models of their fathers and taken their patterns from Cheapside and Birmingham. An interesting sight is the sword and dagger bazaar, filled with many strange weapons, from the curving Turk-

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A BAZAAR.

ish simitars to the straight swords of Persia. The sun is kept out of this market-place by a luxuriant grape-vine trained to run over the trestlework. Here I had spent more than an hour a day for several weeks in rummaging through the heaps of swords, and had been rewarded by a "find" that always brought me back again to the spot. It was an undoubted Andrea Ferrara blade. The temper and inimitable finish of the workmanship made the confirmation of his signature quite unnecessary. But there it was, the name of the magical worker in steel, "Andrea Ferrara," and on the other side, "Toledo," where he lived and forged for many years. The blade was worn and blunted, and the sharp edges were notched. I found it in a pile of worthless swords, for a Moor would never lower himself by displaying his wares; but the owner knew its value well, and asked me three times as much for it as it would have brought at Christie's in the palmy days of high prices. I spent many a happy hour in this bazaar, fingering the old, worn blade, and imagining its adventures, picturing to myself the battle-scene where the blade had fallen from the hand of a Catholic Spaniard and was snatched up by the sherifian Moor. And who, I mused in my anger, was the impious Numidian (may the sod or the sand lie heavy on him!) who cast away the original hilt I dreamed of as befitting such a blade and such a *preux chevalier* as must have been the knight that wore it,—a Christian hilt it must have been, in the shape of the cross, with all the dainty bravery of silver and gold and of inlaid ivory,—and replaced it by a cumbersome, shapeless hilt of rhinoceros horn? I had gradually fallen into that sentimental state of mind where money is no object,—especially to the poor,—and on this day I had started for the bazaar prepared to buy

the sword, cost what it might. My heart beat high as I approached the shop. The thought of the extravagance I was about to commit made me positively happy. "But what if the blade is gone?" I thought, with a shudder. The Moor smiled as he caught my eye searching the booth for the blade that was nowhere to be seen. "It is sold," he said quite simply. "And to whom — to whom?" "Who he was God alone knows," and the shopkeeper placidly folded his arms, crossed his legs, and resumed his disturbed slumber.

Very much crestfallen, we entered the bazaar of the baboushas, or slippers. We hailed with delight the sound of an approaching funeral, for a funeral in Fez is the one bright public spectacle, an unmixed pleasure in which all can participate. As with one voice those who participate and those who merely look on lift up their hearts in songs descriptive of the pleasures of paradise. Weeping relatives are nowhere to be seen. The widows do not stir from their houses until the subsequent Sabbath, when they go out to the cemetery, and are permitted to relieve their feelings in strange, unearthly howling over the grave. But at such a soul-inspiring scene as a cheerful funeral women are not allowed by their presence to strike an inharmonious note, for the learned sherifs of Mulai Edriss hold that women have no souls. As the funeral procession drew nearer we saw that it was a very fashionable one. The music, if not good, was loud, and the performers were numerous. Salem learned that the deceased was a wealthy merchant of Fez and a *hadji;* that is, he had made the *hadj*, or pilgrimage, to the holy places of Arabia. The body was borne toward us through the narrow streets on a litter carried by four blacks, and covered with a large white shroud, which the hadji had purchased during his sojourn in Mecca. The shroud was supposed to have been washed in the sacred waters of Zem-Zem, and was a luxury that only wealthy pilgrims could afford. The advantages of being buried in a shroud that has been washed in the sacred waters, even though, as was evidently the case in this instance, the washing of the shroud had taken place many years ago, are not by any means exclusively ornamental or sumptuary; for once in this holy envelop the dead man is supposed to pass through the immense spaces of purgatory and over the barriers of critical and detaining angels like a flash of lightning. He, happy man, is admitted immediately into the inner gardens of paradise, where there are many pleasant brooks and shade-trees, and the birds have bright green plumage. Such being the attributes of this shroud, we no longer wondered that as the cortége passed the poor people who have not the money to go to Mecca, and could not afford a shroud even if they got there (undeterred by the fact that the hadji had died of smallpox), knelt and reverently kissed the ends of the sacred vestment. Immediately behind the bier marched two stalwart negroes, carrying high above their heads sticks to which they pointed as they recognized friends in the crowd of genial roisterers who participated in the general gaiety of the happy occasion. Attached to the sticks which they carried were pieces of parchment on which the pious hadji had written their letters of manumission. This humane act of liberating several slaves when the rich owner is lying on his death-bed is highly commended by the Koran, and is frequently practised in Fez.

The sun was sinking, and one by one the sleeping shopkeepers seemed to awaken to the fact that another day of toil was gone. For a moment they hustled about, covering their wares with cloths, and then proceeded to shut up shop. They took hold of a rope suspended from the roof and gently let themselves down, feeling cautiously for a foothold. The average distance from the floor of a booth in the bazaars to the ground is about two feet; but they are very brittle, these merchants of Fez, and they let themselves down very gently, as though fearful that the slightest jar or jolt would break their bones. Some of the merchants even keep in their little six-by-four booths a private step-ladder, by means of which they effect their exits and their entrances. When the booth is securely closed and carefully locked, the merchant scribbles all over the door with red chalk very mysterious and cabalistic characters, which do not mean "Will be back in an hour," or "Slipped out across the street for five minutes," but are rather in the nature of threats to evil-doers and *jinn* of what misfortunes will overtake them should they dare to break open the doors during his absence.

And now our shopkeeper shook himself thoroughly, as though his limbs were still benumbed with sleep; he arranged his haik jauntily about his shoulders, and then cheerfully trotted off up the narrow street. Sometimes I have seen them, in the glad anticipation of a filling dinner, purse up their lips, as though they too felt the absolute necessity of whistling like all other well-conducted shopkeepers the world over when they turn the key on their shops for the day; but it is not advisable to whistle in Fez. The practice has fallen into disrepute, owing to the general belief among the Moors that people who whistle are calling up sprites and evil spirits from the invisible world; and so it happens that people who whistle are very apt to have curved knives stuck into them as they walk in the darkness of the narrow streets.

Reveling in the strange scenes and in the exotic color of our surroundings, we now di-

rected our steps toward Mulai Edriss. Here we saw a touching spectacle, the realization of a pious and humane thought that was inspired in the heart of a Fez merchant as he lay on his death-bed, centuries upon centuries ago. Dying, this merchant bequeathed his vineyard and his gardens to the warden of Mulai Edriss. With the income the warden was enjoined to pay stalwart men of good will to go forth into the streets of Fez every afternoon, and to bring to the holy mosque the blind who could not find the way, and the cripple who could not walk. As we waited and watched, we saw approaching a line of men some ten or twelve in number, all clothed in rags, many of them loathsome with disease, toiling slowly up the hillside. At the head of the column marched a black from the Soudan, holding the staff of the blind man next to him, and half guiding, half pulling him up the hill; the first blind man gave the guidance and support of his staff to the second blind man, and so on to the end of the column. After many halts, and many a gasp and moan, the tottering column reached the level of the mosque, and were led into the doorway and drawn up in line. As the watchful *emin* on the minaret saw the sun sink below the horizon, and sent out with a loud, ringing voice his call to prayer, the blind beggars fell to the ground, first on their knees, then prostrate, with their foreheads in the dust, and with their thoughts directed toward Mecca they breathed the *Fatha*, or prayer, and made their peace with the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment. None of my acquaintance in Fez could tell me the name and earthly titles of the maker of this beautiful bequest; but I feel assured that, like the name of Abou Ben Adhem, it is not lost altogether — that it will be found some day inscribed in golden letters in the book of those "who loved their fellow-men."

My horse having succumbed to rough riding in the uneven ditches of Fez (I can hardly dignify them with the name of streets), I decided to buy another animal for the return journey to the sea. For three days I attended the horse-market without succeeding in making a purchase. The horse-market was on a high plateau outside the gates of the city. The sun beat down pitilessly upon it, and the heat seemed as though it was stored up in the sandstone only to be reflected back with increased vigor; nor was there a tree or a shrub or a particle of shade on the plateau for shelter. Here, grimly perspiring and growing more and more exasperated, I spent the better part of the week in attempting to buy a horse, which was all the more remarkable as my pretensions were not very exalted and, having very good reasons for wishing to reach the coast at the earliest possible date, I was not inclined to be exacting in regard to the price. Here the horse-dealers assembled every day, and here the Berbers and other breeders came with their colts to sell (I say colts, because in Morocco fillies and mares are never ridden). I found them a disappointing lot, and was soon forced to the conclusion that in Morocco as well as elsewhere the good horses are rarely placed on sale. Like nearly all the barbs I have seen, those offered for sale, almost without exception, had "legs"; but it must be admitted that they were generally sound in wind. When my eyes fell upon a colt that seemed at least worth trying, Salem would accost his rider, and induce him to gallop the animal about to show off his paces; this they always did with a great show of alacrity, rushing off in a mad gallop, and disappearing over the steep sides of the plateau, never to reappear. It was very annoying and perplexing, and the only explanation that Salem could offer — something to the effect that the colts having galloped so sweetly at the last moment, their owners did not have the heart to sell them — struck me as hardly satisfactory. On the afternoon of the third day I concluded to buy a stout-looking colt with strong shoulders and a back without a scar — a phenomenon I could account for only by supposing that he had been saddled and ridden that day for the first time. I went up to the young Berber who rode him, and, after compliments, offered him fifty Spanish dollars for his mount, or ten dollars more than the market value. The Berber was evidently surprised; he looked at me for a moment in haughty silence, then suddenly giving the colt an inch or two of the long, cruel steel spurs he wore, sent him off in a wild gallop across the uneven surface of the plateau. After careering about in circles for several minutes, he came back to me, going at a tremendous pace, and then, within a yard or two of where, with some trepidation, I was awaiting the result, by a sharp pull at the murderous bit he threw the colt on his haunches.

"How much will you give me for my pony now?" he said with some gruffness.

"Sixty dollars, God bless it!" I replied. When you speak to a Moor of any of his possessions it is advisable to go on record as blessing it, otherwise he may come to the conclusion that you are cursing it under your breath, and hold you directly responsible for any mishap that may subsequently befall it.

My Berber threw himself back in his saddle, and laughed a loud, unpleasant laugh; again he gave the high-spirited steed the steel, and again he sent him across the rocky plateau in a mad gallop. The colt was now frantic with

excitement and the cruel treatment it had received, and sprang from rock to rock like a chamois; while on the full gallop his rider would now and then stand in his saddle, toss his long-barreled musket high in the air, and go through all the mad equestrian feats of the Berber. Finally he drew up, and came riding proudly toward me, his haik, loosened by the unwonted exercise, streaming in the wind behind him. He drew rein about ten yards away from where I was standing, and then shouting so that all the Berbers, horse-dealers, beggars, and idlers about could hear him, he said: "Know, Christian, I would not sell a colt of my father's breeding to an unbeliever for all the gold in Fez. I would rather cut his throat." A moment later, under my very eyes, he sold for forty dollars the colt for which I had offered sixty! This time the offer came from a soldier of the Prophet.

This was naturally my last visit to the horse-market, and it was only at the Kasr-el-Kebir, half-way to the sea, that I succeeded in getting another horse. But when the first flush of my anger at the brutal frankness with which he had treated me was over, I learned to like this Berber boy, with his vice of indomitable pride, better than all my friends and acquaintances in Fez,—better even than the mild-eyed Fuky, who under cover of darkness was accustomed to slip into our garden and teach me the Fatha, and who, as we stole out of Fez on our homeward journey, whispered in my ear, "May thy end be happy!"—a pious wish which meant that he trusted I should be converted to the true faith before my death.

Stephen Bonsal.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN.[1]

WITH NOTES ON HIS HOME LIFE.

THE following letters were written by the late Bishop Brooks to the children of his eldest brother during his various journeys, beginning with one made in 1882–83, which extended over a year and included the journey to India. Sailing from New York in the *Servia* about the middle of June, 1882, he was joined by the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Franks of Salem, who remained with him for two months, traveling in England, France, and Italy. Later Mr. H. H. Richardson, the architect, with a young friend joined the party in France, and they all continued together for several weeks. When they separated, Dr. Brooks went to Germany, where he visited several of the university towns, making Berlin his headquarters, and remaining there long enough to look into its university life, and to learn something of its great men and its theology.

Late in November he was joined at Venice by Mr. Evert J. Wendell of New York, for the journey into India. This journey most successfully accomplished, Mr. Wendell left him at Cairo, and Dr. Brooks, after a little tour into Spain, returned to England, where he spent a delightful two months, seeing much of its great people. Here he was joined in July by Mr. Robert Treat Paine of Boston, and after another fortnight on the Continent he took the steamship *Cephalonia* at Liverpool on September 12, reaching Boston on September 22.

This was an eventful day to many households throughout the city. Members of his family, who were scattered, gathered to meet him and to celebrate his return with festivities; and it was pleasant to see how naturally and happily he fell into the old ways after a year of delightful recreation.

One likes to recur to the family festivals, which, through his busy life, he never failed to observe with scrupulous care. Upon the removal of his father and mother to North Andover, he arranged that the rectory in Boston should be the family gathering-place on Thanksgiving Day. Unhappily, only a little group were within reach, and to them this was a great occasion. For several weeks beforehand the young people were interested in arranging for a "surprise" in the way of some simple entertainment, which followed the dinner and occupied the evening; and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to "dress up" in the silks and stuffs and trinkets that had been brought from India by their uncle, who would guide them in the arrangement of their costumes, and afterward make one of the audience and greet them with hearty applause. Several dolls were kept in a closet of the rectory for the entertainment of his nieces when they should chance to drop in.

He took especial pains on these occasions to make his table attractive to the children. Every appointment was marked by his most refined taste, which never seemed to err even in the

[1] The following letters are selected from a volume of "Letters of Travel," to be issued by Bishop Brooks's publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co. At the request of the editor of THE CENTURY, a member of the family, who furnishes the notes, has grouped a number of the bishop's letters to his nieces, the children of his brothers, William G. and the Rev. John C. Brooks, with the purpose of presenting a little-known and most interesting side of the life and character of the great preacher.

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smallest matter. His love for flowers was evident in his selection and arrangement of them. The ornaments and bonbons were unusual, and were carefully selected, and at the close of the dinner the children were requested to carry away all that remained of the prettiest of them. Once his ices represented a group of kittens, and his play with them was the source of much amusement to the children and himself. The costume favors, too, were always there, and each one present was expected to wear his or her paper cap throughout the dinner, his own towering above the others.

The Christmas season was a great delight to him. He was most devoted to the little ones, and was deeply interested in the children's festival at Trinity Church, where there was always a tree of rare beauty. He was usually present at the dressing of the tree, and entered into its spirit more than did the children themselves.

Year after year, on one of the days of the week before Christmas, he would arrange to have the younger members of his family breakfast with him to decide about their presents, after which he spent several hours with them in roaming about through the shops to make their selections. Once when it was suggested that the family gifts be omitted for one year, on the score that too much time and thought had to be given to them, he was so much shocked that the suggestion was never repeated, and he would insist upon having his gifts, no matter how trifling, and never failed to give rare and beautiful ones to others. For many years a part of Christmas Day was passed in company with his brother's family at the home of a friend in Salem.

His own birthday, which preceded Christmas by a few weeks, was celebrated at his brother's with great merrymaking. His chair was dressed with flags and ribbons, and there was a birthday cake, until the number of candles necessary to mark the age increased to so many that it was thought well to abolish it. But there was always a tray filled with gifts, which was brought on with the dessert, and he was usually quite impatient until the time came for presenting them, and would sometimes insist upon shortening the dinner. For all such days the children were provided with a rhyme, which never failed to excite his interest, poor as it might be. It was suited to the day, and addressed to him, and was sung to some lively tune, to which he would keep time with his hand as they sang it again and again at his request.

We now come to the letters:

VENICE, August 13, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE: When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the street. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far, the nurse pulled in the string, and got her baby home again. Then I met another youngster, swimming in the street, whose mother had tied him to a post by the side of the door, so that when he tried to swim away to see another boy who was tied to another door-post up the street, he could n't, and they had to sing out to one another over the water. Is not this a queer city? You are always in danger of running over some of the people and drowning them, for you go about in a boat instead of a carriage, and use an oar instead of a horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people, especially the children, are very bright, and gay, and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure, they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily and are full of fun.

Tell Susie I did not see the queen this time. She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon now you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy, but do not carry them off; and make the music-box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WURTZBURG, October 15, 1882.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I owe you a letter — indeed I am afraid that I owe you more than one, but we won't be very particular about that. You shall write as often as you can, and so will I, and then we will call it square.

You ought to have a great deal more to say than I, because Boston is a great deal livelier place than Wurtzburg, and besides you have lived in Boston all your life, and know lots of people there whom I should like to hear about (including Susie), while I have been here only since yesterday, and only know one person here, and you would not care to hear about him, for he is only a stupid old professor. But you would like to go down the queer old streets and see the funny houses, and you would have liked to see the big church, crowded with people, that I saw this afternoon, and heard them sing as if they would shake all the carved and painted saints down off the walls. I wish that once before I die I could hear the people sing like that in Trinity Church in Boston. But I never shall. It was a great day in the church here to-day, because it was the thousandth anniversary of the death of the man who built the first church here, long before you were born, and so they had a great procession and went

233 Clarendon Street.
Boston. March 21. 1881.

My dear Gertie, This is a picture of you & Toody & the little boy that gave you the measles. Toody is the one with the umbrella & you are the one with your finger in your mouth. I am glad you have got done your measles. What are you going to have next? I should think you might take half of poor Toody's measles & help her through. I thank you for writing me such a beautiful letter & I hope you will come & see me the first time you go out.

Your affectionate uncle Phillips

[The picture is a little chromo pasted by the writer at the head of the note.—Editor.]

down into the crypt under the church, where he is buried, and sung a Te Deum. I wish you had been there with me.

Then there is a tremendous great palace where the bishops used to live, about ten thousand times as large as the house that Bishop Paddock lives in — 26 Chestnut street. Nobody lives there now, because bishops are not such great people as they used to be; but you can go through it all and see the splendid rooms, and there is the loveliest old garden behind it with fountains and statues, and beautiful old trees, where the people go and walk about on pleasant afternoons, and a band plays. If you and I ever spend an afternoon in Wurtzburg, we will go there.

I wonder if you have been at Trinity to-day, and who preached, and whether you know the text, and whether Sunday-school has begun?

I am on my way from Heidelberg to Berlin. After I have stayed there for a week or two, I shall go to Dresden and Prague and Vienna and Venice, and I have got a ticket to sail in the *Poonah* from Venice for Bombay on the 1st day of December. It is not as pretty a name as the *Servia*, and the ship is only about half as big; but she is a very good vessel, and I have no doubt she will get out there safely before Christmas. I wish you would come to Venice and see me off as you did to New York. Good night and pleasant dreams. Give my love to everybody, and don't forget your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WITTENBERG, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

MY DEAR AGNES: . . . Did you ever hear of Wittenberg? You will find it on the map, not very far from Berlin. It used to be a very famous place when Martin Luther lived here and was preaching his sermons in the church whose clock I just now heard strike a quarter of one, and was writing his books in the room whose picture is at the top of this sheet of paper. I am sure you know all about Luther. If not, ask Toody. She knows 'most everything. . . . It is a queer old town. Just now, when it was twelve o'clock, I heard some music and looked out and found that a band of music was playing psalm-tunes away up in the air, on the tower of the old parish church. . . . I came here from Berlin yesterday, and am going to travel about in Germany for a few weeks, and then go back to Berlin again. Berlin is very nice. I wish I could tell you about a visit which I made on Friday to one of the great public schools, where I saw a thousand boys and a thousand girls, and the way they spelt the hard words in German would have frightened you to death. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

Very Private!!

GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA, Nov. 19, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE: This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, and get it too, but without letting yourself know about it, and put it in your own stocking and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine De Wolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them upon Christmas Eve. Will you do all this for me? You can spend $5 for each child, and if you show your father this letter he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children, so you may tell them about it; but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas-time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all. . . .

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from Aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

JEYPORE, January 7, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I wish you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at six the carriage was at the door and we had already had our breakfast. But in this country you do everything you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and the evenings. Well, as we drove into the town (for the bungalow where we are staying is just outside), the sun rose and all the streets

were full of light. The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest-looking place you ever saw; and on the outsides of the pink houses there are pictures drawn, some of them very solemn, and some of them very funny, which makes it very pleasant to drive up the street. We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and monkeys themselves, and naked little children rolling in the dust and playing queer Jeypore games. All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have got a nose-jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you! Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink town, and went on toward the old town which they deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. The priest told the rajah, or king, that they ought not to live more than a thousand years in one place, and so, as the old town was about a thousand years old, the king left it, and there it stands about five miles off, with only a few beggars and a lot of monkeys for inhabitants of its splendid palaces and temples. As we drove along toward it, the fields were full of peacocks and all sorts of bright-winged birds, and out of the ponds and streams the crocodiles stuck up their lazy heads and looked at us.

The hills around are full of tigers and hyenas, but they do not come down to the town, though I saw a cage of them there which had been captured only about a month and they were very fierce. Poor things! When we came to the entrance of the old town there was a splendid great elephant waiting for us, which the rajah had sent. He sent the carriage, too. The elephant had his head and trunk beautifully painted, and looked almost as big as Jumbo. He knelt down and we climbed up by a ladder and sat upon his back, and then he toiled up the hill. I am afraid he thought Americans must be very heavy, and I do not know whether he could have carried you. Behind us, as we went up the hill, came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for they said it was for sacrifice. It seems a horrid old goddess has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make her happy and kind. But a merciful rajah stopped that and made them sacrifice goats instead, and now they give the horrid old goddess a goat every morning, and she likes it just as well.

When we got into the old town it was a perfect wilderness of beautiful things—lakes, temples, palaces, porticos, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred long-tailed monkeys running over all. But I must tell you all about the goddess and the way they cut off the poor little goat's little black head, and all the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish you had gone with me?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

S. S. VERONA, Sunday, March 18, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: It seems to me that our correspondence has not been very lively lately. I don't think I had a letter from you all the time I was in India. I hoped I should, because I wanted to show it to the rajahs, and other great people, and let them see what beautiful letters American children can write. But now I am out of India, and for the last ten days we have been sailing on and on over the same course where we sailed last December. Last Tuesday we passed Aden, and stopped there about six hours. I went on shore and took a drive through the town and up into the country. If you had been with me you would have seen the solemn-looking camels stalking along with solemn-looking Arabs on their backs, looking as if they had been riding on and on that way ever since the days of Abraham. I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates of Aden. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad and would n't answer, and hurried the old man on, so that I had no talk with them; but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible.

Since that we have been sailing up the Red Sea, and on Monday evening we shall be once more at Suez, and there I say good-by to my companion, who stops in Egypt, and goes thence to Palestine, while I hurry on to Malta and Gibraltar in the same steamer. She is a nice little steamer, with a whole lot of children on board, who fight all the while and cry the rest of the time. Every now and then one of them almost goes overboard, and then all the mothers set up a great howl, though I don't see why they should care very much about such children as these are. I should think it would be rather a relief to get rid of them. Now, if it were you, or Agnes, or Tood, it would be different!

There has just been service on deck, and I preached, and the people all held on to something and listened. I would a great deal rather preach in Trinity.

I hope you will have a pleasant Easter. Mine will be spent, I trust, in Malta. Next year

I hope you will come and dine with me on Easter Day. Don't forget! My love to Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

ON THE P. AND O. STEAMSHIP VERONA, NEAR SUEZ, March 19, 1883.

LITTLE MISTRESS JOSEPHINE,[1]

Tell me, have you ever seen
Children half as queer as these
Babies from across the seas?
See their funny little fists,
See the rings upon their wrists;
One has very little clothes,
One has jewels in her nose;
And they all have silver bangles
On their little heathen ankles.
In their ears are curious things,
Round their necks are beads in strings,
And they jingle as they walk,
And they talk outlandish talk.
One, you see, has hugged another,
Playing she 's its little mother.
One, who sits all lone and lorn,
Has her head all shaved and shorn.
Do you want to know their names?
One is called Jeefungee Hames,
One Buddhanda Arrich Bas,
One Teedundee Hanki Sas.

Many such as these I saw
In the streets of old Jeypore.
They never seemed to cry or laugh,
But, sober as the photograph,
Squatted in the great bazaars,
While the Hindoos, their mamas,
Quarreled long about the price
Of their little mess of rice;
And then, when the fight was done,
Every mother, one by one,
Up her patient child would whip,
Set it straddling on her hip,
And trot off all crook'd and bent
To some hole where, well content,
Hers and baby's days are spent.

Are n't you glad then, little Queen,
That your name is Josephine?
That you live in Springfield, or
Not, at least, in old Jeypore?
That your Christian parents are
John and Hattie, Pa and Ma?
That you 've an entire nose
And no rings upon your toes?
In a word, that Hat and you
Do not have to be Hindoo?
But I thought you 'd like to see
What these little heathen be,
And give welcome to these three
From your loving uncle P.

[1] Daughter of the Rev. J. C. Brooks.

GIBRALTAR, April 1, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I am so sorry that you have been ill. If you had only come with me on the *Servia*, and not stayed at home to work so hard over your lessons, I do not believe you would have been ill at all. . . .

At Malta we saw the church where all the old Knights of Malta are buried, and the armor which they used to wear, and then there is a queer old church which the monks have the care of, and when a monk dies they do not bury him underground, or burn him up with fire, which would be better, but they stand him up in a niche, in his monk's frock, and leave him there; and there they are, a whole row of dry monks, dreadful-looking things, with their labels on them, to tell who they used to be when they were alive.

Well, Wednesday afternoon we left Malta and sailed on and on in the *Verona*. There did not much happen on the *Verona* all the way. The people were not very interesting. Only Miss G. got engaged to the fourth officer, and that interested us all very much indeed; and one morning Audley D. and Lawrence K. got into a great fight on deck, and Audley D. hit Lawrence K. in the eye and hurt him, and then the two mothers, Mrs. D. and Mrs. K., went at each other and scolded terribly. And that also interested us very much indeed.

This is about all I can think of that happened on board the *Verona*. I can't tell you much about Spain yet, for I have only been in it about an hour and a half. The people talk Spanish, which is very awkward, but the sailing up to Gibraltar this morning was splendid. The narrow gate of the Mediterranean, with its two great rocks, one in Europe and one in Africa, was all ablaze with the morning sun, and through it, westward, lay America and Boston. I am going on Tuesday to Malaga, and then to Granada. Give my love to everybody.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, LONDON, June 3, 1883.

MY DEAR TOOD: Your wicked papa has not sent me any letter this week, and so I am not going to write to him to-day; but I am going to answer your beautiful letter, which traveled all the way to London, and was delivered here by a postman with a red coat, two or three weeks ago. He looked very proud when he came in, as if he knew that he had a beautiful letter in his bundle, and all the people in the street stood aside to make way for him, so that Tood's letter might not be delayed.

How quickly you have learned to read and write! I am very sorry for you, for they now will make you read and study a great many

stupid books, and you will have to write letters all your days. When I get home I am going to make you write my sermons for me, and I think of engaging you for my amanuensis at a salary of twenty cents a month, with which you can buy no end of gum-drops. If you do not know what an amanuensis is, ask Agnes, and tell her I will bring her a present if she can spell it right the first time.

Poor little Gertie! What a terrible time she has had! It must have been very good for her to have you to take care of her and run her errands and play with her and write her letters. I suppose that is the reason why you hurried so and learned to write. It was a great pity that I never got her letter about the Christmas presents, but I am very glad that you liked the coupé. What do you want me to bring you home from London? Write me another letter and tell me, and tell Gertie I shall be very happy when I get another letter from her, written with her own little fingers.

I want to see your new house, which I am sure will be very pretty. I wonder where you are going to be this summer. Now, I am going off to preach in a queer old church, built almost a thousand years ago, before your father or mother was born. Give my love to them, and to Agnes and to Gertie, and to the new doll.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
July 10, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: How dreadfully ill you must have been! Everybody here has been terribly anxious about you, and now is so glad to hear that you are really a great deal better. I heard you talked about on Sunday at the Army and Navy Hotel, and it made me almost feel as if I were at home to hear your name so often. And now I wonder where you are. I hope they have carried you off to some cool, pleasant baths where you will melt the rheumatism out of you and make you just as nice and limber as a doll. I wish you were here, for it is beautifully fresh and cool, and we would go off and see some kind of pretty things. I went down into the country the other day, and saw some people whom I met on the journey home from India. It was the prettiest place, and you would have enjoyed it ever so much. They had the biggest strawberries you ever saw, and you would have enjoyed picking them a great deal more than I did. I wish strawberries grew on trees. They would be so much easier to pick.

There was a nice little girl there, who was a great friend of mine on the voyage. Her name is Nora, and she gave me her photograph. I think I will put it into this letter, so that you can see what an English child looks like, only you must keep it safe and give it to me when I get to Boston, for I told Nora Buchanan that I should keep it till I saw her again. Her father has a tea-plantation up in the Himalaya Mountains, and her mother and she go out there every winter. She has got a pony named Brownie, and a big dog and a little dog and lots of pets.

When we get to living up in the old house at Andover, we will have some dogs too, and perhaps some day we will get a pony for you to ride on — or would you rather have a donkey with long ears and a delightful little cart to drive in? What did you do on the Fourth of July? The people here seemed to think that it was just like any other day. Nobody was firing crackers, or blowing soap-bubbles, and there were no American flags flying anywhere; but one day two weeks ago London was greatly excited, it being the Queen's coronation day, and I met the Lord Mayor in his coach with a red cloak on and a big gold chain around his neck. . . . Thank you for your little note.

Your loving uncle,

P.

Sunday, August 19, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. I shall not tell you, because I want you to be all surprised to pieces when you see it, and I am so impatient to give it to you that I can hardly wait. Only you must be in a great hurry and get well, because you see it is only five weeks from to-day that I shall expect to see you in the dear old study in Clarendon street, where we have had such a lot of good times together before now. Just think of it! We 'll set the music-box a-going, and light all the gas-lights in the house, and get my doll out of her cupboard, and dress Tood up in a red pocket-handkerchief and stand her up on the study table, and make her give three cheers! Then we 'll have some gingerbread and lemonade.

I've got a lot of things for you besides the one which I bought for you the other day. You could n't guess what it is if you were to guess forever; but this is the best of all, and when you see it you will jump the rheumatism right out of you. I hope you will be quite well by that time. What sort of a place is Sharon? Do not write to me about it, but tell me all about it when I see you. What a lot you will have to tell! You can tell me what was in that Christmas letter which the wicked mail-man never brought to me.

Good-by, dear little girl. Don't you wish you knew what it was that I bought for you the other day? Give my love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

INNSBRÜCK, August 26, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: How I envy the little Tyrolese girls their health and strength to-day! I wanted to steal half of it and send it home in a box to you. They never would have missed it, for they have a great deal more health than they know what to do with. Their cheeks are as red as the sunset, and they look as if they never heard of such a thing as rheumatism! But never mind; I am coming home soon now, and you will forget all about this ugly winter.

I have been seeing the people in a little village to-day act a part of the New Testament story. A lot of the children took part in it, and I send you a photograph of one of them, a little girl who walked in the procession which came with Jesus into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. She was a cunning little thing, and carried her palm branch as you see, and cried "Hosanna!" as she walked along. I wish you had been there to see her.

Was it not funny that I should hear about you on the street at Innsbrück? You see how famous you are, and how people know about you all over the world. The person who knew about you here was Miss W., who came out of a shop last Friday afternoon just as we were going in. She looked just like a slice out of old Boston, and she had some letters from home about your visit to Sharon, or perhaps she saw it in the papers!

I wonder if you will be back when I get home, and I wonder if you will be glad to see me! I got you another present the other day, but you could n't guess what that is, either. Good-by! Get well! And give my love to Agnes and Tood. I think of you a great deal.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

MUNICH, September 2, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: When I came away the first man that wrote me a letter, only two days after the *Servia* had steamed out of New York Bay, was *you*. And now that I am coming home, the last letter which I write from the Old World to any man in America shall be to *you*. For I want to tell you myself that I shall see you on September 22. I suppose you will not be quite able to run over to the wharf at East Boston when the *Cephalonia* gets in, but I shall come up to see you just as soon as the custom-house people let me out of prison, after I have paid the duties upon all the heaps of presents I have got for you!

Was n't it good that the baths at Sharon helped you so much? I was at a place the other day where the people take baths for rheumatism. It is called Bad Gastein, but it is n't bad at all. It is very good. It is away back in the hills, and there 's a tremendous waterfall which runs right through the house, and keeps up such a racket that you can't get any sleep. But that does no great harm, because you have to take your bath so early that if it was not for the waterfall in the next room, you would sleep over and never get your bath at all, and so some time you might have the rheumatism all your life. I did n't have any rheumatism, so I went and took a bath for yours, and I rather think that is what made you feel so much better. You thought it was the baths you were taking at Sharon, but it really was the bath I was taking at Bad Gastein!

I wonder how soon you will come and see me when I get back. Everybody here eats his breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner outdoors. I like it, and think I shall do so myself when I get home; so when you come to breakfast we will have our table out on the grass-plot on Newbury street, and Katie shall bring us our beefsteak there. Won't the children stare as they go by to school? We 'll toss the crumbs to them and the robins. But you must hurry and get well, or we cannot do all this. My love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

In the summer of 1885 Dr. Brooks, in company with Mr. Robert Treat Paine and family of Boston, made a tour through parts of England and Europe. In the following letters he frequently refers to his home at North Andover, formerly the home of his ancestors, which fell into his hands upon the death of the last of the generation preceding his own. When not traveling in Europe or elsewhere, he resorted thither to join his eldest brother and his family.

In this life of seclusion he found the quiet and rest that seemed to be absolutely necessary to him, and he was able to accomplish much reading and other work for which it was difficult to find time at other seasons of the year, when duties were pressing upon him. Each summer he would bring with him a great box of books that he had accumulated during the year. Here, too, he did the necessary work toward preparing his sermons for the publisher.

The days were uneventful and singularly alike, and if they grew to be monotonous, and he felt the need of more life, he would answer one or more of the many calls from friends eager to welcome him to their homes. From time to time, too, he would gather his friends about him,—those of his seminary days, and those of later years,—and would delight in showing them the old home and the country that had been dear to him from his boyhood. His mornings he devoted wholly to work. Certain hours of each day were given to the children, whose lives and amusements he entered into so fully. The old Corn Barn to which he refers so often was set aside for them as a retreat or play-house—a rude old place, which he took great pleasure in fitting up, bringing some toy or bit of decoration for it each time that he came from Boston. Here were Japanese lanterns,

and Indian pictures, and tables and chairs—one great arm-chair for himself, in which he would sit and watch with great interest the children at work upon a little cooking-stove (also his gift) preparing certain dishes, of which they were always quite sure to find him ready to partake, although they were not very inviting and showed the marks of frequent handling.

Again he might be found at work with hammer and nails erecting a stage for a play, and in the absence of one of the players he would always be ready to rehearse a part. Thus he entered into their daily lives and amusements, helping them and shielding them, and never thinking anything too small for his interest and care.

The Fourth of July was a great day at the old place. All through the day he would fire off his crackers with the enthusiasm of a boy, and in the evening he would send off his rockets with equal interest, laughing heartily when his pinwheels would not go, and at the rockets that would sometimes dart from him across the lawn instead of up into the sky.

The chief event of each day for the young people was the afternoon drive with him in his buggy. Each watched anxiously for the invitation to accompany him. If they chanced to drive through a town, he would frequently stop and buy presents for those that were left behind,— only a simple toy perhaps, but enough to compensate for the loss of the drive. After answering his numerous letters in the evening, he would gather the family for a game such as "Authors," or "Logomachy," and the like, and it was astonishing to see the interest and childlike simplicity with which he entered into these games night after night. He was always ready for "another," while everybody about him, tired of being beaten (for he was very apt to beat), would long to drop away. After the family had retired, he would settle down to read until midnight, when he too retired.

Thus Phillips Brooks passed the days in this quietest of old New England towns, and one who was privileged to see much of him, and whose children were brought close to him through a close relationship, ventures to give to those who would be interested to know something of this side of him, a few incidents of family life in connection with these letters. We now come to the series of 1885.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
June 12, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: . . . I have been running up and down this big world of London, and seeing a lot of people, and every now and then going off into the country, which is wonderfully pretty now, with hawthorn and lilacs and laburnums all in bloom. Last Sunday I went out to Harrow, where there is a great school, and there I preached to five hundred boys. How A—— would like to go there, would n't she? In the afternoon I came back into town, and preached in Westminster Abbey to a great host of people. The great place looked splendidly, and it was fine to preach there. Yesterday I went twenty miles into the country, and preached at an ordination of forty new ministers. The fields were bright with daisies, and I wondered how North Andover was looking. You must be just packing up to go there now. Even with all the beauty of England, it makes me quite homesick when I think about it. You must tell me all about the removal there, and how you get settled, and how your Corn Barn looks, and what new things you find to do in the old place; and you must have it all ready for me on September 12, when I mean to come up early in the morning and spend the whole solid week quietly there. That will be just three months from to-day. . . . I go to Cambridge for next Sunday, and then to Oxford for Commemoration and my degree. Good-by. My best of love to all and you.

Affectionately, UNCLE P.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
LONDON, June 18, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD: . . . I have just come back from Oxford. You should have seen me yesterday walking about the streets in my doctor's gown. It was a red gown with black sleeves, and is awfully pretty. It was only hired for the occasion, for it costs ever so much money and I did not care to buy one. So you will never see how splendidly I looked in it, for I shall never have it on again. . . .

Affectionately your uncle, P.

BONN, July 11, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: . . . There is a pretty village with trees, and a church tower just across the river, and the little boats keep coming and going, and the children on the bank in front of the hotel are playing like kittens, and everything is as bright and sunshiny as if there was n't such a thing as trouble in the world. Speaking of kittens, I wonder if you have found the little thing that used to hide away in the barn, and that the boy could n't catch for a quarter of a dollar. But perhaps she has grown to be a big cat, and is n't worth the catching now, which is the way with a good many people. When you want them you cannot get them, and when you can get them you don't want them.

There is a man just come and set up a stand in the square under my window to sell cherries, and the children are looking at them hard and no doubt wishing that they had two cents. I would give them two dollars apiece all around if I could talk German as well as they can. And so we all want something which we have not got. I wonder what you want. If it 's anything in Europe, write a letter and tell me the name of it instantly, and I will get it for you. . . .

Your uncle, P.

BELLAGIO, July 30, 1885.

MY DEAR GERTIE: It is a beautiful warm morning on the Lake of Como,—so warm that one does not feel like doing anything but sitting still and writing a lazy letter to a dear little girl in America. The water as I look out of the window is a delicious blue, and the sweet green hills on the other side of the lake are sound asleep in the sunlight, which they like. There is a garden of palm-trees and oleanders right under my window, and the oleanders are all in gorgeous bloom. A boatman is waiting at the marble steps in case anybody wants his boat; but I think he hopes that nobody will want it, for it must be awfully hot rowing upon the lake. This afternoon, when it gets cooler, I shall change all this and start up to the mountains, and by to-morrow night I shall be at St. Moritz among the glaciers and snow-banks. But wherever I am, I am thinking how very pleasant it must be in the old house, and what a good time we will have when I get back there six weeks from next Monday afternoon. We will not make any plans for excursions, but just stay quiet on the big piazza, and now and then, when we feel very energetic, make a long trip to the Corn Barn. Everybody must come and see us; we will not go to see anybody. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

CHAMOUNIX, August 19, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: Mont Blanc has put his head under a cloud, and there is nothing to be seen outside except a lot of guides and porters, waiting for the diligence to come from Geneva. So before the dinner-bell rings I will send off my week's letter, and it shall be to you. Tell Tood that the next week's, which will be the last that I shall write, shall be to her, for she has been a good little girl and written me beautiful letters all summer. So have you. I got your letter here last night with the picture of the bird-house in the garden on the side of the paper. After you get this letter, remember that you are not to do a single thing exciting until I get home, so that you will be all fresh and strong to play with me. I hope the heat will be all over then. It must have been dreadful. Everybody who writes me talks about it. . . . Only two weeks from to-day! Just think of it! Two weeks from now the beautiful *Pavonia* will be steaming away down the Channel bound for North Andover, and three weeks from next Sunday I shall stand up in Trinity again.

You cannot think how splendid the great mountain was last night. The sky was perfectly clear and the moon was glorious, and the big round dome of snow shone like another world. The people stood and gazed at it and looked solemn. This morning it had changed, but was no less beautiful. It was like a great mass of silver. And so it stands there, and changes from one sort of beauty to another, year after year, and age after age.

I think you must have had a beautiful time this summer with the pony, and next year we must try to have one of our own. Make up your mind what kind and color he shall be, and we will look about and see what we can find when I get home. It must be a great sight to see Tood driving all by her blessed self, and all the fast horses on the road getting out of the way for fear she will run over them. Perhaps you and she can drive me out to Cambridge mornings in November. Good-by now.

Affectionately your uncle,

P.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, August 27, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD: . . . I think that you are one of the very best letter-writers for your time of life that I know, and when you drop into poetry it is beautiful. So I will thank you when I get home, and we will sit in the shadow of the Corn Barn and talk it all over.

Paris is very bright and gay and pretty. Yesterday I went out to the Jardin d'Acclimatation (say that if you can), and the monkeys were awfully funny. How would it do to get three monkeys for North Andover, and tie them to a post in the side yard and see them play and fight? How would Tom like it? And do you think it would please Johnnie, or would he only think they were some more Brooks children? I am afraid you have not seen much of Johnnie this year. That is not wise. For he is a very brilliant little boy, and it would be a great advantage to you and Agnes if you talked with him. . . . Your affectionate uncle,

P.

In the spring of 1886, with several intimate friends, Dr. Brooks joined a company of Raymond tourists in a journey across the Western country to San Francisco, returning home early in July. We conclude this paper with a single letter written on this trip:

DENVER, June 20, 1886.

DEAR TOOD: When I got here last night I found the hotel man very much excited and running about, waving a beautiful letter in the air, and crying aloud, "A letter from Tood! A letter from Tood!" He was just going to get out a band of music to march around the town and look for the man to whom the letter belonged, when I stepped up and told him I thought that it was meant for me. He made me show him my name in my hat before he would give it to me, and then a great crowd gathered round and listened while I read it. It was such a beautiful letter that they all gave three cheers, and I thought I must write you

an answer at once, although I told Agnes when I wrote to her the other day that I should not write to anybody else before my coming home.

Your letter is very largely about Johnnie.

My dear Tood, you must not let his going away depress you too much. I know you like him, and that he has been very good to you; but such separations have to come, and you will no doubt see some other young man some day that you will like just as much. You do not think so now, but you will, and he no doubt feels very bad at going, so you must be as cheerful as you can and make it as easy as possible for him.

Remember!

I am on my way home now, and next Saturday will see me back again in Clarendon street. All the dear little Chinese, with their pigtails, and the dreadful, great Mormons, with their hundred wives, and the donkeys and the buffaloes and the red Indians will be far away, and I shall see you all again. I am impatient for that, for the people out West are not as good as you are. I am going to preach to them this morning to try and make them better, and it is quite time now to go to church.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS ACHILLE MURAT IN FLORIDA.[1]

CATHERINE D. MURAT was born at Willis Hall, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, August 17, 1803, and was the daughter of Colonel Bird Willis and of Mary Lewis, who was a niece of General Washington. Catherine was not only a child of engaging manners, but she possessed a beauty which increased as she advanced in age. At the age of fifteen she was married to Mr. Gray, a Scotch gentleman, and a neighbor of her father. In a little over a year Mr. Gray died, leaving his young wife a widow and a mother at the age of sixteen. The child survived its father but a short time. These were the first trials that her childlike nature was called upon to bear, and it was some time before she recovered from the shock. She then returned to her father's house and made it her home. About the year 1826 Mr. Willis, having met with a reverse of fortune, decided to remove to Florida. His family, consisting of his wife, three sons, and four daughters, accompanied him, leaving one married daughter in Virginia. He rented a house in Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, on Monroe street, southeast of the State House; and here it was that the young and beautiful widow Catherine Gray first saw Prince Achille Murat (the eldest son of the King of Naples and Caroline, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte), who, being exiled from France and Italy, had, a short time previous, selected Florida as his home. In Tallahassee she was surrounded by persons of intellect and refinement to an extent not often found in a frontier country, as Florida then was. Among the gentlemen were Governor W. P. Duval, Judge Thomas Randall, General R. K. Call, Colonel Gadsden, and others; and among the ladies were Mrs. R. K. Call, Mrs. "Florida" White, Mrs. Nutall, as well as the family of William Wirt.

Mrs. Gray soon became foremost in this circle, and attracted the favor of Prince Achille. She was not pleased with him at first; for though he was a man of education, and could entertain a company by the hour with his remarkable memory and genius, still he had allowed himself to fall into such careless habits that he did not at all approach the beau-ideal of the delicately nurtured and fastidious lady. It was only after listening to the persuasion of her parents, and seeing the constant devotion of Achille, that she could look with a favorable eye upon his suit. However, on the 30th of July, 1826, the two — the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte and the grandniece of George Washington — were married. The couple soon moved to Lipona, Prince Murat's plantation in Jefferson county. Around them, within an area of a few miles, lived many of those whose names have already been mentioned; and a constant round of gaiety was kept up, all unnecessary etiquette being laid aside.

Thus were passed many happy years, Mme. Murat still enlivening all with her attractive society, and the prince passing his time in the acquisition of learning. The range of his experiments may be inferred from the prince's declaration that "alligator-tail soup will do, but the turkey-buzzard is not good."

On one occasion when, at Achille's suggestion, Mme. Murat had gone to spend the day with a friend, he took the opportunity to test the merits of a plant which he thought would make

1 See also, in this group of papers, "Bordentown and the Bonapartes," in this magazine for November, 1880; "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," March, 1893; "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," May, 1893; and "The Death of the Prince Imperial," June, 1893.

a fine dye. He knew the process would occupy some time, and that his "dear Kate" might be an obstacle to his undertaking. When she was about to return, the coachman called her attention to a cloud of smoke rising from the plantation. Mme. Murat, seriously alarmed for fear the house was on fire, was driven home rapidly, accompanied by some of her friends. As they approached, a huge kettle could be seen, under which was the fire that had caused the anxiety. Over it, heated and smoke-stained, they detected Achille, eagerly at work. As he saw his wife approaching, he rushed to her and said, while his face was radiant with success: "O Kate, I have made all your clothes a most beautiful pink! You will look so lovely in them!" Sure enough, to her dismay, she discovered that he had dyed, indiscriminately, all that he could lay his hands on — sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, and various articles of clothing, even including dresses, though the servants, seeing what was going on, and knowing that their mistress would disapprove, had hidden a great deal from him. Years after, I heard Mme. Murat relate the circumstance with much feeling. She never could refer to him without tears in her eyes; for, notwithstanding his eccentricities, he was a most affectionate husband.

A trip to Belgium, where they remained two years, made an agreeable change in their mode of life. Prince Murat was assigned to the command of a regiment in the Belgian service, and their home was in Brussels. During their residence in that city an amusing incident occurred. An English family, in which were two grown daughters, were near neighbors, and with them Mme. Murat soon came to be on very friendly terms. One day, when the young ladies wished to ride, their mother gave her consent, provided Mme. Murat would be their chaperon. She readily acquiesced, and the party were soon mounted. Mme. Murat being, like all Southern ladies, a fine horsewoman, was given a lively English steed. They set off merrily, and soon her horse showed a disposition to keep in front. She tried to curb his impatience, but found she had not physical strength sufficient to control him. Of course the young ladies felt in duty bound to keep near their chaperon, and every now and then she heard them mildly asking her if it would not be more agreeable to ride a little slower. Mme. Murat, having a good share of national pride, decided to conceal the true situation, and gave some excuse for continuing the rapid motion. It was useless for her to try to slacken the gait of her animal, for hurry on he would, and all followed at John Gilpin speed. She was greatly rejoiced when they reached their destination, for she was very tired from her unusual exertion. While the others were engaged in viewing the objects of their visit, she was dreading the prospect of a similar ride in returning. She had to conquer her pride and acknowledge the truth, or bear the annoyance. Meanwhile all were profuse in their admiration of her as an equestrian, saying: "How well you ride, but how fast! Do all Americans ride that fast?" She only smiled in reply, and soon all were in the saddle again. Alas! it was the same story. Off went her Rosinante, and, although the repeated cries of "Madame, please do not ride so fast!" were in her ears, she was unable to check her horse, and finally reached home very much fatigued, and glad to be delivered from the danger. Her prudence forbade her trying the experiment again.

The striking resemblance which Prince Murat bore to his uncle Napoleon Bonaparte seemed to awaken the love and esteem of many whom he met in Belgium, and frequently he was stopped in public by the soldiers and subjects of his uncle and father, who knelt to him, covering his hands with kisses. There were those in power at that time who began to fear that the enthusiasm thus elicited might prove a nucleus around which sufficient troops could be raised to restore to his family their respective crowns. Consequently, by the order of the King of Belgium, the regiment was disbanded. On taking leave of his soldiers, Achille addressed them in seven different languages, such were his proficiency and the variety of nationalities represented.

It was the pride of Prince Murat's heart to see his lovely Kate prove herself, by her beauty and graceful manners, in no way inferior to the courtly ladies with whom she was in daily intercourse. The Bonaparte family was at that time exiled by France and Italy, and when the Prince and Princess Murat made London their home, they enjoyed the society of the imperial family, as well as that of other distinguished Europeans, and of many Americans of note, among whom were Washington Irving and John Randolph of Roanoke. Louis Napoleon was their constant guest; and at that time he predicted that, at a future day, he would be on the throne of France, often saying, "When I am emperor, Cousin Kate, you shall have a château and everything you want, in return for your kindness to me now." Doubtless Prince Murat had a latent hope that such would be the case, and probably it was because there were no signs of its speedy realization that at the end of a year he concluded to return to Florida. He lived for some time in St. Augustine, and afterward in Tallahassee. It was while the Murats were in St. Augustine that Louis Napoleon came to New York. He was on his way to visit his cousins in Florida, when, hearing of

the severe illness of his mother, he returned to Europe.

Prince Murat now determined to study law. After his admission to the bar, he moved to New Orleans and formed a law-partnership with Mr. Garnier. While thus engaged, he purchased a sugar-plantation on the Mississippi river, near Baton Rouge, where Mme. Murat spent much of her time in winter, although her husband owned a handsome residence in the city. One day, during the season of sugar-boiling, Achille approached too near the edge of one of the large vats of syrup, which had been left to cool, and accidentally slipped into it; and while all around declared that it was hot enough to scald him, he said, after a few minutes, that his whole thought was, "Kate will make me wash." He had a decided aversion to water. He never drank it without adding whisky to it. He said, "Water is intended only for the beasts of the field."

Prince Murat was rather visionary in his ideas, and after several years spent in Louisiana he became embarrassed in his planting operations, and was on the eve of leaving them in disgust, when he heard of the death of his mother. He then persuaded Mme. Murat to stay with her father in Virginia while he went to Europe to look after his interests. He was absent about a year, and returned without having arranged his business satisfactorily. He again went to Florida with his wife, and established his plantation, called Econchattie, in Jefferson county, where they lived several years. About this time began the Florida Indian war, in which Prince Murat took an active part. He was aide-de-camp to General R. K. Call, and was also commissioned colonel and appointed to the command of the forces then guarding the frontier settlements, and exhibited much bravery and discretion. Although at the risk of her life, his devoted wife never left him. On one occasion he was so very ill that she was afraid he would die during the night, and yet, for fear the Indians would see the light and murder them, she could not even have a lamp burning. In the dark she would often put her hand on him and listen to hear if he were breathing.

During their residence at Econchattie their house was the resort of many friends. Groceries were sometimes difficult to obtain, having to be brought from Tallahassee, twenty miles away. Numerous guests were once visiting them, when the cook informed her mistress that the last barrel of flour was nearly out. Mme. Murat immediately asked her husband to send for a fresh supply. A wagon was hurriedly despatched with an order in the wretched handwriting of Prince Achille; but unfortunately the messenger was not informed what he was sent for. It was many hours before he returned, and, to the consternation of Mme. Murat, he brought no barrel. As he approached she inquired, "Where is the flour?" "I dunno, missis," was the reply. "I gave mahrs's letter to the sto'keeper, and he could n' read it. He tuk it to some gemmen, and they could n' read it, and at last they 'cluded this was what he wrote for," and he pulled out of his pocket a kind of lancet with which to bleed horses, called a "horse-fleam." None but a lady who knows how hard it is to provide with a scant larder can realize what her feelings were.

After a lingering illness, Prince Murat died April 15, 1847. His remains were deposited in the Episcopal cemetery at Tallahassee. His widow bought a house called Belle Vue, two miles from the city, and there made her residence. She was, however, so much attached to Econchattie that the premises were always kept in repair, and she spent a great deal of time there every year. Had Prince Murat lived a few years longer, he would have seen the restoration of the Bonapartes, which he had so long hoped for and expected. Louis Napoleon did not then forget his kind "cousin Kate," and when the Bonaparte family assembled in Paris, she was there also, and was received by the emperor with appropriate honor as a princess of France. At the same time he bestowed upon her forty thousand dollars, and the privilege of using the royal livery, which she did during the remainder of her life. She was invited to dine with the emperor, and was conducted by the grand chamberlain to an elevated seat in the drawing-room of the palace, where a large party of guests was assembled. She did not know that she occupied the seat of honor until her ears caught the words, "La Princesse Achille — La Princesse Achille Murat," whispered around the room. This in a measure embarrassed her. When the cry of "L'Empereur!" announced the approach of Louis, who walked directly to her and, after a most cordial welcome, offered her his arm to escort her to the dinner-table, her excitement was such that, as she laughingly said, she hardly knew how she came down the steps. Notwithstanding her usual ease of manner and familiarity with court etiquette, to feel that she was the observed of all observers mantled her cheeks with blushes. At the state dinner she occupied the seat at the emperor's side which was always reserved for the empress, whose non-appearance, it was then presumed, was caused by indisposition. The ceremonies of the dinner being over, the emperor invited the princess to accompany him into the reception-room of the empress. To her surprise, she

found the empress perfectly well, and warm in her reception of her "dear cousin Kate." In her eagerness to meet her, she tripped and nearly fell, when the emperor playfully remarked, "Ah, Eugénie, will you never remember that you are an empress?" She then said that she had absented herself from the table only to enable the emperor to show his cousin every possible respect and attention. All restraint was now put aside, and they laughed and talked about old times.

The emperor tried to persuade the princess to make her home in France, offering to fulfil his promise of giving her "a château and everything she wanted." But her love for her Florida home, added to the responsibility she felt as the mistress of two hundred slaves, bequeathed to her by her husband, caused her to decline his kind offer and to return to America. She brought with her many mementos of her friends in the palace.

Prince Murat had been obliged to mortgage his land and negroes to the Union Bank of Florida. He always expected to get money from Europe, and he had asked his wife, whenever she had it in her power, to redeem the property. The generosity of the emperor now enabled her to do this, and feeling, with all good owners, that slaves, like children, were to be taken care of, she did all in her power for their comfort.

Settled now at Belle Vue, the princess continued her wonted hospitality to the poor as well as to the rich. Her delightful entertainments and her many deeds of charity, unostentatiously bestowed, will long be remembered. Those in trouble found her a sympathizing friend, and she always took the part of the oppressed. She was made Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Association of Florida, and by her great liberality and energy succeeded in raising in the State nearly three thousand dollars toward the preservation of the Washington home. Like other relatives of Washington, she bore a striking resemblance to the first President, and was asked by strangers if she was not a relative of his.

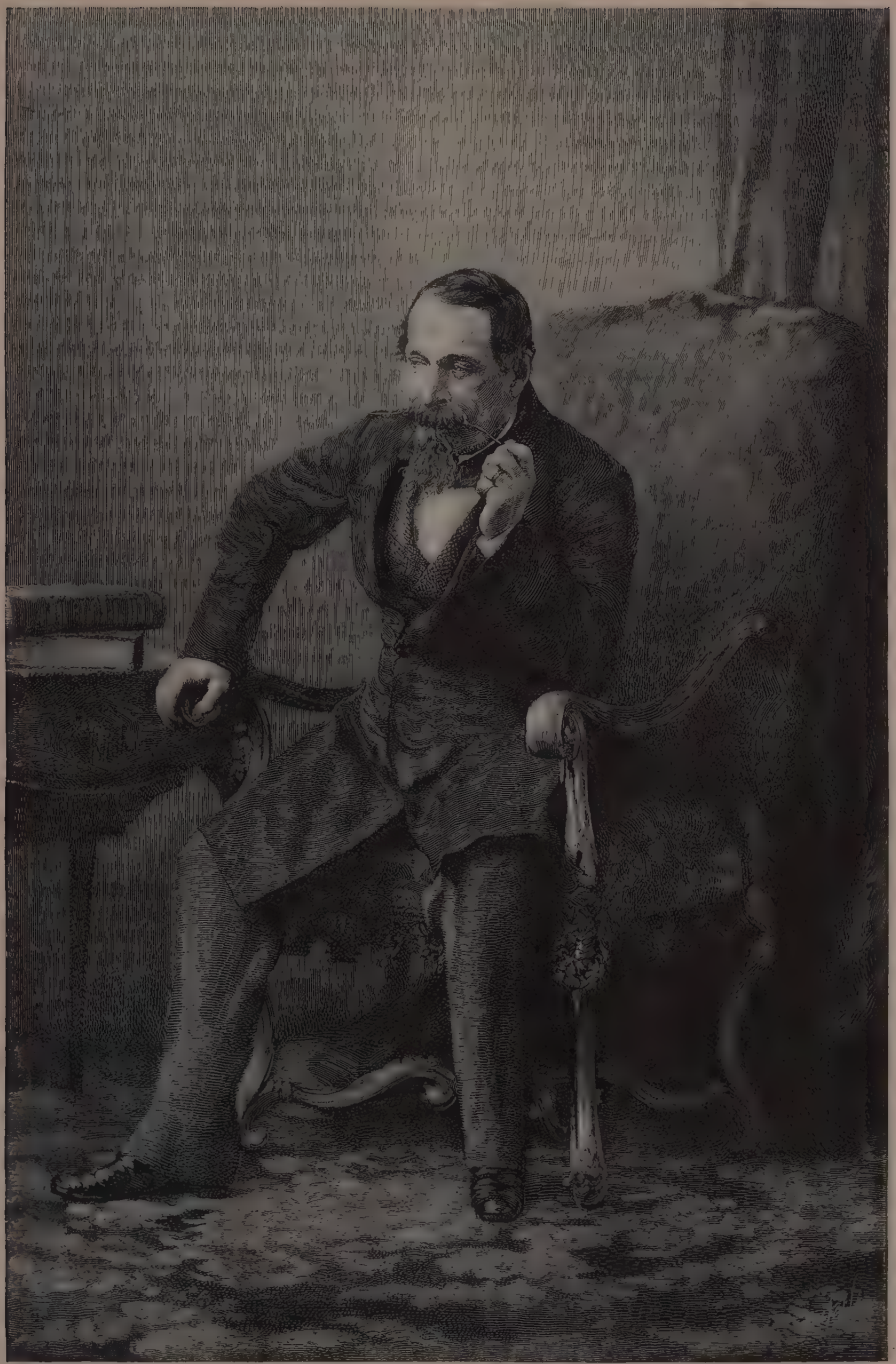
In the course of time the secession of the Southern States took place, and then the war. She contributed most liberally to all "soldiers' aid societies," and was prominent in doing all she could for the Southern soldiers. Her carriage was often seen at the doors of the hospitals, where fruit, vegetables, and numerous delicacies were taken by her to the sick. The officers she did not have so much sympathy for, because they were the pets of society; but the private soldiers she looked upon with a motherly interest and pride. On one occasion she had a breakfast at her home for the entertainment of those at the hospitals in Tallahassee who were sufficiently convalescent to attend.

When the war was ended, and the princess saw so many of her old negroes, as well as those who were too young to work, cast out penniless on the world, she was much troubled in their behalf. She was then unable to assist them, and really had no means of her own. She sent some valuable jewels to New York to be sold, giving directions to have the money arising from the sale invested in provisions and other necessaries. Her wishes were complied with, but the goods purchased were unfortunately shipped without being insured on a steamer bound for Jacksonville, Florida, which was lost at sea, and thus she gained nothing by her sacrifice. Her former slaves were still allowed to live at the Econchattie plantation, with the privilege of cultivating the land. The following Christmas many of them brought testimonials of their affection and gratitude to their "mistress," as they still preferred to call her, in the shape of chickens, eggs, syrup, etc., of their own raising. Her tender heart, much touched by their kindness, prompted her to decline those gifts; and delicately returning them, she added presents to them, telling her people she hoped they would still be as merry and happy as of yore.

Her generosity was rewarded in a manner which is thus described by one of her friends: "It was early in 1866 I met Mme. Murat, much agitated. Handing me a document, she said: 'Read this. Ten minutes ago I did not know that I possessed a dollar in the world.' I found the paper to be a letter from the private secretary of Louis Napoleon, informing her that his Majesty had settled upon her a large annuity. It was a moment of exquisite pleasure to us both, and most pleasantly did we mingle our tears of gratitude. In broken speech she said: 'God bless Louis! His gift shall relieve many a poor widow and orphan.'" In a letter to me on the subject, after telling me the good news, the princess added, "I feel, of course, very happy that I shall not only have it in my power to be more comfortable, but can help my friends and relations." In speaking of the matter to me afterward, she said, "I lay awake one night thinking what I would do for money to live on, and the next night thinking what I would do with my money." The desire to assist others seemed to be ever prominent in her mind.

In 1866, having suddenly become ill, with symptoms resembling those of paralysis, a voyage to Europe was prescribed by her physicians, and, accompanied by one of her nephews, she again left Florida.

Again she was received by her husband's relatives with an affectionate welcome. She related many incidents of the Southern Con-



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDÉRI.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

federacy to the emperor and empress, together with the sacrifices and privations the South was called upon to bear. The princess asked the emperor, if he felt so much for the South, why he had not helped the Confederacy. His reply was: "Cousin Kate, you all had my warmest sympathy and hopes for your success; but on account of slavery I did not dare to send an army to your assistance. Had I done so, I should have had a mob in Paris." Mme. Murat spoke of the empress as a person of lovely character, being constantly employed in deeds of benevolence, even visiting the hospitals. The prince imperial she spoke of with much affection, he being then a most interesting youth.

In one of her conversations with Eugénie, Mme. Murat asked her if she led the fashions, or followed them, to which she quickly answered that she only followed them. While in Paris she was invited to visit her relatives at the castle of Mouchy. The Duke of Mouchy was married to Anna, the daughter of Prince Lucien Murat. Anna, with the natural buoyancy and affection of youth, was in constant dread lest some grim specter with a well-filled purse would be allotted to her, and when she was one day sent for by the empress, she knew her fate was sealed. She left home in tears. Great was her joy, however, on being informed by the kind empress that her hand had been promised to the young and handsome Duke of Mouchy, to whom she was already attached.

After a most pleasurable stay in Europe, with health apparently restored, the princess returned to America in 1866.

A few months later sorrow darkened many a household when it was announced that Princess Murat's health was declining. I went to see her, and well do I remember her bright smile of welcome as I entered her chamber door and saw her reclining on a couch in a handsome dressing-gown, with a rose in her hair. She was so devoted to flowers that she always wanted them near her. "I am so glad you have come. You must not leave me," were almost her first words, and it was my pleasure to be near her for many weeks. For a long time she could not be persuaded to change her couch for a bed. I think she hoped that by the resistance of her will her slow typhoid fever would abate; but hope had to yield to its ravages, as day by day she lost her strength.

From week to week her sickness continued. Friends were constantly around her, and relatives at a distance were summoned, who remained at her side until the close of her life. Her negroes at first were not uneasy, one of them exclaiming, "It is *ompossible* for missis to die!" and much amused was that mistress when the quaint remark was repeated to her by some one who had heard it. As the fever progressed, they began to be alarmed, and they came to see her so often, even all the way from Econchattie, that, as they were very numerous, the physician, fearing the bad effects of excitement, gave directions that none should be admitted but those who waited on her. One elderly woman who had long been deranged in mind, but harmless, would watch around the doors late in the evening, and if she could find a moment when there was no one in the room, would slip in and quietly take her seat. Once she ventured to speak, and, looking affectionately at her mistress, said, "You ain't dead yet!" as much as to say, "You will yet get well." Her former slaves had frequent prayer-meetings for the purpose of imploring divine aid to save her life. For months her illness continued, and still their devotion did not cease.

The physician had long urged her removal to the sea-shore as the only hope of recovery, but the princess could not be induced to be taken anywhere else than to Econchattie, the home endeared to her by so many tender associations. There, still surrounded by relatives and friends, she lingered. She had surrendered all hopes of life, and arranged her affairs accordingly, making her old friend Mr. Octavius H. Gadsden the executor of her will. With the exception of a few legacies, including land and money to her servants, William Hughes, Patsy Lee, and Jerry Hughes, her coachman, also former slaves, her entire property was left to be divided equally between her brother and two sisters.

On the 6th of August, 1867, in the firm hope of entering into a happier life, after an illness of five months, her spirit took its flight. Her remains were taken to Tallahassee, and buried by the side of her husband.

When her negroes found that their best friend had really left them, their grief knew no bounds. A large procession of them, with badges of mourning, followed her to the grave. While the coffin was in the church, the deranged woman before referred to placed herself as near it as possible, weeping bitterly. William Hughes, who was inconsolable, requested that he might be allowed to assist in carrying the coffin from the hearse to the grave; and while gentlemen were at each side, he supported one end. In such fashion did her former slaves share the grief felt for their beloved mistress by all who had known her in society.

Matilda L. McConnell.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

FOX AND CROWS, BY WINSLOW HOMER.

DRAWN BY G. H. WHITTLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PURVIANCE.

BEFORE THE WIND.—THE "MAYFLOWER" LEADING THE "PURITAN" AND THE "ATLANTIC"; THE "PRISCILLA" ON THE RIGHT.

CUP DEFENDERS OLD AND NEW.

OWING to the interest of the more recent contests for the *America's* cup, we are apt to forget that the trophy was established by accident, and that the first races for it were far different from the present ones. Though the use of vessels for purely pleasure purposes in America dates back much farther, it was not until about 1840 that the building and racing of yachts became general. During the following decade great progress was made, largely under the fostering care of Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., and some very fast yachts were turned out from New York yards, together with equally speedy pilot-boats, then similar in size and model to the larger yachts. Toward the end of 1850 many invitations were sent to Americans to participate in the World's Fair to be held in the following year at London, and the suggestion was made from England that some of the fast New York yachts or pilot-boats would be very welcome at the coming gathering of the British fleet at Cowes. Acting on this idea, some members of the then newly formed New York Yacht Club, headed by Commodore John C. Stevens and his brother Edwin A. Stevens, ordered a yacht from the leading builder, George Steers, for the purpose of crossing the Atlantic. The *America*, as she was named, was completed, and crossed to Havre, and later to Cowes, early in the summer of 1851; but after her first display of speed she could find no competitor among the British fleet. Although no single yacht save one was willing to accept the challenge of Commodore Stevens for a match, an open regatta was set for August 22, the prize being a special cup offered, not by Queen Victoria, but by the Royal Yacht Squadron, open to yachts of all nations. After some hesitation, Commodore Stevens finally decided to start, and the *America* was one of the fifteen yachts which came to the line off Cowes.

While the yachts of both nations were still of the "cod's head and mackerel's tail" model formerly considered indispensable to speed, Mr. Steers had for some years experimented in exactly the opposite direction, making the bows very fine and the stern proportionately fuller. With this difference in model was a corresponding one in the cut of the *America's* sails, which were made to sit as flat as possible, while those of the opposing fleet were cut, according to the prevailing theories, with an extravagant amount of fullness or "bag." Out of the fleet of fourteen boats, all but three smaller than she, there was not one which could in any way compare with the *America* in speed. The race, as it happened, was no real test of merit, being largely a drift in tidal waters; the great point was the freely conceded superiority of the "Yankee" schooner. However, the *America* won the cup, to which little importance was attached at the time; she was sold to a British nobleman, Lord de Blaquière, and her owners returned home, leaving the British builders and shipwrights busy altering over the fleet; putting "*America* bows" on them, often regardless of rhyme or

reason, just as we have since seen "*Gloriana* bows" clapped on to everything that floats. The Royal Yacht Squadron Cup by common consent became the property of Commodore Stevens, the moving spirit of the *America* expedition. Finally, the question of some permanent and fitting disposition of the relic came up, and was solved on July 8, 1857, by its dedication as "perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." The trophy now assumed a new value far out of proportion to its cost or even the circumstances of its winning; and in place of being forgotten after a few years, like the ordinary Queen's cups and most challenge cups, it was destined to become more and more famous with each successive contest.

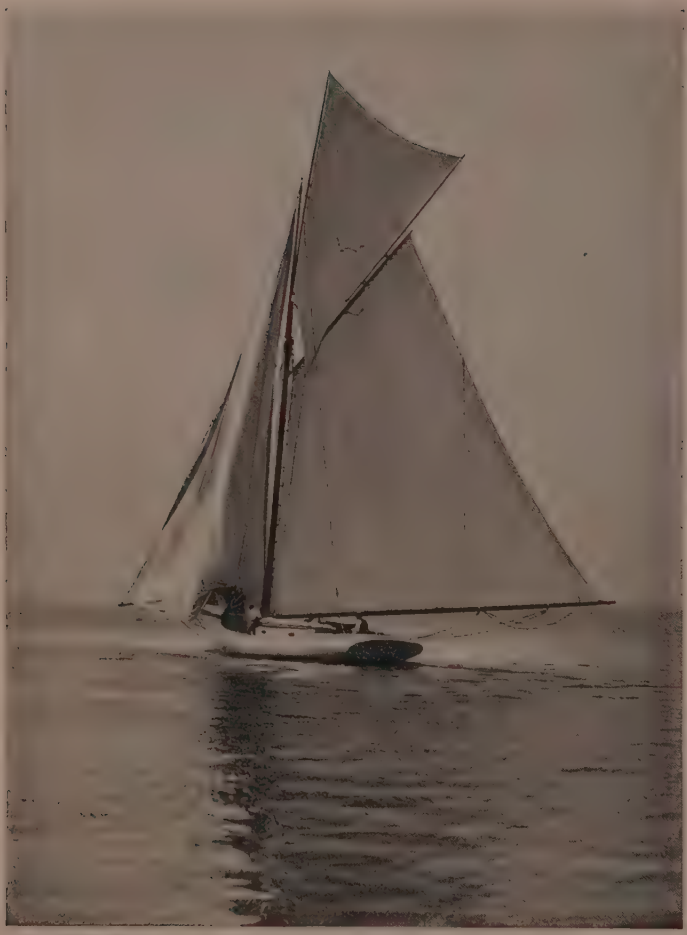
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.

THE CUP-WINNER "AMERICA," IN LATTER-DAY RIG.

After the race of 1851, yachting went on quietly in America. With the end of the civil war came the era of the big schooners. The famous ocean race in December, 1866, between the three American schooners *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*, with other visits of the *Sappho* and *Dauntless* to British waters, together with the marked improvement in the British fleet since the visit of the *America*, finally led to the first challenge for the cup held in trust by the New York Yacht club.

This challenge came from Mr. James Ashbury, representing the Royal Thames Yacht Club, owner of the schooner *Cambria*, which, though not the fastest of her class, was a stanch, sturdy, and thoroughly comfortable sea-going vessel, a keel craft of good model, widely different from the antiquated tubs which the *America* had met twenty years before. She sailed in by Sandy Hook on July 25, 1870, a few hours ahead of the *Dauntless*, after a race from off Daunt Head, on the Irish coast, and the New York Yacht Club was for the first time confronted with the problem of choosing a defender for the *America's* cup. The solution was simple, since the club decided that its entire fleet must be pitted against the visitor.

In accordance with this decision, there came to the line off Stapleton, Staten Island, on August 8, 1870, a fleet of twenty-three schooners: seven keel—*Dauntless*, *Fleetwing*, *America*, *Rambler*, *Alarm*, *Tarolinta*, and *Restless;* and sixteen center-board—*Magic*, *Palmer*, *Calypso*, *Fleur de Lys*, *Widgeon*, *Josephine*, *Halcyon*, *Tidal Wave*, *Jessie*, *Phantom*, *Era*, *Madeline*, *Madgie*, *Silvie*, *Idler*, and *Alice*. Against this fleet, many of them built and sparred especially for light summer weather, and sailing over the crooked tidal course in New York



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

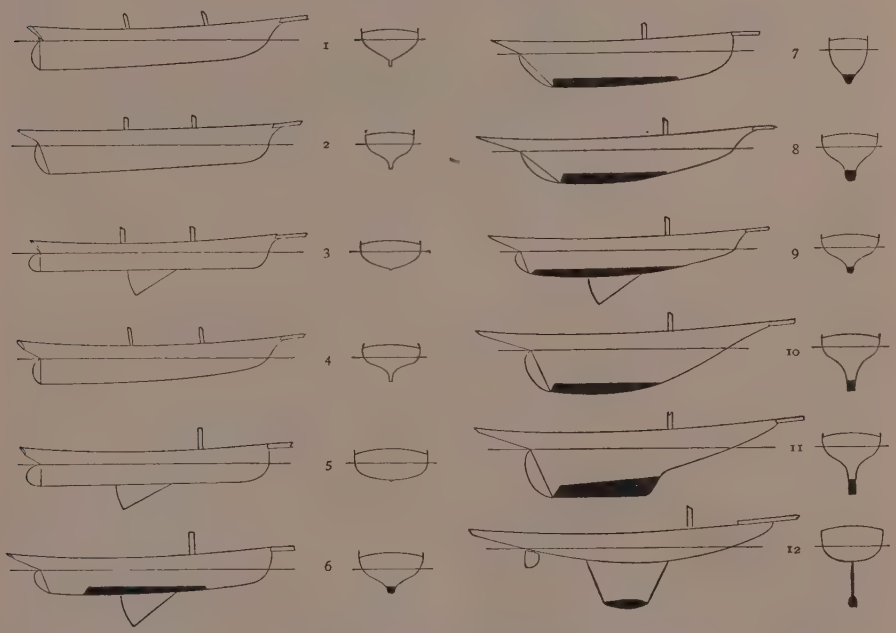
THE "SHADOW," THE HERRESHOFF TYPE OF 1871.

Bay, the stranger's defeat was a foregone conclusion; and she was but tenth of the fifteen yachts which finished. Like the first race around the Isle of Wight, the course was unfair and the race of no value as a true test; but even under much more favorable conditions the majority of the American fleet would have beaten the sturdy Britisher in ordinary weather. The first of the American fleet, by courtesy the first cup defender, although that honor was really shared by eight others, including the *America*, was the little *Magic*, a fast center-board schooner, a typical American yacht of the day. She was modeled and built in 1857 by R. F. Loper, at Philadelphia, as a sloop, being changed in course of years and various successive rebuildings to a schooner of 78 feet water-line, 20 feet 9 inches beam, and 6 feet 8 inches draft. She is still in the fleet of the New York Yacht Club.

In this race the *America* was fourth at the finish. She was at the time in the service of the United States, nominally as a practice vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy, having been rebuilt in England, used as a despatch-boat for the Confederate government, sunk for a year in the St. John's River, and raised and refitted by the United States. Considering that she was fitted out in man-of-war fashion and sailed by naval officers, her performance among the crack racers of the fleet was but another evidence of her original superiority. These first two cup races were sailed by existing yachts of the day, many of them very old craft; but for the next race, in the following year, the yacht *Livonia* was built, for the special purpose of competing for the cup, by Michael Ratsey, of Cowes, for Mr. Ashbury. Although intended specially for racing in America, she was of the same general type as the *Cambria*, but of improved model, a sturdy keel schooner of the prevailing heavy wooden build. While she was building there came about a great change of opinion as to the mode of defending the cup, and through the protests of some influential members of the club, as well as Mr. Ashbury, it was decided not only to sail a series of races in place of a single race, but to put one yacht, and not the whole fleet, against the challenger. At the same time the club declined to name one yacht alone for the entire series, but asserted the right to select at will a competitor for each race. The final decision, however, was

to limit the selection to four, and the *Sappho* and *Dauntless* of the keel schooners, and the *Columbia* and *Palmer* of the center-boards, were selected as the quartet of cup defenders. Five races in all out of the series of seven were sailed, the *Columbia* winning two and losing one, while the *Sappho* won two. The former yacht was just off the stocks, a center-board schooner of the national type, 96 feet water-line, 25 feet beam, and only 6 feet draft, modeled and built by J. B. Van Deusen, a builder of some prominence. The keel representative, *Sappho*, one of the historic yachts of the American fleet, was modeled and built by Poillon Brothers, the New York builders, in 1867, and was by no means a success at the start, but in 1869 she was materially improved by the process of "hipping" carried out by the late Captain Robert Fish. The planking was removed along each bilge, the timbers were built out to increase the beam, very different conditions,—five races in place of one, two of them outside Sandy Hook, and with but a single boat in place of a fleet,—this contest was really a test of merit, which those of 1851 and 1870 were not; and in spite of the natural odds against the challenging yacht, the superior speed of the American representatives in both light and heavy weather was fully demonstrated.

In 1876, the Centennial year, a challenge was received from an unlooked-for quarter. The yacht was the *Countess of Dufferin*, modeled and built by Alexander Cuthbert, a Canadian of considerable ability as a modeler, but whose experience was wholly in yachts of the ordinary American type. The new yacht was built for the purpose of challenging for the cup, being owned by a syndicate of Canadian yachtsmen and enrolled in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, Canada. On her arrival in



COMPARISON OF OLD AND NEW TYPES.

1. *America*, 1851, water-line 90 feet.— 2. *Cambria*, 1868, water-line 100 feet.— 3. *Magic*, 1857–69, water-line 79 feet.— 4. *Sappho*, 1867, water-line 120 feet.— 5. *Mischief*, 1879, water-line 61 feet.— 6. *Puritan*, 1885, water-line 81 feet.— 7. *Genesta*, 1884, water-line 81 feet.— 8. *Thistle*, 1887, water-line 86 feet.— 9. *Volunteer*, 1887, water-line 85 feet.— 10. *Gloriana*, 1891, water-line 45 feet.— 11. *Wasp*, 1892, water-line 46 feet.— 12. *El Chico*, 1892, water-line 25 feet.

and new planking laid. In this improved form she began a new career under the ownership of Commodore William P. Douglas. She was in her day one of the notable keel schooners of the American fleet, a typical boat of her kind; in fact both the *Sappho* and *Columbia* were excellent representatives of the ideas and theories of American yachtsmen in 1870. Owing to the New York in July, 1876, the New York Yacht Club selected the schooner *Madeline* alone to meet the challenger in every race. She was one of the fastest of the center-board division of the fleet, modeled and built by James E. Smith at Nyack, originally a sloop, like the *Magic*, but enlarged and altered from time to time, being almost a new yacht at the time. The two

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUBELMAN.

THE "MISCHIEF."

yachts were nearly of a size, some 95 feet water-line, 24 feet beam, and 7 feet draft, and the difference in point of model was not very great; but the Canadian yacht was very much inferior in construction, finish, and rig, her owners lacking the necessary capital for such an enterprise. As a matter of course, the *Countess of Dufferin* was defeated, and found her way back to Lake Ontario and later to Chicago.

DRAWN BY FRED S. COZZENS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "PRISCILLA," LARGER THAN THE "MISCHIEF," BUT BUILT ON THE SAME LINES.

Five years later, Captain Cuthbert was ready to try again for the cup. This time the challenge came from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Canada, and for the first time in the history of the cup it was from a single-stick vessel. The new yacht, the *Atalanta*, was a center-board sloop of the ordinary American type, 64 feet water-line, 19 feet beam, and 5 feet 6 inches draft; in model and also in construction she was superior to the previous challenger, but like her she suffered greatly from inferior finish, sails, and gear, the syndicate which built her having underestimated the expense of the experiment, and being unable to carry it through in such a manner as to do justice to such qualities as the model possessed. This, however, was not known at first, and in view of the similarity of type and the reputation of her builder, it was considered advisable to make certain of a proper defense of the cup.

In order to select the best of the home fleet as a defender, two important principles were introduced into international racing. The time had now come when it was deemed desirable to build a yacht specially for the defense of the cup, and with this determination, if for no other reason than to tune up and test the new boat, it became necessary to sail a series of trial races.

Up to 1880 the course of yacht-modeling in America had run in very even grooves; systematic designing was unknown, and with very few exceptions yachts were built from small wooden models whittled and carved out by the builders. One type of yacht was in general use, the wide, shoal center-board craft, with high trunk cabin, large open cockpit, ballast all inside (and of iron, or even slag and stone), and a heavy and clumsy wooden construction. Faulty in every way as this type has since been proved, in the absence of any different standard it was considered perfect, and open doubts were expressed of the patriotism if not the sanity of the few American yachtsmen who, about 1877, called into question the merits of the American center-board sloop, and pointed out the opposing qualities of the British cutter,— her non-capsizability, due to the use of lead ballast outside of the hull; her speed in rough water; and the superiority of her rig both in proportions and in mechanical details.

A wordy warfare over these types raged for several years, gaining strength with the building of the first true English cutter, the *Muriel*, in New York in 1878; and bearing good fruit a year later in the launching of the *Mischief*, an American center-board sloop, but modified in accordance with the new theories. The plumb stem, the straight sheer, and higher free-board, with quite a shapely though short overhang, suggested the hull of the cutter, and though quite wide,—nearly 20 feet on 61 feet water-line,—she drew nearly 6 feet. Even with her sloop rig, she was a marked departure from the older boats of her class, especially as she was built of iron in place of wood, and consequently carried her ballast, all lead, at a very low point.

The first trial races ever held for the selection of a cup defender took place in October, 1881; the *Mischief* was awarded the honor. She was hauled out, and under the fostering care of her skipper, old Captain "Than" Clock, was put in as perfect condition as any yacht which has ever raced for the cup, her iron bottom being scraped and sandpapered, carefully painted with red lead, and then covered with successive coats of varnish into which "pot-lead" or graphite was rubbed with brushes until the whole hull of the yacht from plank-sheer to keel shone like a mirror. Above deck the *Mischief* was superior in rigging and canvas to most of the New York fleet of the time, and she came to the line on November 9 for the first race in absolutely faultless racing form. The Canadian champion, on the other hand, though of good model, was lacking in everything which makes a winning yacht: her wooden bottom was rough in spite of planing and painting in New York, her rig and equipment were poor, especially her sails, and she was badly manned and handled. The story of the *Madeline* and the *Countess of Dufferin* was repeated: the *Mischief* won by half an hour in each of the two races sailed, and the cup was again secured to the New York Yacht Club.

As the result of the sloop-and-cutter controversy, there was sent out to New York in the fall of 1881 the little 10-ton racing cutter *Madge*, one of the most successful of her class on the Clyde,—a deep, narrow, lead-keeled craft, with the typical cutter rig. She was owned by Mr. James Coats, of Paisley, Scotland, and his object in sending her to America was to test the type against the American sloop. The *Madge* sailed five races at New York and two at Newport, winning all but one, in which she was beaten by the *Shadow*, a famous Herreshoff sloop of more than usual depth. She also beat the *Shadow* in one of the races at Newport. The success of the *Madge* was encouraging to the cutter contingent, and not a little confusing to their opponents, but the battle of depth, low weight, and cutter rig was by no means won; there was plenty of fight still left in the sloop party. With the building of the *Bedouin*, a 70-foot cutter, in 1882, the fight went on with renewed vigor, the cutter cause being hindered at times by the failure of some of the larger ones built here, but gaining gradually as the problem became better understood of adapting to American conditions the leading principles of the cutter type; and also as the owners of such cutters as the *Bedouin* and *Oriva* came to know their boats better, and to work them up to racing form. From the performances of the *Bedouin* with the *Gracie* and *Mischief*, it was demonstrated that the modified cutter of moderate beam was at least the equal of the wide center-board sloop.

Although no more sloops were built after the failure of the *Pocahontas* in 1881, several new cutters of large size were added to the British fleet each year; and 1884 saw the launch of two, the *Genesta* and *Irex*. Following the natural course of designing under the old tonnage rule, with its heavy restriction on beam, each of these was a little narrower, deeper, and longer than the existing boats of the class, with greater displacement and sail-area, the *Genesta* being 81 feet water-line, 15 feet beam, 13 feet 6 inches draft, and the *Irex* three feet longer with the same beam and draft. At the end of the season the *Genesta* had shown herself rather better than the *Irex*, and her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, decided to challenge for the *America's* cup. Another British yachtsman, Lieutenant William Henn, R. N., an old sailor and a deep-water cruiser, had long entertained the same ambition; and, encouraged by the *Genesta's* success in her first season, he ordered a yacht from the same designer, Mr. J. Beavor Webb.

The challenge came in December, 1884, in the form of a letter announcing the desire of the owners of the *Genesta* and *Galatea* to sail for the cup. Owing to the peculiar condition attached to the cup by the New York Yacht Club in 1882, by which the challenger was prohibited from giving more than seven months' notice of his intentions, the club declined to give a formal acceptance to the challenge; although it was clearly understood that both challenges would finally be accepted. When the specified time for challenging arrived, the 1st of March, 1885, a formal challenge from both yachts was received and accepted, and the serious question of defending the cup was again before the club. One challenger was ready, the other partly built, and two months of valuable time had been wasted to the defenders through their insistence on an absurd technicality, leaving barely six months for preparation. The task, too, was far more serious than ever before: the challengers were

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA, ENGLAND.

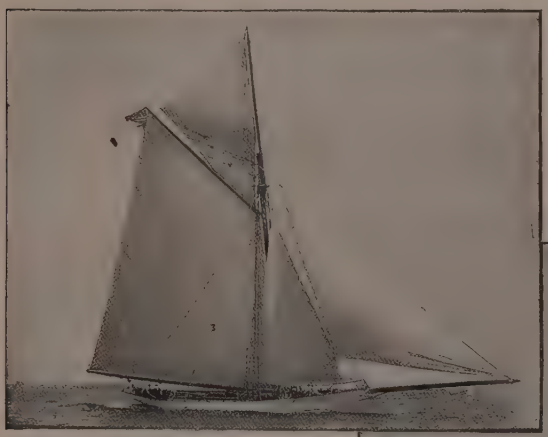
"GENESTA," "TARA," AND "IREX"—THE BRITISH TYPE OF CUTTER OF 1884-5; "GALATEA," 1885, BELONGING TO THE SAME TYPE.

racing, not cruising, craft; one of known speed, and both considerably larger than the existing American sloops. The question was further complicated by the wide difference of expert opinion among the defenders. While ample proof had been given of the advantages of many points of the cutter, there were still many of the older and more influential yachtsmen who stood by the center-board sloop of the *Arrow-Gracie* era, denouncing every innovation as unpatriotic as well as inherently wrong. The only thing that was universally conceded was the futility of attempting to defend the cup with the existing sloops *Gracie*, *Mischief*, and *Fanny*, and the consequent necessity for the construction of one or more new boats. Again the flag-officers of the New York Yacht Club came personally to the defense of the cup, and Commodore James Gordon Bennett and Vice-Commodore William P. Douglas gave an order to Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer of the *Mischief*, for a new sloop.

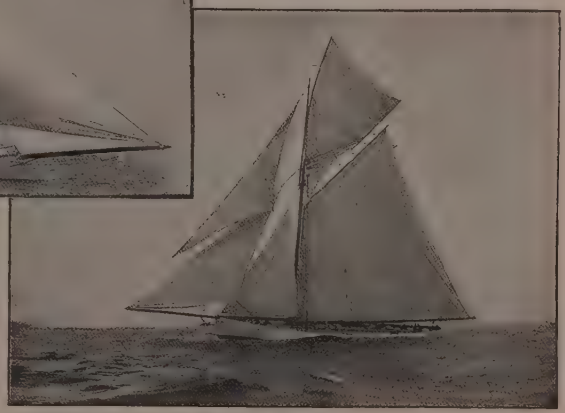
In view of the success of the *Mischief*, and the fact that she was distinctively an American sloop, it was decided to build on the same general model a moderately deep center-board craft, with the proportions of the sloop rig, but with double headsails. The hull was to be of iron, and, though there was no outside keel, the ballast was consequently much lower than in the old wooden sloops. From the first acceptance of the double challenge the air was full of rumors of cup defenders from all quarters; but as the days went by it seemed as though the new sloop, the *Priscilla*, would have the field to herself. At last, however, there came the news of another yacht from an unlooked-for quarter, to be designed by Edward Burgess, and owned by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen, members of the Eastern Yacht Club. Mr. Burgess was known as an experienced amateur yachtsman who by a sudden ill turn of fortune had been induced to direct his attention to yacht-designing as a profession, and whose work thus far had aspired no higher than a few small cruising cutters. The stout oak keel of the new *Puritan* was laid upon a lead keel of 27 tons, carried down into a deep projecting keel; the plumb stem, the sheer, and the long counter suggested the British cutter rather than the American sloop; the draft of 8 feet 6 inches was greatly in excess of all of the old center-board boats; and the rig was essentially that of the cutter rather than the sloop, despite the

fixed bowsprit and the laced foot to the mainsail. The *Puritan* was ready in good season, making her trial trip June 17, and sailing her first race two weeks later in the annual regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club. In it she not only defeated easily sloops of the 70-foot class, but outsailed the nine schooners entered, beating the old *America* by an hour.

Not until the opening of the New York Yacht Club cruise, a month later, did the two new defenders come together, the result of the first day's run being against the *Priscilla*. Next day they met again in the hard race for the Goelet Cup. Again was the *Puritan* the victor, and by over ten minutes. Prior to the trial races, a few weeks later, alterations were made in the *Priscilla*, and she was materially improved from her original form; but the *Puritan's* victory in two out of the three races made her selection by the committee a matter of course, apart from her superiority as evidenced in the whole series of races between the two.



THE "PURITAN."



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. S. JOHNSTON AND PURVIANCE.

THE "MAYFLOWER."

The first of the three cup races was set for September 7, but it was not until the 14th, after four failures, that the race was really made; resulting in a decided victory for the *Puritan* over the inside course on New York Bay and in light and fluky weather. The second, and, as it happened, the last race, was sailed under more satisfactory conditions, a run of twenty miles out to sea before a strengthening wind, and a beat home against a half gale and a heavy sea. Although the *Puritan* was again the victor, the result was so close, and might so easily have been reversed, that the question is still an open one with yachtsmen whether the *Genesta* might not have won had she been handled as skilfully as her rival.

Of the two interested parties, the Americans were the first to lay the lessons of 1885 to heart, and to profit by them in the general adoption of the still wide but deeper hull with outside lead keel and the cutter rig; which, though properly a "center-board cutter," was delicately alluded to as a "compromise sloop." The delays incident to a first season made it impossible for the *Galatea* to come out with the *Genesta*, and her challenge was postponed to 1886. By this time the excitement of the cup races was at its highest point; the victory of the *Puritan* elated the Eastern yachtsmen and placed those of New York on their mettle to retrieve their laurels. General Paine, the head of the *Puritan* syndicate, was early in the field with a new Burgess boat, the *Mayflower;* the *Puritan*, purchased by another of the syndicate, J. Malcolm Forbes, was ready; the *Priscilla*, in new hands, received important alterations during the winter, and a fourth yacht was begun in New York. Of the challenger, *Galatea*, it was known that she was five feet longer than the *Genesta* on the same beam and draft, a steel cutter, and, in spite of her poor performances in her initial season, presumably as formidable an antagonist as her shorter sister. The *Mayflower* was in effect an enlarged *Puritan*, four feet longer, one foot wider and deeper, with ten tons more lead on the keel, and a larger sail-plan; the construction being the same, all wood. The other new yacht was owned by a syndicate composed of members of the Atlantic Yacht Club, from which she took her name, and was built from a model cut by Philip Ellsworth, the modeler

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEBBINS.

THE "VOLUNTEER"—THE CREW SETTING THE JIB-TOPSAIL.

of such noted yachts as the *Comet*, *Montauk*, and *Grayling*.

This year all were ready in good season, the *Mayflower*, in her first race in the Eastern Yacht regatta, showing a dangerous lack of stability which was soon remedied by additional lead on the keel and a reduction of weights aloft. The quartet sailed in all of the spring regattas about New York, and later met on the New York Yacht Club cruise, so that the trial races in September were a mere formality, the *Mayflower* having already won her place at the head of the fleet, with the *Puritan* second. When the cup races came off, in the lightest of weather, they were a disappointment, not only to the friends of the *Galatea*, but to all who wished to see good racing and a decisive test of the yachts; but the result was verified by the subsequent performances of the *Galatea* in American waters, which proved that she was not only inferior to the *Mayflower* and the *Puritan*, but by no means equal to the *Genesta*. So far as Americans were concerned, the races taught but little this time; it was the other side which gained by the lesson. Lieutenant Henn went home in the fall, leaving his yacht laid up here, and at once entered heartily into the annual agitation for a change of the measurement rule of the Yacht Racing Association, which toward the last of the year reached a successful result. After a very thorough inquiry, in the course of which the leading British designers were called on to give their opinions at length, the old tonnage rule which had done so much both to help and hurt yachting, first in teaching the value of outside ballast, and then in compelling the construction of extremely narrow craft, was finally replaced by a length and sail-area rule very similar to that used for three years by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and later generally adopted by American clubs.

The first to avail himself of the great free-

dom accorded by the new rule was Mr. George L. Watson, of Glasgow, the designer of the *Madge*. Before the rule was finally adopted he had designed a large yacht to race under it at home, and to seek the long-coveted trophy in foreign waters, and toward the end of the year the keel of the *Thistle* was laid. The radical difference between the *Thistle* and the typical British cutter of the preceding decade was shown in her beam of 20 feet 4 inches as compared with the 15 feet of the *Galatea*, the length and draft being the same, while the *Thistle* carried some 2000 feet more canvas. Although the majority of American yachtsmen were agreed that the new Clyde boat was a far more dangerous antagonist than any that had yet challenged, by common consent the defense of the cup was left to General Paine and Mr. Burgess as soon as it was known that they were ready with a new design. Once more the defending club wasted months of valuable time through refusing to recognize the early challenge of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, a syndicate of whose members were the owners of the *Thistle;* and not until the stipulated six months' limit was reached, in March, 1887, was the challenge formally accepted and the keel of the *Volunteer* laid. The new yacht differed from the *Mayflower* mainly in added depth and draft, displacement and sail-area, each successive change from the *Puritan* being in the direction of the cutter, although the center-board was still a distinguishing feature. She was, however, of steel like the *Thistle*.

In view of the known points of resemblance and difference, the selection of the *Volunteer* as the defender of the cup was generally assumed from the first. Nor was this assumption incorrect; her performance with the older boats was but a repetition of that of the *Mayflower* in the previous year, so that the trial races, though sailed, were necessary merely for a proper tuning up of the yacht. To everybody's surprise the *Thistle* proved far less formidable than had been anticipated; her very poor performance in the first fluky race over the inside course might be excused in part through the very light wind, and the combination of bad luck and bad judgment shortly after the start; but the second race, outside the Hook, was perfectly fair and conclusive, resulting in a victory for the *Volunteer* by twelve minutes. With the adoption of more stringent conditions of challenge immediately after the *Volunteer's* victory, all contests for the *America's* cup ceased for an indefinite time, and the fleet of large yachts created by the necessity for cup defense disappeared almost as rapidly as it had come into existence. The *Priscilla* was altered below water by the addition of a trough keel and converted into a schooner, being renamed *Elma;* the *Mayflower* and *Atlantic* underwent similar changes of rig, and finally the *Volunteer* was partly destroyed, and rebuilt with an entirely new forebody, which, with the accompanying change of rig, made her a schooner 90 feet on the water-line.

The stimulus of the great series of races was still felt, however, in the smaller classes. For a time the battle was confined to the work of American designers, the result being a victory for the keel yachts, craft both wide and deep, and with very large sail-plans, as opposed to the new compromise type of wide but shoaler center-boards. But in 1888 there came a small keel cutter, of moderate beam and draft as compared with the American boats, being some 3 feet narrower (10 feet 6 inches beam) and 1 foot shoaler, with nearly 1000 feet less sail. The *Minerva* was designed and built by Will Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, on the Clyde, being especially intended for American rules and climatic conditions. She made the passage from the Clyde to Marblehead on her own bottom, and won the admiration of American yachtsmen no less by her stylish appearance than by her obvious merits in point of speed and ease of handling through her small sail-plan. Her first season was an unbroken series of successes, and she finished her second by winning five out of ten races sailed with the *Gossoon*, a new Burgess boat built specially to beat her, and following her very closely in points of design. The forward course of designing and building was a rapid one in 1888 and 1889, so rapid that by the middle of 1890 the once numerous 40-foot class had dwindled to the *Minerva* and *Gossoon*, one yacht after another being defeated and withdrawing from the races, and by the end of the season it was completely dead. With a view to stimulating a new interest among racingmen, a larger class, 46-feet on the water-line, was started in Boston in the winter of 1890–91, and as a novelty was at first a success. One designer, Mr. Burgess, turned out five new boats for the class, which in all included some nine yachts. Save one Burgess boat, the *Beatrix*, all were keels, wide, deep, and heavily sparred, a compromise which combined the beam of the old American sloop and the draft, displacement, lead keel, and in part the rig of the British cutter.

Early in the seventies, when the shoal center-board sloop and the schooner were being developed and perfected, there was a blind yacht-builder at Bristol, Rhode Island, who was noted for his many speedy yachts, both open cat-boats and the larger-decked craft: *Sadie*, *Orion*, *Shadow*, *Triton*, *Viking*, *Qui Vive*, *Kelpie*, *Psyche*, *Nimbus*, *Bunsby*, *Clytie*, and many smaller boats. About 1875 Mr. Herreshoff and his brother, Nathaniel G., some years younger, who had been educated as a mechanical engineer, turned their attention from sail-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "GLORIANA" IN DRY DOCK.

ing to steam yachts, and were soon so engrossed in the new business that the old was virtually abandoned. So thoroughly were they occupied with the improvement of hulls and engines, and the perfection of a special type of launch-boiler, that they gave no attention to sailing yachts through all the exciting times of the *Puritan-Genesta* and the following cup races, but contented themselves with turning out the fastest of steam yachts and launches, torpedo and despatch boats. At the same time the sailor instincts of the younger brother kept him always with a small yacht of some kind, a keel cruiser, anchored off his home on Narragansett Bay. The abilities of the Herreshoffs as possible rivals of Mr. Burgess had been frequently discussed by yachtsmen, and when the news came that they proposed to reënter the field of match-sailing with a 46-footer to oppose the Burgess fleet, it was hailed with joy as promising a renewal of the already flagging interest. In spite of vague and startling rumors, comparatively little was known of the new boat until she made her appearance at New York for the spring races in 1891, winning from the start, and carrying all before her throughout the season until the name of *Gloriana* was no less famous than that of *Puritan* or *Volunteer*.

A great part of this fame was due to the peculiar and striking features of her design, which were exaggerated with each succeeding race in the popular reports. Apart from all exaggeration, the new yacht was remarkable as a daring and original departure from the accepted theories of the leading designers, and we must go back to George Steers and the old *America* for a parallel. The radical points of difference between the *America* and the yachts of her day lay in the fineness of the forward ends of her successive water-lines, giving her a long and easy bow compared with their short bluff entrance. In the case of the *Gloriana*, as compared with her immediate predecessors on both sides of the ocean, the difference lay in the radical cutting away of the bulk under water, while preserving the full area of the load water-plane, and even an excess of bulk above water; the result being a maximum of stability through the extended area of the load water-plane, aided by the very low position of the ballast in the deep keel; the reduction of all useless frictional surface through the cutting away of the dead-wood forward; and the production of a form which, through its smooth round diagonals, was easy to drive, and which changed but little as the yacht pitched and scended. Coupled with these important features was another which by its instant appeal to the eye attracted a degree of attention which it did not deserve, and claimed a credit which by no means belonged to it. The ends of the boat, not only aft but forward, were carried out to an extravagant length, the total overhang of bow and stern being over 25 feet on a water-line length of but 45 feet. Two important factors in the *Gloriana's* success were the very light construction of the hull, a double skin of thin wood on steel frames, and the perfection of every detail of her rigging and canvas; the yacht being not merely well handled, principally by her designer, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, but kept up to perfect racing form all the season. The restless mind of her designer was not satisfied even with the success of the *Gloriana*, though it placed his name once more at the top of the list, but during the fall of 1891 he was quietly at work on a still more radical departure. Under the stimulus of much building and close racing, the tendency under the new British rule to extreme length and reduced displacement, with an accompanying cutting away of the midship section, and also of the deadwood forward and aft, was becoming stronger every

year; and in the smaller classes the winning boats were largely of shoal depth of body, but with a deep lead fin, equivalent in form to the center-board. Taking up the same line of experiment, Mr. Herreshoff produced a 25-foot boat aptly named the *Dilemma*, a shoal, canoe-like hull with the very full water-line and long ends of the *Gloriana*, and with a deep keel made of a nearly rectangular plate of steel; the ballast, on which alone she relied for her stability, being in the form of a lead cylinder or cigar bolted to the lower edge of the fin. The trials of this novel boat at the end of the season were so successful that the firm received orders from all quarters for the new "fin-keels." One, the *Wenonah*, was sent to the Clyde, where she won nearly every race against a fine fleet, the work of the leading British designers; another, the *Wee Win*, only 16-foot water-line, made a similar clean record about Southampton; and a third, *El Chico*, sailed a very successful season in New York waters. Beside these boats the Herreshoffs were called upon to defeat last year's champion, the *Gloriana*, in the 46-foot class, a task which they accomplished in the *Wasp*, an improved *Gloriana*, still fuller on the water-line, but so cut away below as to approach very closely to the extreme type, the fin-keel.

The ending of the season of 1892 was perhaps more discouraging, from a yachting standpoint, than any that has preceded it for some years. There was visible no sign of a revival of racing in the older classes, the mainstay of racing since the last cup contest; the 40-foot, the 30-foot, the 46-foot, and even the 21-foot, were either dead or in a moribund condition. It was then with gratification that the yachting world received the news of a large racing yacht from each side of the Atlantic. The Earl of Dunraven, whose name has been known to Americans for the past three years as a probable challenger for the *America's* cup, is a new addition to the limited list of British racing-owners, his first yacht, the cutter *Petronilla*, having been built in 1888. His first challenge was sent in 1889, the yacht being a 70-footer, the *Valkyrie*, a keel cutter designed by Mr. Watson; but on account of a disagreement over the altered terms under which the cup was offered, the challenge was withdrawn. Rumor of a second challenge was rife, and in September, 1892, a letter was received from Lord Dunraven which led a little later to the acceptance of a formal challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron on his behalf, the challenging yacht being announced as a second *Valkyrie* by name, an 85-foot cutter designed by Mr. Watson. Just prior to the receipt of Lord Dunraven's notice of challenge it became known that the Herreshoffs had received an order for a large yacht, all particulars of size and ownership being carefully withheld at first. By the time that work was commenced, however, it became known that the owner was Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, and that his object was to visit England for a season of racing, including the challenging for the two American cups taken home by the *Genesta* in 1885, the Cape May cup and the Brenton's Reef cup, and also for the gold cup of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, a new international trophy established in 1890, but never yet raced for. When the *Navahoe* was launched in February, it was found that she was not an extreme fin-keel, but nearer in type to the *Wasp*, an intermediate step between the normal modern type and the extreme fin. Her approximate dimensions are: length over all, 128 feet; length on water-line, 84 feet; beam, 23 feet; draft, 12 feet 6 inches. The long overhang at each end, as in the *Wasp*, gives an excessive length on deck, the form of the ends being similar to the *Wasp*, the lines, both vertical and horizontal, being round and full. The keel is nearly straight for the greater part of its length, the stern-post has but a moderate rake, and the stem is well cut away below water. Owing to her limited draft, a center-board is used, a steel plate 1½ inches thick and of 3 tons weight. The sail-plan is considerably larger than that of the *Volunteer*, the largest of the boats of the 1885–87 races. The hull, of course, is of steel; the interior is fully fitted up for life aboard during a season's cruising; but at the same time the interior work is as light as possible.

To meet the second *Valkyrie*, a syndicate was formed in the New York Yacht Club, headed by Mr. Archibald Rogers, owner of the *Wasp*, and an order was placed with the Herreshoffs for an 85-footer still more like that craft than the *Navahoe*, in that she is a keel boat. This yacht, named the *Colonia*, is of similar length to the *Navahoe*, but 1 foot wider, 24 feet beam, and of about 16 feet draft, the keel being of the same peculiar outline as the *Wasp's*. Following the Rogers syndicate came a second to Bristol, headed by Commodore Morgan and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, their yacht being a departure from the other in beam, being 26 feet wide, with a center-board, draft 13 feet. Her chief peculiarity lies in the plating, the entire bottom and center-board trunk being of "Tobin bronze," a very strong non-corrosive alloy, similar in its general nature to brass or gun-metal. Owing to its smooth surface and the absence of scale, it is used in this case in place of steel, the serious objection holding against the latter that it is never at its best during the first season, a certain amount of rusting being necessary to remove the scale formed in rolling, and to make a smooth surface of metal which will hold paint. The Tobin bronze, being smooth and polished

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.

THE "GLORIANA" AT THE FINISH, IN THE GORLET CUP RACE, 1891.

from the first, makes an excellent racing bottom of itself, no paint being required.

With its old-time spirit Boston has also come to the defense of the trophy with two new yachts. Although the results of the racing in 1892 had demonstrated the strong points of the extreme fin type, in the three Herreshoff boats the designer had gone but half-way toward the fin, leaving a promising field open to other designers. The Boston men have transferred the fin-keel experiment from the smaller to the largest classes. The first boat was designed by Mr. John B. Paine, a talented young amateur, son of General Paine, in conjunction with his father,—a fin-keel of about 85 feet water-line, 22 feet 6 inches beam, and 13 feet 6 inches draft. The hull, with a total overhang of 35 feet, is essentially a big canoe, the depth of the hull proper being about 5 feet, the rest being made up by the steel fin with its weight of ballast below. Through this fin a center-board rises and falls, giving the necessary area of lateral plane, while near the fore end of the water-line is a second and smaller center-board. The second boat, the *Pilgrim*, owned by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen, was designed by Messrs. Stewart and Binney, associates of the late Mr. Burgess and his successors in the business. She goes still further than the Paine boat, though of the same approximate dimensions and form, in that she has no center-board, but an extreme draft of 22 feet, the greatest ever found in a sailing yacht. Of the yacht which will oppose the chosen one of this quartet in the final races for the *America's* cup, nothing definite is known at the time this article goes to press, save that she is of about 85 feet water-line, of composite build, designed by Mr. Watson, and built by Henderson Brothers, the designer and builders of the *Thistle*, and that she will bear the name of Lord Dunraven's former yacht *Valkyrie*. To meet the *Navahoe* in British waters, three yachts have been built, all keel cutters of an extreme type, but none of them true fin-keels: the *Britannia*, designed by Mr. Watson, is owned by the Prince of Wales; the *Calluna*, designed by Mr. Fife, by a syndicate of Clyde yachtsmen; and the *Satanita*, designed by Mr. J. M. Soper, is owned by Mr. A. D. Clarke. The various meetings of this grand racing fleet on both sides of the Atlantic promise a yachting season such as has never been approached in the past.

W. P. Stephens.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

THE RIFT IN THE ISLAND.

ASHES as soft as down and as fine as the motes which swim unseen in the air blew from a pine fire toward the lodges. There were two of these conical houses, standing near together and facing the west. The space of fairly level grassy land was surrounded by oaks and beeches, which arose in strength, stretching their limbs abroad and making shady arcades all around it.

Marie Paul sat on a bench in one of these shadows, her quill-work in her lap, watching the Indian grandmother drag fuel up from the forest. In times past she had put herself heartily to such tasks when George was not at hand, sparing the aged back which bent to so much labor. But now her gaze at the old woman saw nothing; it was indifferent to the outer signs of life. Her languid head rested against the tree behind her; lace-work of the pine ashes formed upon her knee without being distorted by a movement. She was conscious of a stifling breath or two as the blue veil was curled around her by the wind. This was the second day Marie had crept to the bench that her Latin prejudices long before caused to be built in the camp. As for Wawatam and his grandmother, they preferred a mat on the ground, and George sat anywhere, with adaptability unusual in his race. But Marie must have a raised seat in the shadow of jutting trees.

She listened for George's return. She had trusted him twice with the Englishman's food. The first day George did not find Henry in his camp, and she sent the boy back in the afternoon. Henry had then returned from tramping through the woods.

"Brudder lonesome," declared George. "Brudder can't keep still."

The squaw pushed her fagot under the pot, and squatted on the windward side of the fire. Her coarse hair hung down her back. A toothless smile opened the puckers in her face as she met the girl's eye. Marie wondered if her own neck would ever fall into such leather creases, and the underlying bloom fade and blacken in her skin. A week ago she had looked forward to age as some indifferent change to which she must come with rocks and trees, expecting dignity from hoariness; but now she dreaded the remote robber with unaccountable terror. It was a wicked thing to value her tinted, supple flesh with such passion; Father Jonois would lay penance on her if he discovered this state of mind.

"Noko," spoke Marie, using the familiar abbreviation for grandmother, "are you very old?"

The Chippewa woman turned her head from side to side mournfully — the universal sign-language of barbarian women when expression fails them. "Old as the summer-maker, my child."

Marie no longer cared eagerly for the summer-maker and his kindred myths.

"Do you like to be old?"

"It cannot be helped. You bear children, you draw wood and dress meat, and the seasons pass. It cannot be helped."

The fate of aboriginal woman stared Marie in the face. Her black lashes made narrow lines of her gray eyes as she pondered the sight. By some way she arrived at the inquiry:

"Noko, what is your opinion of men?"

"They are all the same, on island or mainland, my child. When you are beautiful they kill one another for you; when you are ugly they sneer at you. Two chiefs once fought over me." The squaw laid her arms on her knees and laughed in them at the recollection.

"But white men — they are not like red men."

"Yes; all the same. Men are men. The more they come soft, humble, creeping the ground like the panther, the more they will eat you up and laugh at you."

"Then, Noko, why did the good God make women to believe in them?"

"Because the good God knows they can't get along without women."

"But there must be some good men, very high above panthers and such things. Is your own grandson a panther?"

"No; my grandson he is a good man," answered Noko, with tribal jealousy. "Much better than the French or English."

"I should like to ask the priest about it; but there are some things I cannot ask him, no matter how they perplex me. We ought to be old first, Noko, and when we have wisdom enough, grow young."

"Would n't do," said the grandmother, rising to stir the pot. "Never would marry any man at all, then."

The savage cast of her copper face, with its prominent nose-arch and cheek-bones, was not repellent. Since coming to the island Marie had made the best of Noko's company. It was scarcely improving; she went to the woods and the saints for society; but it was comforting. The primitive woman is a human hen; such wings as she has are spread to shelter her brood. Noko cooked choice bits for the growing girl, and on summer evenings often sat chanting for her the folk-songs and stories of the Chippewas. Noko's knotted red hands were spared many a hard task by skilful younger ones. The grim but wholesome old heart had indeed but one fondness in its age, and that was not for Wawatam. The grandmother was only proud of him.

A phœbe-bird darted calling across the open space, its speck of shadow moving like a flash. Some comer startled it from the lower boughs. Marie turned her head, and saw the extended body of a deer rising up the slope, and George's face under it. Henry and Wawatam were behind him, coming to the lodges together.

Wawatam called in Chippewa to Noko, who answered him; and George threw the deer down before her. The chief turned toward Marie. From a stalking, stalwart Indian he changed suddenly to an apologetic figure in dejected buckskins. She had climbed upon the bench, and held to the tree for support. Her back was toward him and the Englishman. Every soft curve of waist and shoulder was followed by the close gown; half-curls powdered her neck in a short, raveled plume, the hair parting above them in a white track from nape to crown. Immature as it was, this girlish figure had enthralling force which made it a central presence.

Henry did not understand why she hid her face. His voice had a piercing appeal as he asked:

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?"

"The chief knows," answered Marie. "Ask him."

"War-kettles boiling at the fort," explained Wawatam in guarded Chippewa to his brother. He put his hand on his mouth. To have the hated feast detected the moment of his return was confusing.

"His face looks like a wolf's," said Marie.

"But I did not want to taste it," pleaded the enforced cannibal. He cast a glance of wrath at his grandmother, who had revealed that such feasts were held after every Indian victory. It was very unpleasant to have women meddle in tribal politics. Noko and George were in consultation about the deer.

"Consider what a poor lot we were at Michilimackinac, mademoiselle," said Henry, recklessly. "If Wawatam has eaten a bite of the garrison to save the trader, he has afflicted himself to little purpose, and is to be pitied."

Wawatam's eyes were uneasy, and his usual placid benevolence was driven out of his countenance. He knew that Father Jonois would exact penance from him as a Christian Indian; but what was a Chippewa chief to do when his people boiled the English and made him dip his hand in the kettle as a test of good faith?

Marie's trifling with his dignity was the amusement of his life. When she was a year younger she had beaten his shoulders with a balsam stick for presuming to slight some command of hers, and Wawatam had doubled himself over and taken this squaw-drubbing with silent delight. Yet she depended on him as a father, and spoke of him as the chief, never using his name in the careless English fashion. The relations between the Christianized savage and his French foster-child were so natural and guileless that in all her imaginings she had never pictured Wawatam as her lover. There was in her blood no instinct against him except the instinct of rating him with George simply as one of her good creatures. Wawatam knew how to fight, how to hunt, and how to manage his fraction of the Chippewas. He could command any unmarried squaw of the tribe to his lodge. And he had thought it would be easy, when the convenient time came, to mention to Marie that they would take the sacrament of marriage together at L'Arbre Croche. Father Jonois did not discourage this plan.

"Tell him to go away," said Marie.

Wawatam did not understand her English. In camp his entire family spoke Chippewa. He turned for interpretation to Henry, the wrinkles at his eye-corners drawn down by a sinister look. Henry felt it was a climax in his experience when he was forced to mediate between an elected bride and a cannibal husband from whom she hid her face. He had seen her moving like a bird through the wilderness, a part of it and its free life. Disgust for all the conditions which hamper existence here filled him with sudden desire for death. He wondered at his hiding and his pains to prolong such contemptible misery.

"She says she wants you to go away."

Wawatam spoke angrily to Marie in Chippewa:

"Why must I go away? Is it because the Pani woman has been here and brought me a message?"

"Do you mean the Pani woman who came to monsieur's camp? She did not take a message. And if I had sent you one, would you have heeded it any more than you did the priest, who must be at Michilimackinac now?"

The abjectness of a smitten conscience returned upon Wawatam. He said in gutturals under his breath, "The Pani woman was a fool."

"I am a very bad man," he acknowledged, taking Henry into new confidence with twinkles of the eye.

"You are so bad that I cannot endure to look at you. You are so bad I am afraid no saint will intercede for you. Go into the woods and fast."

"But if the chief begins a fast now he will leave his brother in danger."

"Why did you bring him here if there is danger?"

"My brother is safest where I am."

"But why have you come?"

"The best trail leads past the lodges."

"What is the danger?"

"A band of warriors have come from Detroit. He is the only Englishman left. They told me they must have him."

There was silence in camp. George lolled on the ground at a distance, watching the grandmother's skilful knife as she skinned the deer. The sun was warm on his back, and his hair showed glints like gold-stone. He would never be lashed by the mysterious tides of his own spirit.

"What are you going to do?" asked Marie. She had not yet turned her face from the tree.

"Going to put him in a canoe to go to Sault Ste. Marie."

"When?"

"Now."

"Does the chief go with him?"

"No; it is in Madame Cadotte's boat that he will go."

"Where is it now?"

"Coming from Michilimackinac to take him off on the west side of the island."

Marie knew without explanation that this would be the safest place for Henry to embark. There was a sandy, level beach where the water was deep enough to allow the approach of even a sailing vessel, which could then move on unobserved around the northern shore toward the Sault. She had once seen Madame Cadotte, the Indian wife of the Frenchman who was called chief of all the Indians around the Sault.

Rapid Chippewa questions and answers escaped Henry, anxious as he was to understand them.

"But if other canoes meet them, will he not be seen?"

"No matter," answered Wawatam; "he is a Canadian now, like the Canadians that row for Madame Cadotte."

Marie half turned herself and looked at Henry. He was so changed that she wondered how she had been sure of his presence when he and Wawatam were ascending the slope together. Some of his own garments were discarded, and he wore in their place the blanket coat of ordinary Canadians, and like them had a handkerchief knotted around his head. His face was clean shaven, and it gave her through every revealed line, and through fixed eyes, the silent passion and longing which had already grown mighty under repression. That chemistry of the spirit which draws two irresistibly together, through space, through obstacles, through time,—which may work anguish to both, but must work because they exist,—kept these young creatures an instant conscious of nothing but each other. Marie resisted it. She sometimes had such intimations of happiness when lying in the woods with her head beside a bunch of Indian-pipes, or when a height was hooded with thunder-clouds while the beaches flashed in the sun. The joy was like a recollection of heaven; blessedness came near; you could not account for it. She thought it had come oftener when she was a child. But her capacity for it grew. Every atom of her body glowed with intense life. She hid her face against the tree.

Wawatam's features hardened. Any man but his English brother might have died for such a look. His natural hatred of Anglo-Saxon stock urged him to feel for the scalp-lock on that golden head. But he was bound by visions and traditions stronger in his spirit than the Christian religion to keep in safety the man of his adoption. He said to himself in Chippewa, "It is the chief and not the Pani woman that was a fool."

"Come on," he said curtly to Henry.

The trader, conscious of the offense he had given, yet drew a long, reluctant breath.

"Good-by, mademoiselle."

"Good-by, Monsieur Félix."

"Heavens! *Félix!*" Henry drew another deep breath.

"It will not be Amédée until afternoon."

"In the afternoon I shall be far from the island."

"Poor Monsieur Félix!"

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for your thousand kindnesses to me. I blame myself for the hurt you got on the beach."

"What a tender conscience you have, monsieur!" She was no longer his careful mother, but a mocking creature, giving him one laughing look over her shoulder. "It was the fish-hawk."

"I hope your lameness is cured."

"The only thing that hurts me now, monsieur, is that the chief killed gulls to make my feather dress, instead of fish-hawks."

"Then you have a dress of gull-feathers?"

"Yes; it turns rain."

"You wore it by the fireplace on the beach the night I came to the island?"

"Yes, monsieur. The chief was a long time collecting breasts. And when he brought them to me I cried — that so many birds should die to cover me. If I but had a cap to match it now," added Marie, drolly.

"The French have tender hearts," mocked Henry.

"It is true, Monsieur Félix. They never desire the death of any one. It is not necessary for them to recite from their prayer-books as the English do, when the priest says, 'Thou shalt do no murder'—'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.'"

She mimicked the congregational chant, and Henry laughed aloud. Wawatam was in the tense attitude of his forefathers watching an enemy from ambush. When her voice mocked and Henry laughed the chief's face relaxed. He picked up Marie's quill-work from the ground, and, before laying it beside her, passed his fingers along the shining stitches, as one might try some chord which would not vibrate. Living two years under the thumb of a French islander had bred softer practices in him than he cared to have his braves see.

"I wish I could do some service for you, mademoiselle," said Henry.

They were parting forever. And why should they not part forever who had seen each other less than a brief week? Lakes, and land, and perils, time and silence, would crowd between them. The summer day was perfect around them, the sun turning shadows black on a vividly lighted earth.

"Good-by, mademoiselle," repeated Henry.

"Good-by, Monsieur Félix," she answered, keeping her back to him.

"Will you give me your hand?"

Marie extended a hand behind her.

"That is the left one."

She gave him the other, and it lay unresponsive in his while he wrung it.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur Félix."

"I have missed you these two days. I 'm very glad I found you on the island," blundered the man. "It has been a pleasure; I hope you will be happy."

"No more time," said Wawatam.

Henry kissed the round and childish hand. He was permitted by the usage of the times to do that. Wawatam had seen officers at the fort kiss Madame Cadotte's hand, for she was a woman greatly respected. Marie felt the touch of lips. She let her hand fall as he turned away, and stood still with her face toward the tree.

Bushes stirred as Henry and Wawatam brushed through them on the direct trail to the western landing. Wawatam bade George, as he passed that happy boy, go back through the woods and watch for Indians from the fort.

"What do with them?"

"Nothing. Bring word back to the lodges."

Reluctant to leave the deer, George's backward looks dwelt with it, and not with the men. But Noko lifted herself from the quartering and watched the Englishman out of sight. The trees soon received him, and she was not sorry. He had a handsome white face, and eyes which looked through you with an influence like the moon. Marie had relieved her old bones from tramping to his haunts with his food, and she hoped her grandson was now taking him off for a long hunt. The less one saw of even adopted Englishmen the better.

"Watch Indians," said George, making a half circuit of the bench to face Marie, and intimating that he waited for his usual companionship.

Marie gave him a smile of the lips, and picked bark from the tree, letting it fall on fungus that spread a pink umbrella between the oak's roots: many bits glanced off, but one balanced itself and resisted efforts to displace it.

"Chief says watch Indians," repeated George.

"Bring my stick and cap from the lodge," said Marie.

George brought them, and stood like a young bear on his hind feet while she let herself down from the bench. He would have dropped on all fours and made himself a stepping-stone had any other mind given him the impetus. The two went down the trail toward the beach. As soon as they were below the level of the grandmother's vision, Marie paused in her limp, and said:

"You watch the bay while I watch the woods."

George's face fell into creases of distress. "George all alone," he complained. "George all alone twice."

"But I cannot run with you now. I am a hundred years old, like Noko."

George still squirmed, his red face having the blank yet wrathful expression of a wilful baby's.

"Very good. Take me with you, then. But you must carry me," said Marie.

George had carried her up from the bay the night of her accident. He remembered the strain, their long rests, Marie's vain efforts to help herself, and his exhaustion when they reached the lodges. His loose and fleshy body had not the muscular compactness of Wawatam's or the mature strength of Henry's. He yielded, and went on alone with his rolling gait, looking back as long as he could see her.

Marie turned around the base of the camp and put her halting limb to reckless use. She knew short cuts among the pines, and ventured many before untried. She flung herself through mats of juniper in the open places as a High-

landman crosses streams. In times past Marie had loved to test her endurance by long journeys afoot, and labors about the camp. It was sweet to work to the point of exhaustion, and then throw herself on her bed of hemlock and blankets, and sleep as the rocks sleep. Her vitality was so full that every awakening from sleep became a new birth. She ran out as rosy as Aurora under the morning sky, her flesh tingling with the delight of being alive. But this haste she was making to cross the island had none of the laughter of youth in it. The regular sweep of muscles which becomes a silent music, and makes of walking a graceful and glorious function, was lost to her as she panted along. Last week a goddess moved from beach to headland as freely as the light; to-day a limping girl, pallid with the effort, tried to reach the north shore before Madame Cadotte's boat should pass by. She had no reason for wishing to see Madame Cadotte's boat; but when one has sat still awhile, it becomes impossible for one to sit still any longer.

The high land sloped gradually to alluvial stretches in the direction which Henry and Wawatam had taken, but Marie climbed directly down a hillside so steep that she was obliged to hold to trees and the knotty earth itself. She missed her hold, and slid dangerously, but the scratching and bruising did not detain her an instant. Near the bottom she noticed that her balsam staff was no longer in her hand. It was not worth the hard ascent, yet she climbed back in panting haste, and found it lodged in a bunch of fern. A stout stick could have been broken below with half the pains.

The sun stood overhead as she hurried through the lower forest. Her course was as nearly straight as the eye could direct it, and she came to the lake in time to see a boat with sails set getting beyond the eastern shore of the island. Flecks of red like the kerchief-bound heads of Canadians glimmered against the white. No other visible thing moved on Lake Huron.

It might not be Madame Cadotte's boat. Marie sat on the rocks, watching eastward and westward until she lost it, and nothing else appeared on the void. A wind which she had not noticed in her rapid journey made indigo stripes across the water. There was a low roar as of little falls. Though white-fringed rollers ran before the wind, some clouds made flat, moving islands of their shadows. Overhead the light dazzled.

Moving from rock to rock, Marie waited along the beach. Jaded, and dragging her limb, she came to a remembered bluff. Some impulse of the wild things among which she had lived drove her to a hole under the bluff. It was necessary to descend among fragments of rock, and to stoop down to find it. She carried with her such moss as offered, and crept through a tunnel which let her into a high cavern. Water trickled from above through the place. She made herself a divan of the moss in the driest spot, lying recklessly at length, her head on her arm, hidden from the light of day.

The life of the woods and the hissing of the lake were shut out. Her consciousness extended only as far as the water trickling down her cell. Scarcely a glimmer of light came through the tunnel, for its mouth was sunk below the beach. Marie turned once in the afternoon, and changed the arm on which she lay. Time's divisions were lost; she had come upon the eternal now. Yet so much is the spirit in the body's keeping that her stupor passed to sleep, and she lay in that sweet death until forced to a numb resurrection. "Nothing matters," said Marie when she roused.

The lake was a sea of glass and fire, and the hush of summer night was already in the woods. The Detroit Indians might have crossed from Michilimackinac and scattered themselves in search over the island. Dew dampened her hair and the soles of her moccasins. The rapid fluttering of scarcely seen bats grazed her cheek. She kept repeating with dull conviction, "Nothing matters now."

Wawatam was not at the lodges when this limping figure arrived about moonrise. Noko and George were squatted in amiable silence by the kettle, watching a fragrant yellow fire lick its sides. Odors of venison and herbs came to Marie's nostrils. She had not eaten since morning, and, creeping to the outdoor hearth, she sat down with her family, laying her staff beside her.

This was the hour when Noko told Chippewa legends; but she did not speak a word. Some older story-teller was busy with Marie. George waited only for his supper. When Marie sat down in the night camp she never had the degraded feeling of herding with barbarians. These good creatures were her household. She often dipped out the mess for Noko, and restrained George's animal greediness. Clean birch platters were kept in readiness, and she had for herself a knife and spoon which Wawatam bought at the fort. The others preferred to use their fingers. To-night the grandmother filled Marie's bowl from the general dish, and brought her knife and spoon. George was left to gulp unrestrained except when Noko hit him on the back to keep him from choking. Marie sat and looked at the fire, where beautiful embers crumbled, and ate her food without tasting it. The moon was white and large. It threw shadows of the Indian woman and George, and the dish between them, and a fainter shadow of Marie, across the smoldering log.

Those usual inmates of northern lodges, the silent dogs, were lacking in Wawatam's camp. None of them were running about the island, on account of Marie's abhorrence. They were not like the bluff, loud-mouthed mastiffs with which French children played, but uncanny, wolfish things, never seeking a caress, and springing voiceless out of thickets. Wawatam kept his dogs in another camp. They could find their wild living in the woods, whether led by a master or their instincts.

Marie crept into her lodge and dropped its flap. She took off her blanket gown, and put on another in which she slept, and combed and freshly plaited her hair. She had a pillow on her bed, a thing Noko despised. It was made, though, only of the dried needles of sweet pine sewn into a piece of coarse linen. Beside the high mattress was spread a skin on which she stood. Noko's bed was at the opposite arc of the lodge. No moonlight came through the mats, but a glimmer from the hole at the top rested on her head. Marie took her crucifix, which hung from a rib in the sloping wall, and lay down in her bed, holding it, and uttering no prayer but the dumb one of misery. She watched the poles intersecting the fragment of dark blue sky at the top of the lodge, tilting her head back on its pillow. Her knee felt stiff.

"This must be what the priest calls immortality," whispered Marie. "You cannot die."

She turned on her hard mattress, and resolved: "I will bathe in the lake early, while the water is cold. That will drive this strange feeling away."

She heard Wawatam in the camp, giving a string of fish to his grandmother. He had been out all the afternoon in his canoe. His returning without Indian followers was a dull satisfaction to her. Yet when a whiter pallor than the moon's showed between the lodge-poles, she put on her moccasins in haste to escape from camp, took her clothes and the thick linen towel which was kept for her use alone, and limped off toward the natural arch of rock. The dewy tents still swam in uncertain darkness. The sweet-scented earth gave back the old joy of morning to Marie. Crumpled mist arose, floating, and letting itself be wound slowly aloft. There was a steep descent to the lake underneath the stone arch, where a long avalanche had once fallen. Marie let herself down this rough stair to her bath. The limpid expanse of water increased the light. She could see as far as the well-known trees in front of Henry's deserted camp; but she turned her back on that place, and stripped for the plunge. Nothing was abroad to see her but the morning star. Her feet shuddered in the shallow water. She waded out and knelt, throwing herself forward and turning with a splash. The blue drippings of a glacier could be no colder. Streaming from crown to heel, her body the color of a rose, she ran behind a rock covered with pine shrubs, and polished her flesh to marble firmness. It was a delight to feel the blood palpitate against her very garments when she was clothed, and to climb the height like a giantess. The bruise on her knee felt this revival.

"Nothing ails me," exulted Marie aloud to the stirring birds; "I can plunge where Indian women dare not."

A family of mushrooms, their white, fleshy umbrellas half furled, waited beside her path, and she gathered every one. They would have to be skinned and salted, and soaked all day; but by night they could be wrapped in deer-meat with a husk of clay over that, and put under the coals to gather all the venison's juices. She was proud to feel an interest in the food-supply of the camp. "But if I had found them when monsieur was here," said Marie; and she stood still, her face changing.

The camp-fire lifted its delicate blue shaft straight to the zenith. George was helping Noko broil fish on some stones, and a bowl of sagamité was set out for the morning meal.

Wawatam had put on his best dress. The beaver robe which he wore only at councils was gathered around him and thrown over one arm like a Roman toga, showing the feather-work of his leggings and the rich embroidery of his tunic. He paraded himself across the plateau as Marie entered camp, though through all his dignity the childlike savage betrayed a gauntness and anxiety of visage. She busied herself with the mushrooms. The amenities of civilized life he never imitated; but Marie usually said good day to him, and he stopped beside her aggressively. Wawatam despised mushrooms as food for men. The red lines in his face expressed disdain of such employment as he said:

"Put on your best dress."

Marie was startled.

"Do you hold a council on the island?"

"No. Go to L'Arbre Croche."

"I do not want to go to L'Arbre Croche to-day. It was but last month that I confessed."

"Father Jonois will marry you."

"Father Jonois marry me? He cannot."

"He will."

"But no priest can be a husband."

"Myself," said Wawatam, slapping his breast; "I am the husband."

Marie threw her braids behind her shoulders, and restrained him by a sidewise turn of the eye.

"I will not go to L'Arbre Croche with the chief."

Her barbaric guardian did not know what abhorrence maids lavish on undesired suitors.

In one instant he changed from her friend on whom she depended, and to whom she deferred, into a detestable pursuer. More than that, he robbed her of what he was before; and there was no other man on earth to take care of her. Wawatam, like the wolf-boy, saw his new shape himself, and he accused her in a guttural snarl.

"You would go with my English brother to L'Arbre Croche. You would be wife to him."

"I would not!" Her whole body flashed at Wawatam. "I would not be a wife at all. And you who have neither fasted nor prayed since eating man's flesh — do you think that Father Jonois would give the sacrament of marriage to you?"

Frontier priests were obliged to make the conditions of religion as easy as they dared for their wild flock; but he knew she was right. Father Jonois would not give him the sacrament of marriage until he had done penance for that sin detested in the committing. It was very hard to be a Chippewa chief and a baptized Christian, the brother, moreover, of an adopted Englishman, when that Englishman was doubtless his supplanter.

Wawatam said nothing more, and after his breakfast went into his lodge. At the untrammeled Chippewa breakfast the chief sat on a mat outside his family circle. When Marie was hanging the blankets of her lodge to air, she saw him in his hunting-buckskins going down toward the bay. The subdued determination of his stride denoted that he was seeking his spiritual counselor.

George hesitated between Marie and the chief, his dull mind apprehending some change in his playmate, as well as an altered temper in Wawatam. He followed his adopted father at a distance, hoping to share the voyage to L'Arbre Croche, yet loath to give up his daily haunts on the island. Wawatam saw him and beckoned to him. The weak one of the household, making this dumb plea for companionship, was a comfort under the circumstances.

Marie brought wood for the grandmother. When Noko had no heavy labor she sat cross-legged on a mat, busying herself with the needlework of Indian women. Sometimes she trudged to the edge of the island, digging roots in the woods. Usually, however, she spent her leisure soaking in the sunlight while she sang in a monotonous whine, with the rising and falling abruptness of barbaric music, the songs of the Chippewas. When one touched Noko from without she responded shrewdly; but she knew the dignity of reticence and solitude. Marie was not afraid of being questioned by her.

When enough sticks were accumulated near the log which made their chimney-back, Marie went farther into the woods. Early morning was gone when she stood beside the rift in the island, though here it was twilight at noon. A drift of aged leaves had blown from the north for many a winter, and partly filled this crack in the island's surface. Its scar extended as far as the eye could follow, and its moss-clothed sides went mysteriously down into earth's darkness. Marie once descended within the gap, and caught her foot in an angle of the rocks below. Such gigantic lips in the ground's face were a strange spectacle. They threatened to yawn and snap a curious gazer in.

Marie walked along the verge to a place narrow enough for her to leap across. Not far beyond the rift stood a white birch like a marble temple. Its central pillar was massive, and delicate arches spread a drapery of foliage far and wide. There was not such another birch-tree on the island. The high ground on which it stood fell abruptly to a hollow at one side. Marie descended into this little valley, and knelt before the vision under the roots of the tree: a cavern of rock tufted with fern and velvet lichen; the most beautiful grotto that ever enshrined an image. It struck the sight like a miracle. The mighty birch flourished overhead, its bank of turf roofing this glittering cell. Nor was the image lacking. It stood on a shelf of the rock, a small plaster Virgin, which had been given to her by the priest for her chapel in the wilderness. Marie's last offering, some withered flowers in a basket of scented grass, stood on the cavern floor. The pitiful image, weather-stained by its western exposure, lost its immobility and swam before her eyes as she remembered the roving child who put that basket there. Her own hands, clasped upon her beads, were strange and far-away members — the hands of a girl that lived last week without any knowledge of pain, and vanished. Her features took a wan tint from the dimness of that holy place, and her mouth trembled at beginning a personal invocation.

"O Mother of God, take this feeling away from me. Why has it come upon me? I have tried to be a good girl. Here is my dear staff, that I lay down as an offering to thee. Ever-blessed, I have such sinful love for this staff that I slept with it laid across my breast."

Marie covered her face with both hands, the rosary dangling from her fingers, and leaned forward until her braided hair lay upon the ground. "I will say that he is a heretic, he is a heretic, he is a heretic — but, O Mother Immaculate, he is the gentlest man I ever saw in my life! I shall never see him again — but give him to me —" she threw herself backward, breaking through mediation, and tearing at heaven itself with uplifted hands and a cry as strong as the throes of birth, "O God, give him to me — you must — I shall die!"

The tiny image on the shelf, the rustling birch,

and the woods around her, were gone, and she was in infinite space wrestling with the master passion of the world, and learning that invisible things only are of account in this life. The human instinct of hiding passion kept her terrible weeping silent. And presently, exhausted by this prayer of anguish, and daring to look no more at the immaculate image, she fled limping from her chapel, and lay down beside the rift.

On the opposite bank of the chasm a phœbe-bird alighted, turning its head inquisitively and considering her limp figure. It took its joy on the island untouched by any human anguish.

"I used to be like that," thought Marie, as the bird darted away. She felt deserted by companions, who found her no longer of their kind.

Her denial of love, her panting journeys and manual labor to get rid of it, were ended as soon as that prayer to Almighty God burst from her soul. He knew what had happened to her. The saints and her mother knew. There was no use fighting it any longer. She was to live or die by this unconquerable force. Once Marie had wanted to be a saint, but now she greedily desired to be a happy woman. And this was a strange thing: that one should come, and look, and possess. She had seen officers from the fort in their scarlet coats without giving them a second glance. They were objects on a landscape.

Marie stared across the rift as if her eyes could penetrate woods and water-mists to the Sault. That light which falls on the spot where one's beloved stands, leaving the rest of the world in twilight, and hallows his country, giving it the sanctity of a shrine, now rested there. She did not know the world had come to her until it went away. To be where he was seemed the only good. With rapture she saw again the hopeless passion in Henry's eyes when he left her.

"You are mine," whispered Marie through space to the secret ear of that other soul who must harken. Her hands and feet were cold, her muscles were knotted, her face was white with the stress of this secret cry, "Come back to me! You must come back. My life is gone out of me. There is something the matter with the island. It has changed. You are the island to me now."

She let her face slip over the edge of the rift, where cool, dark moss could send up its breath to her, and the rock give her palpitating temple a reminding touch. The woods calmed her, their grays and greens and interlacing density of stems, and their whisper of a secret which has lasted from the foundation of the world, replacing her fever with a kind of beatitude. Power to project herself into the future was gone. Love is itself eternity. She took no interest in what might happen. The one fact of the universe was present with her. That primal instinct of young creatures to believe in and make a religion of the human being they love is one of the best and saddest traits of humanity.

A chill grew in the air. Marie felt it, but she no longer resisted the warfare made against us by inanimate things.

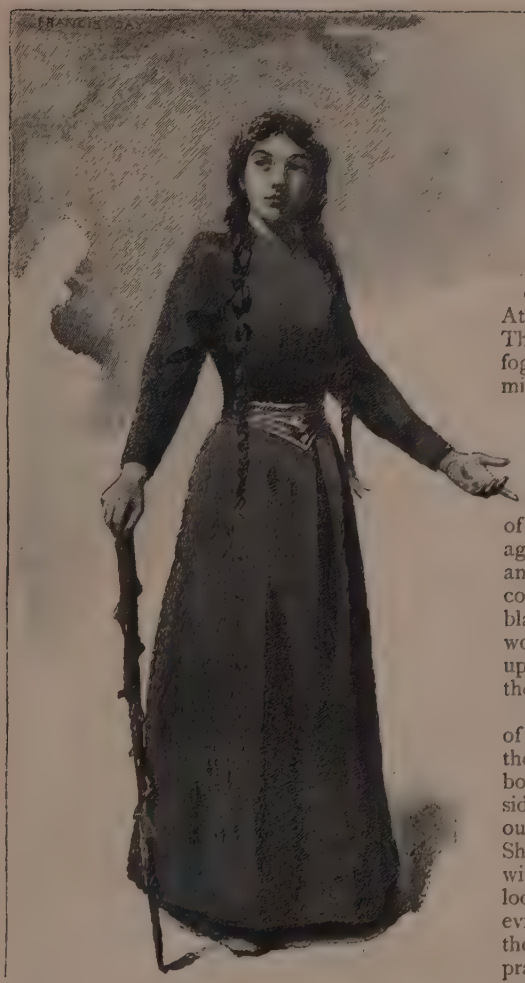
"Why did I hide myself from him the last day he spent on the island?" she asked herself, finding no answer. "And why did I laugh at that poor Pani woman? It is her turn to laugh at me now. But I would rather die by fire than let it be seen in my face."

Days and months must pass, and a message for which she could not help looking might never come from him. She would go to confession with concealment in her soul. "I cannot endure it," said Marie, sitting up in the darkening twilight. Then she remembered the chief's sudden proposal to marry her at L'Arbre Croche that morning. Father Jonois could forbid it; but who would teach her how to bear her invisible bereavement? She felt sorry for the chief with a tenderness which was not in her before she came to her knees at the tree.

A drop of rain fell on Marie's forehead. The white birch showed its marble limbs against gathering blackness. The east wind came on with a roar, bending little trees, and Marie knew that the lake looked as she had often seen it in a rainstorm, a dark yellow green, seeming to have sulphur in its depths; and that the sky above it descended in vertical strata, becoming one with it. In other times she would have run the intervening distance to see the lake during this disturbance, dashing out to a cliff, wet and bright-eyed.

The woods grew dark with a steady downpour, and on the churning strait zigzag tracks and curvings, such as currents leave on an ice-field, could be seen, changing as flaws of wind veered here and there. The air was raw; and when night came, autumn descended on the midsummer island. It was so chill that the eye suspected frozen spray upon the pebbles, and the white cliffs had a wintry look under beating rain. At midnight the blast was roaring against all the leaves in the uplands, and the pines tuned themselves to that high song they sing when the wind blows ice-laden from Labrador. It seemed impossible that summer could return, and incredible that she was there, huddling her million blooms, and cowering under this whip of the northeast. The change in the weather was a period set to life which had gone before it. Nothing could be again exactly as it had been before this chill came on the world. The icy breath was pure, but it blew the glamour off the island.

Nearly a week of squaw-winter crowded itself into the heart of June. All day a drizzle



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"BUT NO PRIEST CAN BE A HUSBAND."

fell, and gray clouds dragged on the water or tore themselves against headlands. The strait was a flume, hissing toward the head of Lake Michigan. Discomfited birds sat in shelter, calling sometimes to one another with a note like the cricket's. In the night the complaints of wild things could be heard.

Wawatam and George stayed at the fort, leaving the women of the camp to live on such food as had been accumulated. On the sixth day a slate-colored sky, cold and smooth, spread over the Great Turtle, unable to dull the new tints he had acquired. For the frost spirit had breathed fire, and hints of splendor appeared on masses of trees. Life warmed itself gradually, coming out of eclipse. Eastern islands, miles distant, showed their blue bars. In one place a boat's hull appeared, masts and sails lost in falling mist. In another a spot like a sun-dog shone on the water in the midst of opaque dullness, or it became a plate of copper moving across the lake. The clouds broke about sunset, and a mountain stood one third the height of the eastern sky. At the top a volcano of color burst out. The crater was a wide lap of fire. Rosy fog, changing its tints and pallors every minute, glorified all the northern world.

Across the iridescent pink water, and magnified by luminous air, came a procession of Indian canoes, avoiding the opposite sand-spit, and beaching themselves in the bay. Always superstitious of life on the island, the ascending savages saw, though they said nothing to one another about, those brands of autumn color on a summer world. Noko's fire blazed, but she was somewhere in the woods, having felt the vigor of breaking up a winter camp revive within her after the east storm.

Marie sat alone in the lodge in her dress of gull-feathers. She had worn it during the wet days. Her braids hung over her bosom, touching the dejected face on each side, a fuzz of curling ends following their outlines with the distending effect of light. She was changed and deep-eyed. The winter week had ripened her. Marie had looked into that abyss of unaccomplished evil which sometimes appals saints in themselves. She who had laughed at the prayer against murder wished the chief would die. After prayers, and in her sleep, and at waking, that recurring potentiality still thrust itself into her mind—"Something may happen to the chief to-day." During the wet week there was nothing to do. She sat and moved the search-light of thought over her relations to the two men, Englishman and Chippewa. It was not hard for Marie to divine the chief's claiming her to Henry. She was Wawatam's squaw, whom gratitude forbade Henry ever to see again. She could appeal to Father Jonois; but the chief had fraternal claims upon her which must trouble her as long as he lived. It really seemed best that he should die. His dying would not bring her love back to her, but it would lift from her the responsibility for his unhappiness. Noko and George would be readily enough adopted by other members of the tribe. Then

she could enter some sisterhood, and one of her penances would be for wishing that this very convenient thing would happen. Yet as often as it recurred to her she was full of terror at herself. The chief had made her the queen of his island world. No lonesomest and loftiest soul has kept itself from lapping edges with and being worked upon by the power or weakness of fleshly housed neighbors. Invisible lines mesh and restrain, or draw and distort, every one of us. The selfish and brutal break through, but fine and tender natures own the responsibility and endure the bondage as their part in the redemption of the world.

Once during the storm Marie had gone to the height above Henry's camp. She could not bring herself to descend into the amphitheater. The darkness of winter was lapped up in its glacial greenness. She saw her chair of rock; the wind had torn the moss cushions away, and heaped them on the place where he had sat at her feet. There was a story in the tribe of an Indian girl who had flung herself from a rock on the south cliff because her lover went away and never returned. Marie had laughed at that story. "I did not then know," she muttered, looking at the deserted lodge. Its mats dripped with slow, creeping rain. The seasons would pass over it, dropping it piecemeal. "I will never come here again," she gasped, and ran through the pine woods.

While this mysterious force worked in her she lay on her bed of nights in a waking trance, silent and nerveless, yet calling with compelling might to the man who had left her. The blood of her French ancestry — wine and fire which have sparkled and burned through centuries among the slower nations — made her swiftly a woman. She was the ghost-flower, sprung tall and lucent, a white flame of passion, in a night. "I would rather die because I cannot have him," thought Marie, "than never to have seen him at all."

The arriving multitude of Indians swarmed upon the plateau before Marie knew they were on the island. Strange warriors appeared among the Chippewas. The aboriginal visage, evasive and demon-like, was multiplied many times in the crowd. Totems unknown to her were tattooed on naked breasts and arms, while nearly all the dignitaries of the tribe stalked into view. Squaws carrying children on their backs, and having in their faces either the hopelessness of drudgery or the broad-cheeked look of honest beasts, defiled in silent rows behind their masters.

The hideous medicine-man was there, with moose-horns bound on his head, and his skin glistening with decorations as the moving body of a snake glistens. Marie looked away from him, and saw Wawatam coming to the lodges. She hid herself at the head of her bed, pulling one of her blanket gowns over her. He called to her in Chippewa, and also to his grandmother; but after stooping a moment at the lodge door, went away, evidently satisfied that the lodge was vacant. When Marie ventured to look out again, George crossed that triangle of the plateau which the opened flap described. He had the jocund leer of a tipsy faun, or any soulless animal made to take brandy in its food with astonishing and uplifting results. The pink of his skin was inflamed to higher color. Little hairs, long grown about his masculine chops, showed themselves with a new tendency to bristle. His hair stood in separate shocks. His pinafore trousers were greatly damaged, and it was evident that no one had driven George to water during the entire week.

"Father Jonois will hold the chief to account for this," thought Marie. She noticed the chief's changed look. Wawatam had been the most human convert of Father Jonois's flock. The cunning of barbarism was returning to his face. An unhappy Indian had not the resources of an unhappy European. Marie felt responsible for it. So mixed are our good and evil that she closed her eyes and made speechless appeal to heaven for the Chippewa she had been wishing dead. Wawatam was wary and expectant; he watched the borders of the camp. "He is afraid the priest will come and find him dealing with the medicine-man," whispered Marie.

She had never witnessed any of her Chippewa family's heathen rites. Like her, they knelt before the chancel rail in L'Arbre Croche, or bore the discipline of the missionary when he made his round of the islands. One solemn council she had seen, after the great chief Pontiac's war-token was first sent through the Northwest. Appeals of orators then rang among the trees. The sun shone on burnished bodies and arm-bands, and robes of beaver trailed the grass as majestic fellows trod back and forth in the passion of eloquence. This was to be a very different rite. The medicine-man stood with a wand in his hand, and his assistants measured and marked ground. Young Indians ran to cut saplings. Marie crept to the lodge door and drew the flap down, lest prying little Indian boys should seek her out, or their mothers try to make the lodge their refuge; and watched the whole plateau in front of her while she held the mat. Directly across that space walked Henry with three Canadian boatmen at his heels. He was in the midst of the busy tribe before they saw him. Then their yell of exultation reverberated from island to island, and shook itself to silence far away in the east.

(To be concluded.) *Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

FROM THE PLASTER.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

"LITTLE NELL," FROM A GROUP "DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL," BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

BALCONY STORIES.

"ONE OF US."

AT the first glance one might have been inclined to doubt; but at the second, anybody would have recognized her — that is, with a little mental rehabilitation: the bright little rouge spots in the hollow of her cheek, the eyebrows well accentuated with paint, the thin lips rose-tinted, and the dull, straight hair frizzed and curled and twisted and turned by that consummate rascal and artist, the official beautifier and rectifier of stage humanity, Robert, the opera *coiffeur*. Who in the world knows better than he the gulf between the real and the ideal, the limitations between the natural and the romantic?

Yes, one could see her, in that time-honored thin silk dress of hers stiffened into brocade by buckram underneath; the high, low-necked waist, hiding any evidences of breast, if there were such evidences to hide, and bringing the long neck into such faulty prominence; and the sleeves, crisp puffs of tulle divided by bands of red velvet, through which the poor lean arm runs like a wire, stringing them together like beads. Yes, it was she, the whilom Dugazon of the opera troupe. Not that she ever was a Dugazon, but that was what her voice once aspired to be: a Dugazon *manquée* would better describe her.

What a ghost! But they always appeared like mere evaporations of real women. For what woman of flesh and blood can seriously maintain through life the rôle of sham attendant on sham sensations, and play public celebrant of other women's loves, and lovers singing, or rather saying, nothing more enlivening than: "Oh, madame!" and "Ah, madame!" and "*Quelle ivresse!*" or "*Quelle horreur!*" or, in recitative, detailing whatever dreary platitudes and inanities the librettist and Heaven connive to put upon the tongues of confidantes and attendants?

Looking at her — how it came over one! The music, the lights, the scene; the fat soprano confiding to her the fact of the "amour extrême" she bears for the tenor, to which she, the Dugazon, does not even try to listen, her eyes wandering listlessly over the audience. The calorous secret out, and in her possession, how she stumbles over her train to the back of the stage, there to pose in abject patience and awkwardness, while the gallant barytone, touching his sword, and flinging his cape over his shoulder, defies the world and the tenor, who is just recovering from his "ut de poitrine" behind the scenes.

She was talking to me all the time, apologizing for the intrusion, explaining her mission, which involved a short story of her life, as women's intrusions and missions usually do. But my thoughts, also as usual, distracted me from listening, as so often they have distracted me from following what was perhaps more profitable.

The composer, of course, wastes no music upon her; flinging to her only an occasional recitative in two notes, but always ending in a reef of a scale, trill, or roulade, for her to wreck her voice on before the audience. The *chef d'orchestre*, if he is charitable, starts her off with a contribution from his own lusty lungs, and then she — oh, her voice is always thinner and more osseous than her arms, and her smile no more graceful than her train!

As well think of the simulated trees, waterfalls, and châteaux leaving the stage, as the Dugazon! One always imagines them singing on into dimness, dustiness, unsteadiness, and uselessness, until, like any other piece of stage property, they would at last be put aside and simply left there at the end of some season — there seems to be a superstition against selling or burning useless and dilapidated stage property. As it came to me, the idea was not an impossibility. The last representation of the season is over. She, tired beyond judgment — haply, beyond feeling — by her tireless rôle, sinks on a chair to rest in her dressing-room; sinks, further, to sleep. She has no maid. The troupe, hurrying away to France on the special train waiting not half a dozen blocks away, forget her — the insignificant are so easily forgotten! The porter, more tired, perhaps, than any one of the beautiful ideal world about him, and savoring already in advance the good onion-flavored *grillade* awaiting him at home, locks up everything fast and tight: the tighter and faster for the good fortnight's vacation he has promised himself.

No doubt if the old opera-house were ever cleaned out, just such a heap of stiff wire-strung bones would be found, in some such hole as the Dugazon's dressing-room, desiccating away in its last costume — perhaps in that very cos-

DRAWN BY KENYON COX. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"TO POSE IN ABJECT PATIENCE AND AWKWARDNESS."

tume of *Inez;* and if one were venturesome enough to pass Allhallowe'en there, the spirit of those bones might be seen availing itself of the privilege of unasperged corpses to roam. Not singing, not talking — it is an anachronism to say that ghosts talk: their medium of communication must be pure thought; and one should be able to see their thoughts working, just as one sees the working of the digestive organs in the clear viscera of transparent animalculæ. The hard thing of it is that ghosts are chained to the same scenes that chained their bodies, and when they sleep-walk, so to speak, it must be through phases of former existence. What a nightmare for them to go over once again the lived and done, the suffered and finished! What a comfort to wake up and find one's self dead, well dead!

I could have continued and put the whole opera troupe in "costume de ghost," but I think it was the woman's eyes that drew me back to her face and her story. She had a sensible face, now that I observed her naturally, as it were; and her hands,—how I have agonized over those hands on the stage! — all knuckles and exaggerated veins, clutching her dress as she sang, or, petrified, outstretched to *Leonore's* "Pourquoi ces larmes?" — her hands were the hands of an honest, hard-working woman who buckrams her own skirts, and at need could scrub her own floor. Her face (my description following my wandering glance) — her face was careworn, almost to desuetude; not dissipation-worn, as, alas! the faces of the more gifted ladies of opera troupes too often are. There was no fattening in it of pastry, truffles, and

bonbons; upon it none of the tracery left by nightly champagne tides and ripples; and consequently her figure, under her plain dress, had not that for display which the world has conventioned to call charms. Where a window-cord would hardly have sufficed to girdle *Leonore*, a necklace would have served her. She had not beauty enough to fear the flattering dangers of masculine snares and temptations,—or there may have been other reasons,—but as a wife—there was something about her that guaranteed it—she would have blossomed love and children as a fig-tree does figs.

In truth, she was just talking about children. The first part of her story had passed: her birthplace, education, situation; and now she was saying:

"I have always had the temptation, but I have always resisted it. Now,"—with a blush at her excuse,—"it may be your spring weather, your birds, your flowers, your sky—and your children in the streets. The longing came over me yesterday: I thought of it on the stage, I thought of it afterward—it was better than sleeping; and this morning"—her eyes moistened, she breathed excitedly—"I was determined. I gave up, I made inquiry, I was sent to you. Would it be possible? Would there be any place" ("any rôle," she said first) "in any of your asylums, in any of your charitable institutions, for me? I would ask nothing but my clothes and food, and very little of that; the recompense would be the children—the little girl children," with a smile—can you imagine the smile of a woman dreaming of children that might be? "Think! Never to have held a child in my arms more than a moment, never to have felt a child's arms about my neck! Never to have known a child! Born on a stage, my mother born on a stage!" Ah, there were tragic possibilities in that voice and movement! "Pardon, madam. You see how I repeat. And you must be very wearied hearing about me. But I could be their nurse and their servant. I would bathe and dress them, play with them, teach them their prayers; and when they are sick they would see no difference. They would not know but what their mother was there!"

Oh, she had her program all prepared; one could see that.

"And I would sing to them—no! no!" with a quick gesture, "nothing from the stage; little songs and lullabys I have picked up traveling around, and," hesitating, "little things I have composed myself—little things that I thought children would like to hear some day." What did she not unconsciously throw into those last words! "I dream of it," she pursued, talking with as little regard to me as on the stage she sang to the prima donna. "Their little arms, their little faces, their little lips! And in an asylum there would be so many of them! When they cried and were in trouble I would take them in my lap, and I would say to them, with all sorts of tenderness—" She had arranged that in her program, too—all the minutiæ of what she would say to them in their distress. But women are that way. When once they begin to love, their hearts are magnifying-lenses for them to feel through. "And my heart hungers to commence right here, now, at once! It seems to me I cannot wait. Ah, madam, no more stage, no more opera!" speaking quickly, feverishly. "As I said, it may be your beautiful spring, your flowers, your birds, and your numbers of children. I have always loved that place most where there are most children; and you have more children here than I ever saw anywhere. Children are so beautiful! It is strange, is it not, when you consider my life and my rearing?"

Her life, her rearing, how interesting they must have been! What a pity I had not listened more attentively!

"They say you have much to do with asylums here."

Evidently, when rôles do not exist in life for certain characters, God has to create them. And so I had to create a rôle in an asylum for my friend, for so she became from the instant she spoke of children as she did. It was the poorest and neediest of asylums; and the poor little orphaned wretches—but it is better not to speak of them. How can God ever expect to rear children without their mothers!

But the rôle I craved to create for my friend was far different—some good, honest bourgeois interior, where lips are coarse and cheeks are ruddy, and where life is composed of real scenes, set to the real music of life, the homely successes and failures, and loves and hates, and embraces and tears, that fill out the orchestra of the heart; where romance and poetry abound *au naturel;* and where—yes, where children grow as thick as nature permits—the domestic interior of the opera porter, for instance, or the clockmaker over the way. But what a loss the orphan-asylum would have suffered, and the dreary lacking there would have been in the lives of the children! For there must have been moments in the lives of the children in that asylum when they felt, awake, as they felt in their sleep when they dreamed their mothers were about them.

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE LITTLE CONVENT GIRL.

SHE was coming down on the boat from Cincinnati, the little convent girl. Two sisters had brought her aboard. They gave her in charge of the captain, got her a state-room, saw that the new little trunk was put in it, hung the new little satchel up on the wall, showed her how to bolt the door at night, shook hands with her for good-by (good-bys have really no significance for sisters), and left her there. After a while the bells all rang, and the boat, in the awkward elephantine fashion of boats, got into midstream. The chambermaid found her sitting on the chair in the state-room where the sisters had left her, and showed her how to sit on a chair in the saloon. And there she sat until the captain came and hunted her up for supper. She could not do anything of herself; she had to be initiated into everything by some one else.

She was known on the boat only as "the little convent girl." Her name, of course, was registered in the clerk's office, but on a steamboat no one thinks of consulting the clerk's ledger. It is always the little widow, the fat madam, the tall colonel, the parson, etc. The captain, who pronounced by the letter, always called her the little con*vent* girl. She was the beau-ideal of the little convent girl. She never raised

her eyes except when spoken to. Of course she never spoke first, even to the chambermaid, and when she did speak it was in the wee, shy, furtive voice one might imagine a just-budding violet to have; and she walked with such soft, easy, carefully calculated steps that one naturally felt the penalties that must have secured them — penalties dictated by a black code of deportment.

She was dressed in deep mourning. Her black straw hat was trimmed with stiff new crape, and her stiff new bombazine dress had crape collar and cuffs. She wore her hair in two long plaits fastened around her head tight and fast. Her hair had a strong inclination to curl, but that had been taken out of it as austerely as the noise out of her footfalls. Her hair was as black as her dress; her eyes, when one saw them, seemed blacker than either, on account of the bluishness of the white surrounding the pupil. Her eyelashes were almost as thick as the black veil which the sisters had fastened around her hat with an extra pin the very last thing before leaving. She had a round little face, and a tiny pointed chin; her mouth was slightly protuberant from the teeth, over which she tried to keep her lips well shut, the effort giving them a pathetic little forced expression. Her complexion was sallow, a pale sallow, the complexion of a brunette bleached in darkened rooms. The only color about her was a blue taffeta ribbon from which a large silver medal of the Virgin hung over the place where a breastpin should have been. She was so little, so little, although she was eighteen, as the sisters told the captain; otherwise they would not have permitted her to travel all the way to New Orleans alone.

Unless the captain or the clerk remembered to fetch her out in front, she would sit all day in the cabin, in the same place, crocheting lace, her spool of thread and box of patterns in her lap, on the handkerchief spread to save her new dress. Never leaning back — oh, no! always straight and stiff, as if the conventual back board were there within call. She would eat only convent fare at first, notwithstanding the importunities of the waiters, and the jocularities of the captain, and particularly of the clerk. Every one knows the fund of humor possessed by a steamboat clerk, and what a field for display the table at meal-times affords. On Friday she fasted rigidly, and she never began to eat, nor finished, without a little Latin movement of the lips and a sign of the cross. And always at six o'clock of the evening she remembered the angelus, although there was no church bell to remind her of it.

She was in mourning for her father, the sisters told the captain, and she was going to New Orleans to her mother. She had not seen her mother since she was an infant, on account of some disagreement between the parents, in consequence of which the father had brought her to Cincinnati and placed her in the convent. There she had been for twelve years, only going to her father for vacations and holidays. So long as the father lived he would never let the child have any communication with her mother. Now that he was dead all that was changed, and the first thing the girl herself wanted to do was to go to her mother.

WATCHING A LANDING.

The mother superior had arranged it all with the mother of the girl, who was to come personally to the boat in New Orleans, and receive her child from the captain, presenting a letter from the mother superior, a facsimile of which the sisters gave the captain.

It is a long voyage from Cincinnati to New

Orleans, the rivers doing their best to make it interminable, embroidering themselves *ad libitum* all over the country. Every five miles, and sometimes oftener, the boat would stop to put off or take on freight, if not both. The little convent girl, sitting in the cabin, had her terrible frights at first from the hideous noises attendant on these landings — the whistles, the ringings of the bells, the running to and fro, the shouting. Every time she thought it was shipwreck, death, judgment, purgatory; and her sins! her sins! She would drop her crochet, and clutch her prayer-beads from her pocket, and relax the constraint over her lips, which would go to rattling off prayers with the velocity of a relaxed windlass. That was at first, before the captain took to fetching her out in front to see the boat make a landing. Then she got to liking it so much that she would stay all day just where the captain put her, going inside only for her meals. She forgot herself at times so much that she would draw her chair a little closer to the railing, and put up her veil, actually, to see better. No one ever usurped her place, quite in front, or intruded upon her either with word or look; for every one learned to know her shyness, and began to feel a personal interest in her, and all wanted the little convent girl to see everything that she possibly could.

And it was worth seeing — the balancing and *chasséeing* and waltzing of the cumbersome old boat to make a landing. It seemed to be always attended with the difficulty and the improbability of a new enterprise; and the relief when it did sidle up anywhere within rope's-throw of the spot aimed at! And the roustabout throwing the rope from the perilous end of the dangling gang-plank! And the dangling roustabouts hanging like drops of water from it — dropping sometimes twenty feet to the land, and not infrequently into the river itself. And then what a rolling of barrels, and shouldering of sacks, and singing of Jim Crow songs, and pacing of Jim Crow steps; and black skins glistening through torn shirts, and white teeth gleaming through red lips, and laughing, and talking and — bewildering! entrancing! Surely the little convent girl in her convent walls never dreamed of so much unpunished noise and movement in the world!

The first time she heard the mate — it must have been like the first time woman ever heard man — curse and swear, she turned pale, and ran quickly, quickly into the saloon, and — came out again? No, indeed! not with all the soul she had to save, and all the other sins on her conscience. She shook her head resolutely, and was not seen in her chair on deck again until the captain not only reassured her, but guaranteed his reassurance. And after that, whenever the boat was about to make a landing, the mate would first glance up to the guards, and if the little convent girl were sitting there he would change his invective to sarcasm, and politely request the colored gentlemen not to hurry themselves — on no account whatever; to take their time about shoving out the plank; to send the rope ashore by post-office — write him when it got there; begging them not to strain their backs; calling them mister, colonel, major, general, prince, and your royal highness, which was vastly amusing. At night, however, or when the little convent girl was not there, language flowed in its natural curve, the mate swearing like a pagan to make up for lost time.

The captain forgot himself one day: it was when the boat ran aground in the most unexpected manner and place, and he went to work to express his opinion, as only steamboat captains can, of the pilot, mate, engineer, crew, boat, river, country, and the world in general, ringing the bell, first to back, then to head, shouting himself hoarser than his own whistle — when he chanced to see the little black figure hurrying through the chaos on the deck; and the captain stuck as fast aground in midstream as the boat had done.

In the evening the little convent girl would be taken on the upper deck, and there was such confusion, going up, in keeping the black skirts down over the stiff white petticoats; and, coming down, such blushing when suspicion would cross the unprepared face that a rim of white stocking might be visible; and the thin feet, laced so tightly in the glossy new leather boots, would cling to each successive round as if they could never, never make another venture; and then one boot would (there is but that word) hesitate out, and feel and feel around, and have such a pause of helpless agony as if indeed the next step must have been wilfully removed, or was nowhere to be found on the wide, wide earth.

It was a miracle that the pilot ever got her up into the pilot-house; but pilots have a lonely time, and do not hesitate even at miracles when there is a chance for company. He would place a box for her to climb to the tall bench behind the wheel, and he would arrange the cushions, and open a window here to let in air, and shut one there to cut off a draft, as if there could be no tenderer consideration in life for him than her comfort. And he would talk of the river to her, explain the chart, pointing out eddies, whirlpools, shoals, depths, new beds, old beds, cut-offs, caving banks, and making banks, as exquisitely and respectfully as if she had been the River Commission.

It was his opinion that there was as great a river as the Mississippi flowing directly under it — an underself of a river, as much a coun-

terpart of the other as the second story of a house is of the first; in fact, he said they were navigating through the upper story. Whirlpools were holes in the floor of the upper river, so to speak; eddies were rifts and cracks. And deep under the earth, hurrying toward the subterranean stream, were other streams, small and great, but all deep, hurrying to and from that great mother-stream underneath, just as the small and great overground streams hurry to and from their mother Mississippi. It was almost more than the little convent girl could take in: at least such was the expression of her eyes; for they opened as all eyes have to open at pilot stories. And he knew as much of astronomy as he did of hydrology, could call the stars by name, and define the shapes of the constellations; and she, who had studied astronomy at the convent, was charmed to find that it was all true what she had learned. It was in the pilot-house, one night, that she forgot herself for the first time in her life, and stayed up until after nine o'clock at night. Although she appeared almost intoxicated at the wild pleasure, she was immediately overwhelmed at the wickedness of it, and observed much more rigidity of conduct thereafter. The engineer, the boiler-men, the firemen, the stokers, they all knew when the little convent girl was up in the pilot-house: the speaking-tube became so mild and gentle.

With all the delays of river and boat, however, there is an end to the journey from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The latter city, which at one time to the impatient seemed at the terminus of the never, began, all of a sudden, one day to make its nearingness felt; and from that period every other interest paled before the interest in the immanence of arrival into port, and the whole boat was seized with a panic of preparation, the little convent girl with the others. Although so immaculate was she in person and effects that she might have been struck with a landing, as some good people might be struck with death, at any moment without fear of results, her trunk was packed and repacked, her satchel arranged and rearranged, and, the last day, her hair was brushed and plaited and smoothed over and over again until the very last glimmer of a curl disappeared. Her dress was whisked, as if for microscopic inspection; her face was washed; and her finger-nails were scrubbed with the hard convent nail-brush, until the disciplined little tips ached with a pristine soreness. And still there were hours to wait, and still the boat added up delays. But she arrived at last, after all, with not more than the usual and expected difference between the actual and the advertised time of arrival.

There was extra blowing and extra ringing, shouting, commanding, rushing up the gangway and rushing down the gangway. The clerks, sitting behind tables on the first deck, were plied, in the twinkling of an eye, with estimates, receipts, charges, countercharges, claims, reclaims, demands, questions, accusations, threats, all at topmost voices. None but steamboat clerks could have stood it. And there were throngs composed of individuals every one of whom wanted to see the captain first and at once; and those who could not get to him shouted over the heads of the others; and as usual he lost his temper and politeness, and began to do what he termed "hustle."

"Captain! Captain!" a voice called him to where a hand plucked his sleeve, and a letter was thrust toward him. "The cross, and the name of the convent." He recognized the envelop of the mother superior. He read the duplicate of the letter given by the sisters. He looked at the woman — the mother — casually, then again and again.

The little convent girl saw him coming, leading some one toward her. She rose. The captain took her hand first, before the other greeting. "Good-by, my dear," he said. He tried to add something else, but seemed undetermined what. "Be a good little girl —" It was evidently all he could think of. Nodding to the woman behind him, he turned on his heel, and left.

One of the deck-hands was sent to fetch her trunk. He walked out behind them, through the cabin, and the crowd on deck, down the stairs, and out the gangway. The little convent girl and her mother went with hands tightly clasped. She did not turn her eyes to the right or left, or once (what all passengers do) look backward at the boat which, however slowly, had carried her surely over dangers that she wot not of. All looked at her as she passed. All wanted to say good-by to the little convent girl, to see the mother who had been deprived of her so long. Some expressed surprise in a whistle; some in other ways. All exclaimed audibly, or to themselves, "Colored!"

It takes about a month to make the round trip from New Orleans to Cincinnati and back, counting five days' stoppage in New Orleans. It was a month to a day when the steamboat came puffing and blowing up to the wharf again, like a stout dowager after too long a walk; and the same scene of confusion was enacted, as it had been enacted twelve times a year at almost the same wharf for twenty years; and the same calm, a death calmness by contrast, followed as usual the next morning.

The decks were quiet and clean; one cargo had just been delivered, part of another stood ready on the levee to be shipped. The captain was there waiting for his business to begin, the clerk was in his office getting his books ready,

the voice of the mate could be heard below, mustering the old crew out and a new crew in; for if steamboat crews have a single principle,—and there are those who deny them any,—it is never to ship twice in succession on the same boat. It was too early yet for any but roustabouts, marketers, and church-goers; so early that even the river was still partly mist-covered; only in places could the swift, dark current be seen rolling swiftly along.

"Captain!" A hand plucked at his elbow, as if not confident that the mere calling would secure attention. The captain turned. The mother of the little convent girl stood there, and she held the little convent girl by the hand. "I have brought her to see you," the woman said. "You were so kind—and she is so quiet, so still, all the time, I thought it would do her a pleasure."

She spoke with an accent, and with embarrassment; otherwise one would have said that she was bold and assured enough.

"She don't go nowhere, she don't do nothing but make her crochet and her prayers, so I thought I would bring her for a little visit of 'How d' ye do' to you."

There was, perhaps, some inflection in the woman's voice that might have made known, or at least awakened, the suspicion of some latent hope or intention, had the captain's ear been fine enough to detect it. There might have been something in the little convent girl's face, had his eye been more sensitive,—a trifle paler, maybe, the lips a little tighter drawn, the blue ribbon a shade faded. He may have noticed that, but— And the visit of "How d' ye do" came to an end.

They walked down the stairway, the woman in front, the little convent girl—her hand released to shake hands with the captain—following, across the bared deck, out to the gangway, to the middle of it. No one was looking, no one saw more than a flutter of white petticoats, a show of white stockings, as the little convent girl went under the water.

The roustabout dived, as the roustabouts always do, after the drowning, even at the risk of their good-for-nothing lives. The mate himself jumped overboard; but she had gone down in a whirlpool. Perhaps, as the pilot had told her whirlpools always did, it may have carried her through to the underground river, to that vast, hidden, dark Mississippi that flows beneath the one we see; for her body was never seen again.

Grace King.

BREATHING MOVEMENTS AS A CURE.

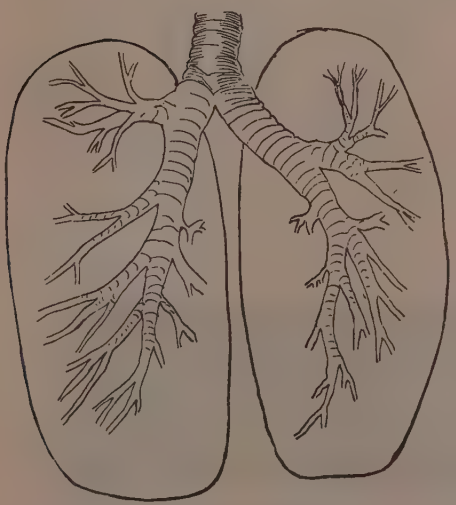


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE DOWNWARD DISTRIBUTION OF THE AIR-TUBES IN THE LUNGS.

BREATHING being such a common, and apparently such a normal, process, it seems strange that it should have any share in the production of disease, and that any one should advise people how to carry on this function properly. Yet familiar and vital as this operation is, there is sufficient proof to show that imperfect breathing, or lack of knowledge how fully to expand the chest and lungs, is a most fruitful source of disease, and is partly responsible for a large share of the deaths which annually occur from pulmonary consumption.

The lungs are conical in form, and are inclosed in a beehive-shaped cavity called the chest, the sides of which are composed of ribs, muscles, and skin, the floor consisting of a broad, movable, and elastic membrane called the diaphragm, and the sharp-pointed roof is covered principally by muscles and skin. The upper end of each lung, which is situated immediately beneath its respective shoulder, is called its apex, and we shall see that this part bears a most important relation to diseases of the pulmonary organs. From this brief description it will be seen that at the summit of the chest the lungs are inclosed in a bony casement which is more or less rigid, while at the base they are free and unrestricted in their movements. It must not be overlooked, however, that the bony wall of the chest is sufficiently yielding to adapt itself to almost any size of the lungs, no matter whether large or small. This is well shown in

the chests of those who, like singers or gymnasts, expand their lungs through systematic training; or in those whose lungs are augmented by breathing the attenuated atmosphere of elevated regions. The Quichua Indians, who it is also evident that under ordinary conditions of life near the sea-level, the lavish supply of lung material is a source of great danger to its possessor. If, for instance, the air capacity of the lungs exactly equaled the air demands of

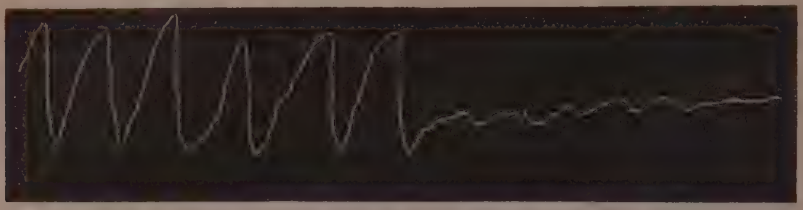


FIG. 2. TRACING FROM THE CHEST OF AN INDIAN FEMALE. LEFT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW ABDOMINAL TRACINGS. RIGHT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW COSTAL TRACINGS.

constantly live on, and respire the rarefied air of, the lofty plains of Peru, acquire chests which are out of all proportion to the remainder of their bodies. It has also been noted that the air-cells of their lungs are both more numerous and capacious than they are in people who live near the sea-level. On the other hand, disuse of parts of the lungs results in flatness of the chest, while disease of these organs is liable to be followed by a more pronounced depression and deformity of the chest-walls.

The arrangement of the air-tubes also plays an important part in the production of diseases in the lungs. From Figure 1 it will be seen that these are divided in such a way as to conduct the air principally in a downward direction toward the base of the lungs, and that therefore the lower part of the chest is filled first with air, and the upper part last or not at all, except during a full inspiration. This partial filling of the lungs is also due to another cause. It has recently been experimentally proved by Professor Mosso of Turin, Italy, that we possess nearly one fourth more breathing-space in our lungs than is actually needed to carry on the processes of life. This, of course, may be regarded as a very wise provision of nature to meet the body, it is quite obvious that the whole lung surface would be actively engaged in supplying this want, and the lungs would in consequence be thoroughly inflated; but if three fourths of the lung space can perform the work of the whole, then one fourth remains more or less idle, and that part of the lung which remains idle is precisely that section which, as we have seen, is least readily inflated or supplied with air, viz., the upper part, or apex; and this part, in accordance with the well-known physiological law that exercise gives strength, becomes weaker, while the active or lower part becomes stronger.

There are here, then, three causes which conspire to deprive the upper portions of the lungs of that activity which is necessary for their normal maintenance and development: (1) The greater rigidity of the summit of the chest; (2) the downward direction of the bronchial tubes; and (3) the redundant size of the lungs. It must be said, however, in reference to the extraordinary size of our lungs, that this is not a wise provision of nature to guard against the accidents of disease, etc., as will be seen hereafter, but is due to the fact that as such they have been transmitted to us from our savage ancestors, who, in consequence of their active outdoor pursuits of hunting, fish-

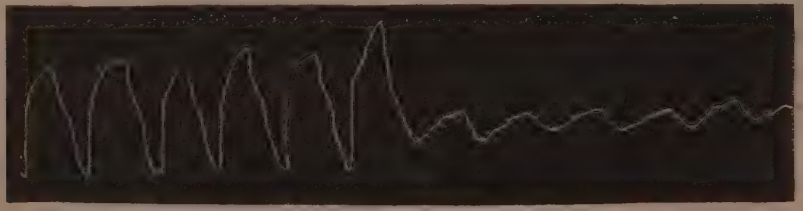


FIG. 3. TRACING FROM THE CHEST OF A CIVILIZED MALE. LEFT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW ABDOMINAL TRACINGS. RIGHT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW COSTAL TRACINGS.

certain exigencies of life, as when, for example, in pneumonia, bronchitis, etc., a portion of lung surface is impaired, or when, in ascending high elevations, larger air-space is required to breathe the rarefied atmosphere; but, on the other hand, ing, etc., required a larger lung surface to satisfy the greater oxygen demands of their bodies than we do who follow the sedentary and quieter callings of a higher civilization. In this connection it is of great interest to observe that our

North American Indians, so long as they are permitted to roam at will over large territories of land, are comparatively free from pulmonary consumption, but so soon as they are confined closely on reservations, become indolent and lazy (by having their necessary wants provided), and fall an easy prey to this disease.

Notwithstanding the greater flexibility of the lower part of the lungs, it is a well-known fact that the breathing movements of the civilized female differ markedly from those of the male, inasmuch as they are more prominent in the upper than in the lower part of the chest. In other words, the civilized female breathes chiefly with the upper and the male with the lower part of the lungs. The former is called the costal, and the latter the diaphragmatic or abdominal, type of breathing.

These two types were first observed by the eminent Dutch physician Boerhaave as long ago as 1744, not only among adults, but even in children before they were a year old. By Walshe, Gibson, and others the costal type is believed to be due principally to the wearing of tight clothing; while others, among whom was Hutchinson, denied this, and held that it existed in virtue of influences incidental to the female sex alone, which interfere with the freedom of the diaphragmatic, or abdominal, movements.

It will be seen that both of these theories maintain that the costal type in the female is developed in consequence of a restriction of the abdominal breathing movements, but the data on which they are based leave us in doubt concerning the true cause of this type of breathing. It occurred to me, therefore, that an observation on the respiratory movements of females of a wild race, who had never been subjected to the constriction produced by civilized dress, would materially assist in solving this disputed problem; and through the kindness of the directresses of the Lincoln Institution, a school for the education and training of Indian girls in this city (Philadelphia), I was permitted to investigate the chest movements of the inmates of that institution. This was done by means of a pneumograph, an instrument which writes the movements of the chest on the paper covering of a revolving cylinder, inspiration being marked by a downward tracing, and expiration by an upward tracing.

In this manner I examined the movements of eighty-one chests, and in each case took an abdominal and a costal tracing. While all these girls were Indians, most of them had white blood in their veins, and their ages ranged from ten to twenty years. Thus there were thirty-three full-blooded Indians, five one fourth, thirty-five one half, and two were three fourths white. Seventy-five showed a decided abdominal type of breathing, three a costal type, and three in which both were about even. Those who showed a costal type, or a divergence from the abdominal type, came from the more civilized tribes, like the Mohawks and Chippewas, and were either one half or three fourths white, while in no single instance did a full-blooded Indian girl possess this type of breathing.

In Figure 2 will be found a tracing which

FIG. 4. TRACING FROM THE CHEST OF A CIVILIZED FEMALE. LEFT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW ABDOMINAL TRACINGS. RIGHT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW COSTAL TRACINGS.

is characteristic of the abdominal type as compared with the costal type of breathing among these Indian girls. The abdominal tracing, which is shown in the first half of the diagram, was in each case taken first, and the costal tracing, which is shown in the latter half, was taken afterward.

When this tracing is compared with that which is obtained from the chest of the civilized male (Figure 3), no practical difference is observed between them. I think, then, it obviously follows that, so far as the Indian is concerned, the abdominal is the original type of respiration in both male and female, and that the costal type of the civilized female, a tracing of which is shown in Figure 4, is developed through the constricting influence of dress around the abdomen. In other words, the respiratory movements of the female chest have been markedly modified by this influence, and by no other, during the transition period from savage to civilized life. They have, in part, been completely reversed, the abdominal type of the Indian becoming the costal type of the civilized female. This is well shown in the greater prominence of the costal movements in those girls who were either one half or three fourths white, and hence were dominated to a greater or less extent by the influence of civilized

blood. While these tracings were being taken, an incident occurred which demonstrated that abdominal constriction can readily modify the movements of the chest during respiration. At my first visit to the school I obtained an exceptionally well-developed costal breathing from a full-blooded Indian girl. I concluded to repeat this observation at my next visit, and then found that, contrary to my instructions concerning loose clothing, etc., this girl had on my first visit worn three tight belts around her abdomen. After these were removed, she gave the abdominal type of breathing which is characteristic of nearly all the Indian girls. I have also succeeded in producing a modification in the chest movements of the civilized male similar to that which was observed in this Indian girl, by placing a broad band around the abdomen sufficiently tight to interfere with the motion of the diaphragm. It is also true, on the other hand, that the costal type of breathing is much less pronounced, or may be absent, or may even revert to the abdominal type, in those civilized women who never wore corsets, or practised tight lacing of any kind. This I verified repeatedly with the pneumograph in the few individuals of this class which I found during the time my investigation was carried on.

Now when we connect the facts which have just been shown to be true — viz., that the original type of breathing in both the male and female sex is abdominal, and that the costal type of breathing in the civilized woman has been developed through the indirect influence of abdominal constriction producing greater motion in the upper part of the lungs — with the well-known law that exercise gives strength to an organ, it becomes a matter of much interest to find out whether the civilized woman is as liable to those diseases which are disposed to attack the apex of the lung, if there are any such, as is the male. This may be determined by the inquiry whether the male or female sex is more liable to pulmonary consumption; for it is the universal experience of the medical profession that in by far the largest number of cases the beginnings of consumption take place at the apex of either lung. How, therefore, does the female mortality stand in relation to this disease? Do more men than women die of this disease, or the reverse?

It is commonly believed that more females than males fall victims to pulmonary consumption; but from a large mass of statistics pertaining to all the principal cities of Europe and America, as well as to more than six thousand cases of consumption culled from hospital and private practice in these countries, I found that with a very few exceptions the male is far more liable to this disease than the female sex.[1]

These results are certainly contrary to those which are derived by reasoning from the apparent relation which exists here between cause and effect. For by leaving out of consideration the fact that the upper part of the female chest moves more freely during respiration than that of the male sex, there is very little to be found in her condition to account for her greater immunity. She has almost everything else against her in this respect. She is the weaker of the two sexes, leads a sedentary and quiet life, is engaged in indoor occupations, is subjected to the harmful influence of impure air, and is thus constantly exposed to causes which are believed to give rise to the disease, as is well attested by the male becoming notoriously liable to it when he is brought in contact with the same surroundings. Even when they are employed side by side in the same occupation, the male appears to be more prone to it than the female. Thus we learn from the report of the Rhode Island Board of Health for 1884 that the number of deaths which occurred among the two sexes from consumption in various occupations during a period of twenty-five years, when proportioned to the number employed in each occupation, was as follows: Male nurses, one in forty-two; female nurses, one in one hundred; male teachers, one in nine; female teachers, one in twenty-nine; male cigar-makers, one in thirteen; female cigar-makers, one in fifty-one; male operatives, one in forty-four; female operatives, one in seventy-six; tailors, one in eleven; tailoresses, one in thirty-one. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the female has a smaller lung capacity than the male, which is an additional proof that it is not a large breathing-surface which secures protection against pulmonary consumption.

The facts which have been brought out in considering this subject make two things very clear to the reader: First, that the female, by clothing herself in accordance with the requirements of a certain fashion, interferes with the movements of the lower part of her lungs, and thereby cultivates greater expansion in the costal region of her chest, and overcomes the natural inactivity which originally existed here, and which still exists in the chest of the male. Second, that the female is less liable to pulmonary consumption than the male sex. Now if we have greater practical interest in one than in another question, it is as to the relation which obtains between these two circumstances. Does the expansion of the apex which is brought about through the influence of dress inciden-

1 "Female Dress as a Determining Factor in Pulmonary Consumption." By Thomas J. Mays, M. D. "Medical News" (Philadelphia), January 7, 1888.

tally protect the former against the ravages of consumption, or is there a casual connection between the two? Whichever may be true, their association is so intimate and so constant that, if they do not stand together as cause and effect, they point out to us that expansion of the apex of the lung is one of the important means of averting pulmonary consumption. This comes with special emphasis when it is known that, as a rule, all who suffer from consumption also suffer from defective apex expansion.

So much, then, about those conditions in the lungs which are instrumental in bringing on or in avoiding consumption. When we come to look for conditions outside of the body which operate in one or the other direction, we find that the breathing of impure air is generally regarded as one of the most formidable causes of the disease. Numerous plans and methods have been devised and proposed for improving the ventilation of our dwellings, hospitals, and workshops; volumes upon volumes have been written on the harmful effects of breathing bad air; and fresh country and mountain air has come to be regarded as a certain guarantee against this disease. These, like many other popular notions, contain a germ of truth, but actually are delusive, inasmuch as they exaggerate the effects of a small evil, and afford a false sense of security against the real danger. I desire it to be thoroughly understood, however, that I do not in the least underrate the value of fresh, wholesome air; but while it may be true that, on the whole, country people enjoy greater freedom from consumption than city people, though this is by no means proved, I am convinced that the purity of the atmosphere plays only a very small part in bringing about the result. If I am allowed to make a homely hypothetical proposition, I will state that if two healthy persons who breathe the same quantity of air, and who are equally well off so far as heredity, food, clothing, warmth, comfort, etc., are concerned, were both enjoined to maintain a sitting position with stooped shoulders and sluggish breathing for a certain length of time, one inside of a house and the other outside in the open air, there is no reason for believing that the one inside would fall a victim to consumption any earlier than the one on the outside.

If it were true that this disease is the result of breathing a vitiated atmosphere, how can we account for the fact that the inhabitants of Iceland, Lapland, and of other cold countries, who live in dwellings which are notoriously wanting in ventilation, are practically free from this disease? Of the Icelanders, Mr. Warnford Lock, who is very familiar with these people, and who speaks their language, says[1] that their life is "one long exposure to the elements, and during the night they live in dwellings devoid of ventilation, and which, if not buried beneath the earth, are built of turf, and often become grass-grown, a very bad feature being the excessive stuffiness of the common living- and sleeping-rooms, when, owing to the absence of fires, the greatest possible crowding and plugging are necessary in order to maintain a tolerable degree of warmth." Yet Dr. Cullimore says[2] "that consumption in Iceland is never native, but is always, when it does occur, imported from abroad, and but seldom extends to the second generation." And how, on the other hand, can we, on the score of impure air, account for the wide-spread prevalence of consumption among those people who inhabit the tropical regions of the globe, and who enjoy an uninterrupted reveling in pure, fresh air, both by day and by night, in winter and in summer?

One fact which lends color to the belief that pure air is such an essential element in checking the ravages of consumption is found in the diminished liability to consumption of those who live in elevated or mountainous regions. Why, it may be asked, are mountain climates, as a rule, so free from consumption? Is it because the atmosphere is pure and free from poisonous germs? This is hardly probable, for if the purity of the atmosphere played such a prominent part, why are the Icelanders, who, as we have just seen, nightly reek in a most filthy air, or the dwellers along the Nile, who, according to Mr. B. Phillips, live "in huts where the pure air has neither ingress nor egress, except through a small hole near the ground," so free from this disease? Is it due to the general absence of humidity? I think not, since Bogota, the capital of the United States of Colombia, located on the Andes, near the equator, and at an elevation of over 9000 feet, is said to be entirely exempt from this disease, though dampness prevails to a large degree.

There is much reason for believing that this immunity in high altitudes is chiefly, if not wholly, due to a rarefied condition of the atmosphere. Dr. Dennison of Colorado estimates that at an elevation of 6000 feet the surface of the body is relieved of nearly 7000 pounds pressure. When such an enormous weight is lifted from the body its interior must also be markedly affected. This is shown by the respiration being quickened from ten to fifteen breaths per minute, by the pulse being accelerated from fifteen to twenty beats per minute, by evaporation from the skin and lungs being

[1] "The Home of the Eddas." S. Low. 1879.
[2] "Consumption as a Contagious Disease." Baillière, Tindal & Cox. London, 1880.

increased, and by the chest capacity becoming greatly augmented.

Another reason why the number of respirations increase when a mountain ascent is made becomes clear when we consider that at the sea-level a cubic foot of dry air contains about 130 grains of oxygen, while at an elevation of 6000 feet it contains only about 106 grains,—nearly one fourth less than the lungs are accustomed to breathe near the sea-level,—and therefore in order to supply the wonted amount of oxygen to the body the respirations become deeper and more frequent. From all accounts it is probable, however, that the breathing is hurried only during the early period of such exposure, and that as the lungs expand, and the air penetrates into lung-tissue little used before, the respirations sink closer to their former frequency.

On account of the superfluous lung surface with which we have seen that man is blest, it is quite evident that he does not sustain a great deal of injury from such a deprivation of oxygen; for by throwing his whole lung capacity into activity he is enabled to extract the requisite amount of oxygen from an attenuated atmosphere of this kind. And herein lies at least a part of the secret why so many consumptives, and others with weak lungs, derive such great benefit from a mountain climate. As has already been stated, the lung-apex is habitually inactive in those who have a tendency to consumption; hence, when the body is immersed in a highly rarefied atmosphere, every available space in the chest is brought into action to furnish the necessary amount of oxygen, the apex is forced out of its lethargic state, and its air-cells are inflated, and if the products of the disease are not dispersed, the lungs are kept more permeable, and the malady is at least forced into abeyance.

This view is also confirmed by those who have had large experience in the climatic treatment of consumption. Thus, Ruedi reports "that of 600 consumptives under his care at Davos, expansion of the chest took place in 584." Dr. Lindsay in his interesting book[1] states that "Davos does not cure consumption by its sunshine, or the purity and dryness of its air (although these conditions undoubtedly coöperate in the beneficial effect), but mainly by the rarefaction of its air, which stimulates respiratory activity, promotes healthy expansion and soundness of tissue in the lungs, and hence aids them to resist the spread of morbid deposits."

From all that has been offered in the foregoing pages I think it is evident that proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well-regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the inactive stages of pulmonary consumption. Much has been said and written on the subject of artificially inflating the chest, and of bringing into activity that upper part of the lungs which naturally tends to become idle. As a rule it may be said, however, that the more simple the method, the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose, the following movements are very valuable. The arms, being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration, and brought together in front on the same level during each expiration. Or the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring, and gradually brought down alongside the body while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration, and held until the arms are gradually moved forward, or downward, or longer, in order to make both methods fully operative.

Another very serviceable chest exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and, during expiration, in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest capacity can count up to sixty or eighty, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is somewhat reduced. Practice of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on within the chest. Or, again, the taking of six or eight full and deep breaths in succession every hour during the day, either while sitting at work, or while walking out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect.

The breathing of compressed and rarefied air is attracting wide attention at the present time in connection with the prevention and the treatment of pulmonary consumption, and is another mode wherewith the chest capacity can be decidedly improved. When air is breathed in this manner, there is felt during each inspiration a gentle distention of the whole chest, while during expiration a feeling of emptiness is experienced. Waldenburg, to whom we owe this system of chest ventilation, states that in this way from fifty to two hundred and fifty cubic inches more air can be inhaled than during ordinary breathing.

Consumption is not a disease which originates in a day, but it is the outgrowth of morbid habits and agencies which may even antedate the birth of the individual. Defective breathing is one of these habits, and its pernicious prevalence is more wide-spread than is generally supposed. From close attention to this subject for many years, I believe

[1] "Climatic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption," p. 62. 1888.

that our clerks, telegraph-operators, tailors, shoemakers, jewelers, etc., and the many flat-chested and round-shouldered people in other walks of life, never, under ordinary circumstances, fully inflate the upper part of their lungs. One of the pressing indications, therefore, in the prevention of pulmonary consumption lies in the correction of this chest deformity, and I feel that the good which may be accomplished in this direction by following the simple means suggested in the foregoing pages cannot be overestimated. It must be understood, however, that these exercises are to be applied with energy and constancy. They must be continued until their accumulated effects become a part of the very nature of the breathing movement itself, after which a habit of deep breathing becomes established which goes on independently of any extra effort of will-power.

Thomas J. Mays.

FARMER ELI'S VACATION.

"IT don't seem as if we 'd really got round to it, does it, father?" asked Mrs. Pike.

The west was paling, and the August insects stirred the air with their crooning chirp. Eli and his wife sat together on the washing-bench outside the back door, waiting for the milk to cool before it should be strained. She was a large, comfortable woman, with an unlined face and smooth, fine auburn hair; he was spare and somewhat bent, with curly iron-gray locks, growing thin, and crow's-feet about his deep-set gray eyes. He had been smoking the pipe of twilight contentment, but now he took it out and laid it on the bench beside him, uncrossing his legs and straightening himself with the air of a man to whom it falls, after long pondering, to take some decisive step.

"No; it don't seem as if 't was goin' to happen," he owned. "It looked pretty dark to me all last week. It 's a good deal of an undertakin', come to think it all over. I dunno 's I care about goin'."

"Why, father! After you 've thought about it so many years, and Sereno 's got the tents strapped up, and all! You must be crazy!"

"Well," said the farmer, gently, as he rose and went to carry the milk-pails into the pantry, calling coaxingly, as he did so, "Kitty! kitty! You had your milk. Don't you joggle now!" For one eager tabby rose on her hind legs in purring haste, and hit her nose against the foaming saucer.

Mrs. Pike came ponderously to her feet, and followed with the heavy, swaying motion of one grown fleshy and rheumatic. She was not in the least concerned about Eli's change of mood. He was a gentle soul, and she had always been able to guide him in paths of her own choosing. Moreover, the present undertaking was one involving his own good fortune, and she meant to tolerate no foolish scruples which might interfere with its result. For Eli, though he had lived all his life within thirty miles of the ocean, had never seen it, and ever since his boyhood he had cherished one darling plan: some day he would go to the shore and camp out there for a week. This, in his starved imagination, was like a dream of the Acropolis to an artist stricken blind, or as mountain outlines to the dweller in a lonely plain. But the years had flitted past, and the dream never seemed nearer completion. There were always planting, haying, and harvesting to be considered, and though he was fairly prosperous, excursions were foreign to his simple habit of life. But at last his wife had stepped into the van, and organized an expedition, with all the valor of a Sir Francis Drake.

"Now, don't you say one word, father," she had said. "We 're goin' down to the beach, Sereno and Hattie and you and me, and we 're goin' to camp out. It 'll do us all good."

For days before the date of the excursion Eli had been solemn and tremulous, as with joy; but now, on the eve of the great event, he shrank back from it with an undefined notion that it was like death, and that he was not prepared. Next morning, however, when they all rose and took their early breakfast, preparatory to starting at five, he showed no sign of indecision, and even went about his outdoor tasks with an alacrity calculated, as his wife approvingly remarked, to "for'ard the v'y'ge." He had at last begun to see his way clear, and he looked well satisfied when his daughter Hattie and Sereno, her husband, drove into the yard in a wagon cheerfully suggestive of a wandering life. The tents and a small hair trunk were stored in the back, and the horse's pail swung below.

"Well, father," called Hattie, her rosy face like a flower under the large shade-hat she had trimmed for the occasion, "guess we 're goin' to have a good day."

He nodded from the window where he was patiently holding his head high and under-

going scrupulous, while his wife, breathing heavily with haste and importance, put on his stock.

"I 've come in, Hattie, and help pack the doughnuts into that lard-pail on the table," she called. "I guess you 'll have to take two pails. They ain't very big."

At length the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked pre-eminent beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs, with tails like banners: they were all impressed by a sense of the occasion.

"Well, good-by, Luke," Mrs. Pike called, over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside the gate he pulled up.

"Whoa!" he called, and Luke lounged forward. "Don't you forget them taters. Get up, Doll!" And with that they were gone.

For the first few miles of the way, familiar in being the road to market, Eli was plentifully silent. The sense that he was going to do some strange deed, to step into an unknown country, dropped away from him, and he marked, in his determined, serious way, of the crops and the lay of the land.

"Pretty bad job up along here, ain't it, father?" called Sereno, as they passed a sterile pasture which two plodding men and a yoke of oxen were redeeming from its rocky fetters.

"There 's a good deal of pastur' in some places that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together," returned Eli; and then he was silent, his eyes fixed on Doll's eloquent ears, his mouth working a little. For this progress through a less desirable stratum of life caused him to cast a backward glance over his own smooth, middle-aged road.

"We 've prospered, ain't we, Maria?" he said at last; and his wife, unconsciously following his thoughts, in the manner of those who have lived long together, smoked her black silk waist, and answered, with a well-satisfied nod:

"I guess we ain't got no cause to complain."

The roadside was parched under an August sun: trees were dust-covered, and ferns had grown ragged and gray. The jogging horses left behind them tiny feet a suffocating cloud.

"My land," said Mrs. Pike, "if that ain't golden-rod! I do believe it comes earlier every year, or else the seasons are changin'. See them elderberries! Ain't they purple! You just remember that bush, and when we go back, we 'll fill some pails. I dunno when I 've made elderberry wine."

Like her husband, she was vaguely excited; she began to feel as if life would be all holidays. At noon they stopped under the shadow of an elm-tree which, from its foothold in a field, completely arched the road, and there they ate a lunch of pie and doughnuts, while the horses, freed from their headstalls, placidly munched a generous feed of oats near by. Hattie and her mother accepted this picnicking with an air of apologetic amusement, and when one or two passers-by looked at them, they smiled a little at vacancy, with the air of wishing it understood that they were by no means accustomed to such irregularities.

"I guess they think we 're gipsies," said Hattie, as one carriage rolled past.

"Well, they need n't trouble themselves," returned her mother, rising with difficulty to brush the crumbs from her capacious lap. "I guess I 've got as good an extension-table at home as any of 'em."

But Eli ate sparingly, and with a preoccupied and solemn look.

"Land, father!" said his wife, "you ain't eat no more 'n a bird!" And he answered:

"I guess I 'll go over to that well and get a drink of water. I drink more 'n I eat when I ain't workin'." But when he came back, carefully bearing a tin pail brimming with cool, clear water, his face expressed strong disapprobation, and he smacked his lips scornfully.

"Dreadful flat water," he said. "Tastes as if it come out o' the cistern." But the others could find no fault with it, and Sereno drained the pail.

"Pretty good I call it," he said, and Mrs. Pike rejoined:

"You always was pretty particular about water, father."

But Eli still shook his head, and ejaculated "Brackish, brackish!" as he began to put the bit in Doll's patient mouth. He was thinking, with a passion of loyalty, of the clear, ice-cold water at home, which had never been shut out by a pump from the purifying airs of heaven, but lay where the splashing bucket and chain broke every day the image of fern and moss. His throat grew parched and dry with longing. When they were within three miles of the sea, it seemed to them that they could taste the saltness of the incoming breeze; the road was ankle deep in dust; the garden flowers were glaring in their brightness. It was a new world. And when at last they emerged from the marsh-bordered road upon a ridge of sand, and turned a sudden corner, Mrs. Pike faced her husband in triumph.

"There, father!" she cried. "There 't is!"

But Eli's eyes were fixed on the dash-board in front of him. He looked pale.

"Why, father," said she, impatiently, "ain't you goin' to look? It 's the sea!"

"Yes, yes," said Eli, quietly; "byme-by. I 'm goin' to put the horses up fust."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Pike; and as they drew up on the sandy tract where Sereno had previously arranged a place for their tents, she added almost fretfully, turning to Hattie, "I dunno what 's come over your father. There 's the water, and he won't even cast his eyes at it."

But Hattie understood her father, by some intuition of love, though not of likeness.

"Don't you bother him, ma," she said. "He 'll make up his mind to it pretty soon. Here, let 's lift out these little things, while they 're unharnessin', and then they can get at the tents."

Mrs. Pike's mind was diverted by the exigencies of labor, and she said no more; but after the horses had been put up at a neighboring house, and Sereno, red-faced with exertion, had superintended the tent-raising, Hattie slipped her arm through her father's, and led him away.

"Come, pa," she said in a whisper; "le' 's you and me climb over on them rocks."

Eli went, and when they had picked their way over sand and pools to a headland where the water thundered below, and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet, he turned and looked at the sea. He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness, only to be stricken blind thereafter; for his eyes filled painfully with slow, hot tears. Hattie did not look at him, but after a while she shouted in his ear, above the outcry of the surf:

"Here, pa, take my handkerchief. I don't know how 't is about you, but this spray gets in my eyes."

Eli took it obediently, but he did not speak; he only looked at the sea. The two sat there, chilled and content, until six o'clock, when Mrs. Pike came calling to them from the beach with dramatic shouts of:

"Supper 's ready! Sereno 's built a burn-fire, and I 've made some tea!" Then they slowly made their way back to the tents, and sat down to the evening meal. Sereno was content, and Mrs. Pike bustling and triumphant; the mere act of preparing food had made her feel at home.

"Well, father, what think?" she asked, smiling exuberantly as she passed him his mug of tea. "Does it come up to what you expected?"

Eli turned upon her his mild, dazed eyes.

"I guess it does," he said gently.

That night they sat upon the shore while the moon rose and laid in the water her majestic pathway of light. Eli was the last to leave the rocks, and he lay down on his hard couch in the tent without speaking.

"I would n't say much to father," whispered Hattie to her mother, as they parted for the night. "He feels it a good deal."

"Well, I s'pose he is some tired," said Mrs. Pike, acquiescing, after a brief look of surprise. "It 's a good deal of a jaunt, but I dunno but I feel paid a'ready. Should you take your hair-pins out, Hattie?"

She slept soundly and vocally, but her husband did not close his eyes. He looked, though he could see nothing, through the opening in the tent in the direction where lay the sea, solemnly clamorous, eternally responsive to some infinite whisper from without his world. The tension of the hour was almost more than he could bear; he longed for morning in sharp suspense, with a faint hope that the light might bring relief. Just as the stars faded and one luminous line penciled the east, he rose, smoothed his hair, and stepped softly out upon the beach. There he saw two shadowy figures, Sereno and Hattie. She hurried forward to meet him.

"You goin' to see the sunrise, too, father?" she asked. "I made Sereno come. He 's awful mad at being waked up."

Eli grasped her arm.

"Hattie," he said in a whisper, "don't you tell. I just come out to see how 't was here before I go. I 'm goin' home — I 'm goin' *now!*"

"Why, father!" said Hattie; but she peered more closely into his face, and her tone changed. "All right," she added cheerfully. "Sereno 'll go and harness up."

"No; I 'm goin' to walk."

"But, father —"

"I don't mean to break up your stayin' here, nor your mother's. You tell her how 't was. I 'm goin' to walk."

Hattie turned and whispered to her husband a moment. Then she took her father's hand.

"I 'll slip into the tent and put you up something for your breakfast and luncheon," she said. "Sereno 's gone to harness; for, pa, you must take one horse, and you can send Luke back with it Friday, so 's we can get the things home. What do we want of two horses down here at two and ninepence a day? I guess I know."

So Eli yielded; but before his wife appeared he had turned his back on the sea, where the rose of dawn was fast unfolding. As he jogged homeward, the dusty roadsides bloomed with flowers of paradise, and the insects' dry chirp was as the song of angels. He drove into the yard just at the turning of the day, when the fragrant smoke of country fires curls cheerily upward in promise of the evening meal.

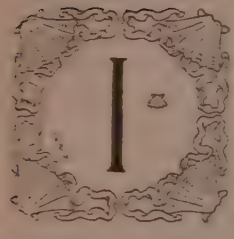
"What 's bu'sted?" asked Luke, swinging himself down from his load of fodder-corn, and beginning to unharness Doll.

"Oh, nothin'," said Eli, leaping from the wagon as if twenty years had been taken from his bones. "I guess I 'm too old for such jaunts. I hope you did n' forget them cats."

Alice Brown.

THE FAMINE IN EASTERN RUSSIA.[1]

RELIEF WORK OF THE YOUNGER TOLSTOY.



N Moscow it was decided that I should accompany Lyeff Lvovitch, the second son of Count Tolstoy, on his return to eastern Samara. And at the count's headquarters, in Ryazan, it was further decided that one of his most efficient helpers, a young nobleman named Paul Birukoff, should go with us. As we started on an intensely cold morning early in March, 1892, Count Tolstoy said to me, "Where shall we meet next — perhaps in Sweden or beyond the Mississippi?" Off we sped in two sleighs over the desolate snow-steppes toward the railway station of Klekotki. On our way we met an *oboz*[2] of more than one hundred horses coming from the railway station with fuel and victuals for Count Tolstoy's work of relief.

It was late in the afternoon when the train, belated several hours as usual, finally arrived. We pushed our way into a third-class car (Count Tolstoy and his followers usually travel third class), bringing with us, according to Russian fashion, most of our luggage. Owing to the great distances and the slowness of the trains, Russians usually carry pillows, blankets, different kinds of food, and, above all, a tea-set, buying on the train only hot water. In consequence of this custom, all possible and impossible places in the cars are crowded with luggage and parcels of various kinds and dimensions. The cars are built after the American fashion; but in the third class, with regard to heating and cleanliness, there is yet room for improvement. My companions uttered no sound of complaint, but I found it hard to endure the smells and vermin, and the presence of diseased muzhiks. Often I had to go out on the platform because of nausea. Birukoff, who was provided with antiseptics and bandages, busied himself every day with washing and dressing the wounds of the muzhiks, and with encouraging them. One of the blessings of the famine was the general absence of intoxicated persons; the first one I observed was a priest.

Some of the passengers made themselves comfortable beds for the night, but I could not sleep. The muzhiks seemed to be able to sleep in all possible and impossible positions. During the night a prison-car filled with Siberian convicts was attached to our train. Its small windows were provided with iron grating. On each platform stood two gendarmes in gray uniforms, with rifles on their shoulders, a large revolver, and a sword hanging by the side. Once I got a glimpse through the double doors, and observed comely maiden faces among the crowd of rough and shaggy muzhik heads. One of my traveling companions also observed young women among the prisoners. It is not unusual for young girls and even children to be banished to Siberia for religious or political reasons. I know personally a young Russian lady who became an "apostate" from the Greek Church, and escaped banishment to Siberia only by secretly leaving the country. Among the third-class passengers were, besides Russians proper, Mordvinians, Tcheremiss, Tatars, and Bashkirs. The Tatars made a very favorable impression by their cleanliness and politeness. "They are real gentlemen," the young count said, adding that they were the most sober and honest people in all Russia, and that consequently they were usually employed in posts of trust. "The Bashkirs are also good people," the count added; but I found later on that they were slyer and more cunning than the Tatars. Both these peoples are Mohammedans. The Mordvinians and Tcheremiss, who from time immemorial have had their homes in the forest regions of Kazan and neighboring provinces, belong to the Finnish tribes. They are nominally orthodox, but in reality pagans, still secretly sacrificing to the spirits of the forest. Their white caftans, made of coarse homespun woolen cloth, and their olive faces, black mustaches, and dark Mongolian eyes, gave them a very picturesque appearance. All these tribes, together with the Vobyaks and the Tchuvashi, who likewise occupy the same regions, have the reputation of being industrious, sober, and honest. These Mohammedan and half-pagan tribes stand on a very high level with regard to morals.

The second night that we spent on the train I could not get a moment's sleep. Besides the heat and the polluted air, there were a number of suspicious individuals in the car who kept me awake. Thieving on the trains was common. The train was more and more belated. At some stations we had to stop for hours because — as it was stated — of the transportation of victuals to the famine-stricken provinces.

[1] See also "With Tolstoy in the Russian Famine," THE CENTURY for June.

[2] Train of sledges or wagons.

Everywhere were to be seen crowds of emaciated men, women, and children, covered with rags, the traditional bag of coarse sackcloth thrown over their shoulders, and begging in piteous tones for bread. At certain places they were ushered on board the train in large crowds, to be sent to other places.

The third night of travel I was so tired that nothing could keep me awake. At five in the morning the count awoke me and told me to hurry out to see the Volga Bridge. After another hour's journey we arrived at the city of Samara. Situated on the elevated eastern shore of the Volga, at the mouth of the Samara river, its public buildings and churches give it an impressive look. Not very long ago it was destroyed by fire, but was soon rebuilt, and it counts at present a little more than 100,000 inhabitants. Having business to attend to, we stopped a day in Samara. The city was teeming with muzhiks walking about begging for bread during the day, and spending the night in hovels and cellars. Among these poor people spotted typhus, black smallpox, and scurvy were making terrible havoc. It is significant that the rich, with only a few exceptions, contributed nothing to relieve the distress, but fled to Paris and Nice. Private benevolence was supplied mainly by foreigners,[1] of whom two were Germans, Mr. Koenitzer and Mr. Wakano. The former daily fed fifty and the latter one hundred peasants; Mr. Besant, an Englishman, with means received from Great Britain, daily gave two meals to four hundred paupers. Among the Russians it was mainly sectarian people who aided the starving. A Molokan lady, a widow, quietly did much work among the poor, according to her means. Out in the province it was likewise mostly with foreign money that private relief was carried on. The English Friends distributed through their representatives much help, and supported Prince Dolgorukoff's sanitary expedition to eastern Samara; while the means for supporting the young Count L. L. Tolstoy's extensive work came mainly from foreign countries, and mostly from America.

During our day in Samara we unexpectedly met the governor of the province in a private family. He was dressed in a splendid uniform braided with gold; his figure was tall and symmetrical, his air magnificent; and he talked much and well.

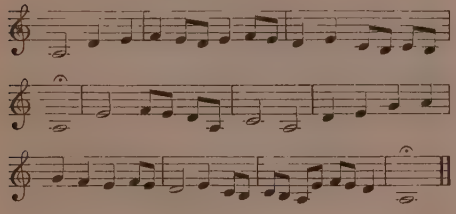
That night my friends compelled me to sleep in the only bed in the room, the count himself sleeping on a thick blanket on the floor, and Birukoff on a small sofa. At one o'clock we were on our feet, drank several glasses of tea, wrapped our furs about us, and drove to the railway station, where we found all as quiet as death. In the spacious second-class waiting-room a dim gas-light revealed a quarter of an acre of flooring covered with men, women, and children snoring in all keys, between immense piles of traveling-effects. Loaded with our parcels, we picked our way to an unoccupied spot. The count, who had gone to buy tickets and send an express-telegram to his headquarters after horses, returned to tell us that the train was belated seven hours, whereupon, with stoic calm, he spread his cloak on the floor and went to sleep. After a cup of tea, we followed his example. At nine o'clock we were informed that the train would not come before noon, which proved to be two o'clock. The cold was 30° below zero Réaumur when we left the city of Samara by the Orenburg train, which was to take us to eastern Samara. On the way over the barren snow-steppes we saw large numbers of begging muzhiks. A priest on the train told us that in his village, with a population of 1600, there was only one horse left, all the rest having been killed, or having died from hunger. It was dusk when we arrived at Bagatoye, where we left the train. Here we found that one of our boxes containing canned goods had been stolen. The count also found his express-telegram, sent twenty hours previous from Samara, not yet despatched.

We now had to send to the nearest village for horses and conveyances. From the plateau where the railway station was situated a vast view opened over the endless steppes eastward. No trees were seen except on the shores of the Samara river below, and a small grove near the horizon. It was dark when our conveyances arrived—two *sani*, to each of which were harnessed two small shaggy horses, one before the other. We soon sped along the snow-steppes, the small animals galloping all the time to the jingle of the large bells on their harness-bows. The stars twinkled in the cold winter night, and, as we drove along, the count told me many an interesting tale of the nomadic tribes roaming about on these steppes in former times, and of their heroic struggles for independence. About midnight we stopped in a village, and put up in the *izba* of a muzhik, an acquaintance of the count. He seemed to be unusually clever, and his izba was provided with a flooring of planks, and showed a higher degree of cleanliness than usual. After supping on tea and rye bread, we went to sleep on thick blankets spread on the floor, the lamp hanging from the ceiling over our heads, and burning all night. In the morning our hostess poured water over our hands, a custom of Russian hospitality.

[1] This was not the case everywhere. In an article in THE CENTURY for June, I mentioned many Russian families and individuals who were giving time and money to relief work.

After breakfasting on tea and bread we continued our way over the steppes, which grew more undulating as we journeyed toward the Ural Mountains. At one village there was a fortnightly bazaar, or fair. I have never seen such a desolate fair. In a yard were a number of horses more like bags filled with bones than living animals. They were sold, at about $1.50 each, to Bashkirs and Tatars to be killed and eaten. Orthodox muzhiks would starve rather than eat horseflesh, which is considered "unclean." Better-fed horses were for sale by *kulaks*, at unreasonable prices. An hour's ride brought us to the village of Petrovka, where the count has his headquarters in a small one-storied izba with one room partitioned into three small apartments, one serving as sleeping-room, another as entry, reception-room, and kitchen, and constantly crowded with muzhiks seeking help, and the third as dining-room, parlor, and office. We had scarcely time to get into the house before it was besieged by a large number of people. Immediately the young count went to work, and during the months I spent with him he allowed himself few hours of rest either night or day.

We arrived on a Saturday evening. Sunday morning Birukoff and I, on invitation, went to the Molokan meeting. Their place of worship was a roomy izba, which was crowded with about a hundred and fifty persons, the women and children sitting near the door, the men in front. They had been informed of our coming, and showed us much deference. Their general appearance indicated a higher degree of intelligence and polish than the average orthodox muzhiks. After we had taken our seats, the congregation joined in singing a peculiar chant. The text was taken from a chapter in the New Testament, which the leader read sentence by sentence, and which was sung afterward by the whole congregation. The melody was a kind of round after the pattern of the antique church canon, with the same motive running through a series of improvised variations suited to the words of the text. The motive of the melody was somewhat as follows:



Through it all there was a wild and weird strain, and, as in all Russian songs, the minor key predominated, with sad and impressive effect. After the singing, one of the elders read from Matthew the parable of the ten virgins and of the talents, making a few practical remarks on each verse. Then several of the elders offered short comments on the text. Many of the muzhiks had been far advanced in life before they learned to read the Bible.

On March 21 the count and his assistant, Mr. Berger, started early for the famine-stricken villages. I visited several of the count's free kitchens, the bakery, and the provision magazines, and found everything in excellent order. The free kitchens were established on the same plan as those of Count Tolstoy in Ryazan. Deputations from villages far away arrived to appeal to the count for help, all of them having the impress of hunger and misery. When the count and his helper came home, they told of terrible ravages of the spotted typhus, scurvy, and other diseases caused by the famine.

From my diary the following record of events on March 24 is condensed: At six o'clock the church bells called the orthodox muzhiks to early service. It being Lent, early mass is held every day. Men, women, and children came in single file to the village church. When I came from the izba where I lodged to the count's headquarters, they were already besieged by a host of poor people. In most cases their timid manner showed that they were not professional beggars, who are known by their stereotyped prayers and blessings. Here are sample appeals: "Our food is all gone — long ago; we are starving. Help us!" "My wife and my children are sick, and I have got nothing to give them. Help us with a little tea and sugar, and something for *kasha* and soup!" "We have a horse and a cow, which are starving, and we are so sorry to lose them now that spring is so near. Help us with a little fodder!" A little girl was led up to the count, her trembling voice choked with tears as, when pressed to speak, she said, "Mother died last night, and I have nothing for my little brothers and sisters."

When the first throng had been sent away, we sat down to breakfast. Before we had finished there came new petitioners, among them Bashkirs and Tatars. They had come from great distances, and told of terrible misery in their villages from starvation and pestilence. "Our own provisions," they said, "were out long ago. What we have from the Government is insufficient to keep us alive. Almost all our cattle have succumbed. Our sick and our little ones are dying a slow death from want of suitable nourishment."

The horse was harnessed, and I and another went to a neighboring village to investigate sanitary conditions. We came first to a row of clay huts resembling the adobe huts in New Mexico, only much poorer. Many of their flat

roofs were buried under snow-drifts, through which smoke from *kisyak* (fuel made of dried manure and straw) curled through an aperture in the snow.

Through an opening in the snow-drift we gained admission. A dim light was supplied by a small window before which a hole was dug in the drift. Heavy breathing and moaning from the top of the oven in the corner told of sickness and suffering. When our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we observed a middle-aged, emaciated woman lying on the oven afflicted with spotted typhus. She gave only incoherent answers to our questions. Before the oven sat a middle-aged man, dressed in a shirt of dirty sackcloth, with a rope around his waist. His uncombed hair covered his forehead, and a pair of glassy, sunken eyes met our look with an expression of despair. A little boy five years old lay on a wooden bench, covered with rags, and suffering from hunger and scurvy. There was no furniture except two wooden benches and a small rough table on the earthen floor.

"Have you any cattle?" "No; we had two cows, but we have had to kill them." "Any fuel?" "Only what we get from our neighbors." "Any food?" In answer to this question the man brought a hardened piece of black rye bread, all they had left from what they had received from the Government.

In another hut we found four persons: an old man of about seventy, a woman of about forty whose face was dreadfully scored with disease, and two emaciated children lying sick on the oven, dying the slow death of starvation. The father having been cut off by the spotted typhus, the old grandfather had come to take care of the mother and the children. It was the same story: no cattle, no fuel, two loaves of bread, a few peas in a wooden bowl.

In a third hut, considerably larger than the former, we found a calf, two sheep, and five persons, of whom two were lying ill with spotted typhus, the others suffering from scurvy. We visited several other huts in which the same misery was found with variations, such as a dying mother surrounded by a number of children, whose father had been cut off by the fever. I went to one of the free kitchens established by the count in the village, The guests were coming to dinner, each carrying a wooden bowl and spoon. On entering, most of them crossed themselves. When about fifty had taken their places at long tables, they arose and sang the table prayer, the first part a prayer to "God's mother," the second part extracts from the Lord's Prayer, and the last part a prayer for "the great Gosudar" (the Czar) and his numerous family. Then they sat down to a meal of bread, pea-soup, and *kasha* (boiled buckwheat). The village presented a desolate appearance. Besides the clay huts, there were rows of sheds, the straw roofs of which had been pulled down and used as fodder or fuel, the naked wooden frames, interlaced with branches of willow, giving the whole the appearance of nests of magpies. On our way home we passed a number of horses, miserable skeletons, plucking a few rotten straws here and there from thatch which had been pulled from the roofs.

On our return to Petrovka I was introduced to Prince Dolgorukoff, who had arrived during the night at the head of a sanitary expedition consisting of two physicians, two surgeons, and six sisters of charity. This expedition was in part supported by English Friends, who rendered noble aid in the famine-stricken provinces. The young prince, with his expedition, took dinner and supper with the count. The room was small, but the good feeling made it sufficient. We ate with wooden spoons out of the same dish, a large wooden bowl standing in the middle of the table. The dinner consisted of *stschi* (soup of cabbage and meat), meat, and kasha. The supper consisted of bread and butter and tea. It was late when I returned to my "room," a small corner behind the oven in an izba which was swarming with vermin and otherwise sickening. These obstacles and the scenes of the day kept me from sleeping. The little lamp burning in front of the saints in the outer room spread a dim light, and through a crack in the board partition of my corner I could see an ugly saint looking at me with one eye. My host and hostess were snoring on top of the warm oven. I lighted the lamp and tried to read; then I tired myself in vain fighting the insects, and with the morning fresh air and light at last fell asleep. I learned afterward why no effort was made to rid the cottages of the ordinary sleeping-room vermin, which they call *klop*. My host at another place said to me: "Klop are healthy; they purge the blood."

On Saturday morning, March 27, a small good-natured muzhik arrived to take me to the village of Petrovka, where Birukoff had his headquarters. To the small sleigh was harnessed a shaggy and bony little horse. The wind was against us, and when we reached the steppe it was almost impossible to keep our eyes open in face of the drifting snow. The storm was so heavy that I could hardly see the horse in front of the sleigh. Having come up on a divide between two rivers, the horse could hardly walk against the wind. In the valley below we lost our way. The poor animal stumbled about, and at last was unable to move. The driver began to beat the poor creature, only the head and back of which were visible. It trembled, and turned its head to look at us. I called to the driver to stop the beating, and then jumped out and began to unharness the horse.

With the reins tied round the belly of the animal, and a rope tied about its feet, we at last pulled the little horse to where the drifts were harder. After several experiences of this kind the horse showed signs of exhaustion, and it seemed probable that we should have to spend the night on the steppe. At last we reached an elevation, where we found the road, which we were able to follow to our destination. Having passed a number of izbas with the roofs partly or entirely pulled down, we came to a small two-storied wooden house, where my friend Birukoff had his headquarters. I found a calf in a corner near the door, a number of muzhiks standing further in, and a woman sitting by the oven with a little child in her arms. After about half an hour Birukoff came home, tired and hungry. A late dinner was served, consisting of *pakhlobka* (soup of water, potatoes, grits, and mushrooms), kasha, and black rye bread. Birukoff, like his master Count Tolstoy, is a vegetarian, and was served with the fare issued at the free kitchens. While eating, a number of poor people seeking help congregated in the outer room. Having heard their cases and written down their names, we sent them away; then we went to a meeting to be held with a committee concerning a new free eating-room for the village. The members of this committee made a very favorable impression both by their appearance and their way of speaking. When I was introduced they all arose, and in chorus thanked me for my aid, asking me at the same time to convey their thanks to friends in foreign countries who had sent gifts through me. In the course of this meeting it was shown that many people had died directly of hunger. It was also shown that some families used considerable quantities of clay in their bread, of which I obtained samples. On coming from the meeting, a large crowd of people gathered to see "the first foreigner who had visited their village." I had become used to being an object of curiosity, as I thought on account of my Lapp dress; but in private my companion said to me: "The peasant women say, 'He is not dressed as a Christian, nor does he talk a Christian language [we spoke German]; therefore he must be *tchyort* [the devil]!'"

Next morning, at early mass in the village church, I saw many poor people in ragged sheepskin coats who were deformed by disease, and emaciated beyond anything I had hitherto seen. Among the pale little children were some extraordinarily beautiful faces. In a corner I observed some poor women hiding morsels of bread and other eatables in different places, believing, as I have been informed, that thereby they would escape famine and other evils.

During the day there were several funerals of children and grown people who had died of hunger and typhus. The ceremony was performed in the church. First came a number of muzhiks, each carrying a little wooden box under his arm. Then there came groups of muzhiks, with uncovered heads, carrying the remains of grown persons in unpainted coffins made of coarse boards. I took kodak pictures of one of these groups as it left the church.

Soon after my visit to Petrovka the following incident took place: One day Birukoff visited the house of a well-to-do farmer in the village. There he met the village priest. The farmer set out tea and vodka. B. did not drink vodka, but the priest drank one glass after another. Then he began making allusions to strangers coming to those parts, spoiling the people with gratuitous food, and giving the orthodox people a bad example by not going to church, and so forth. "Speak out plainly what you mean," said B. "I mean that you and the rest are heathen, because you don't go to church and don't read God's word," answered the priest. "Have you a Bible?" B. asked. "Yes." "Where?" "In the church on the desk." "Yes, I know that; and there it lies. You do not read it, either you or your people. What good does your Bible do in the church? Neither your own life nor that of your people shows any of the fruits of the gospel." And B. took his New Testament out of his pocket, and read to the priest from the Sermon on the Mount and from other passages. Then the priest got into a rage, and took the New Testament lying on the table, and said: "Is it such fruits the gospel bears, then?" and he threw the book out of doors!

Early in April warm weather came suddenly, and the hot sun changed the village streets into canals flowing with dirty green water. Standing on an elevation, I saw vapors like smoke ascending from piles of refuse from people and animals, which is not placed on the land, but in midsummer is made into winter fuel. On one heap an emaciated dog lay outstretched in the sun; on another crows were scratching and croaking. From wells filled with the green water from the street peasant women fetched water for drinking and for other household purposes. Long rows of begging muzhiks in rags came wading through the dirt. Now and then one of the physicians belonging to Prince Dolgorukoff's expedition would ride by on horseback, or one of our "sisters of charity," wearing high boots, would be seen wading through the mud, holding up her skirts with one hand and carrying a basket of medicine or food for the sick with the other.

These sisters do not belong to any religious order; they are of prominent families and are

DRAWN BY JOHAN TIREN.

AN "OBOZ," OR TRAIN OF SLEDGES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

highly educated. These representatives of young Russia make great sacrifices in order to help their suffering fellow-men as the most natural thing in the world. I accompanied one of them on her tour of charity. Our first visit was to one of the temporary hospitals for spotted typhus. Over the door a paper was fastened with the inscription: "Entrance forbidden! Contagious diseases." A few men and women were waiting outside to hear about their sick relatives. Within we saw a row of beds along two of the walls of the room, accommodating about thirty patients, lying in different stages of the fearful spotted typhus. Short breathing, sighing, and moaning, mingled with exclamations and the babble of the delirious, met the ear. From the hospital we went to houses where there were sick people. In one part of the village we entered izbas with earthen floors, where water had entered, making the floor like a puddle of clay. Naturally we found sick persons there. On our way home we visited a physician who was lying in an izba ill with the spotted typhus. In some villages fifty per cent. of the population were sick in bed. Within a few days the doctors reported 351 cases of sickness (155 of spotted typhus) in two villages. Prince Dolgorukoff found one family with nine members, all of whom were lying sick. Besides the above-mentioned doctor, two of our "sisters" fell ill with the spotted typhus.

One morning, when I came to the count's headquarters, I found one of the serving-women crying bitterly. She had put her husband's sheepskin coat in the heated oven to destroy the vermin; but the oven was too hot, and the coat was destroyed. When her husband dis-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF PETROVKA, SAMARA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

A MEAL AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE YOUNGER COUNT TOLSTOY, SHOWING MR. BERGER, THE COUNT'S HELPER; THE STAROSTA; BIRUKOFF; COUNT TOLSTOY. THE GROUP ARE NAMED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

covered what had been done, he beat her, and she was afraid to go home. I presented him with a new sheepskin coat on condition that he should not beat his wife.

One day the count received a couple of sacks, containing different articles of apparel, sent by ladies in Moscow. It was a sight to see how eagerly peasant women and girls sought these garments, and with what an air of satisfaction they returned to their homes.

One morning a poor woman came, and with tears threw herself on her knees before the count. After he had helped her to rise she took from her sheepskin cloak a long rag with a bow-knot at one end; this was untied, and found to contain a tattered and dirty piece of paper, which proved to be a ruble bill. She told the following story: "I am a widow from the village, . . . and have a small plot of land. My cow and my sheep having died from starvation, and we ourselves being threatened with the same fate, my only son went to Uralsk, where he got work. After several weeks of labor he sent me this ruble to buy sowing-seed. I tied it in a rag and went to buy the seed, but on the way I lost the rag, which was afterward recovered. A calf had chewed the knot containing the ruble. Then I went to the magistrates and asked them what to do. They sent me to your Grace." The count took her one-ruble bill and gave her a five-ruble note instead, and besides helped her in other ways.

In a village out on the steppes I met a young muzhik who, besides knowing how to read and write, had a knowledge of geography and history. In speaking about America, and the aid it had sent for the starving, he said, with tears in his eyes, "I love the republic." He was born in Siberia, where he had received instruction from exiles; and it is more than probable that he will some day be sent back to Siberia. During the present régime it is almost a crime for a muzhik to acquire more knowledge than the class to which he belongs. "Peasants you have been, and peasants you will continue to be," declared the present Czar in a speech to the people immediately after his coronation. Shortly after he signed an ukase in which it is ordered that "the measure of instruction shall be in proportion to the rank and means of the person having children to educate." This principle is also carried out in

practice. In Saratoff and other places the boards of education have passed resolutions to the effect that "instruction in schools shall be restricted to protect the children of well-to-do people from the children of the poor, or of people with limited means." The zemstvo schools, established under the reign of Alexander II., have, during the reign of his son, been little by little suppressed, until through an imperial ukase of May 16, 1891, all public schools were placed in the hands of the clergy.

I visited some of the schools in the villages. Instead of geographical maps and counting- and spelling-tables, which formerly were to be seen hanging on the walls, I saw pictures of saints, with a picture of "the most high family" of the Czar in the most prominent place behind the teacher's desk. Only children very desirous to learn are taught how to read.

The muzhiks do not understand the connection between uncleanliness and disease. But if you talk to them of the connection between famine or "the sickness" and the worship of the saints, they will cross themselves and ask the Lord to have mercy upon them. In order to avert these evils, they think the thing to do is to undertake "cross processions" out into the fields, and similar means, to conciliate God and his saints; and if this does not help, to conjure the evil powers, for which purpose professional sorcerers are kept, sometimes by entire villages. If this is of no avail, then there is nothing to do but to be resigned to the inevitable. That the authorities should have any share in such views seems impossible, but young people were forbidden to play in the streets or in the fields while the famine and the fever continued, in order not to offend the Deity. For the same reason parents were forbidden to give their children Jewish names, or to have anything to do with sectarians, the barbarous persecution of whom was said to be considered, not only by ignorant and fanatical priests, but by the very highest officials of the empire, as a pleasing act in the eyes of the Lord.

In order to get a correct understanding of how the peasants have been reduced to their present hopeless state, it is not sufficient to know that there has been a series of bad crops. The land is impoverished, and often the peasants sell their manure for many years ahead at ridiculously low prices. It has been shown that the recent droughts were caused by the cutting down of the forests. When it rains, floods wash away the black soil, making the land as barren as a desert. A few estate-owners, who irrigate their land and carry on agriculture on a rational plan, have had good crops during these bad years. The intelligent and thrifty Mennonites, who likewise cultivate the soil in a rational way, also have had good crops, and none among them has suffered from famine. This alone is enough to prove that the terrible famine was *not* caused merely by the last failures of crops. When we consider the cruel way in which the authorities extort enormous taxes from the poor people, it is no wonder that the peasants live constantly on the verge of famine. I have myself seen the tax-gatherer take the cow of a poor widow because her taxes had not been paid. Informed of his coming, I went to the izba of the widow, and found her in the yard with her arm about the neck of her only cow. The tax-gatherers frequently have the muzhiks beaten with rods until they promise to produce money in some way or other for the payment of taxes. A prominent Russian lawyer told me of a newly invented (as yet not patented) "beating-machine." The use of this machine has many advantages over that of the knout and the rods. Among other things, there is no danger of the machine's feeling any forbidden sympathy with the victims, and the force of the blows can be regulated according to the strength of the patient and the will of the representatives of the Government. These cruel extortions on the part of the officers of the Government seem to breed the same heartless rapacity among the people. It is not only the nobles, but merchants, *kulaks*, and upstarts of different kinds who oppress the peasants. Most of the loans are taken in January, February, and March: in January because the taxes are then gathered; in February and March because then the provisions of the peasants run short, and all kinds of eata-

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

A FUNERAL IN PETROVKA, SAMARA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

DRAWN BY JOHAN TIREN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

A FUNERAL IN SAMARA. (BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

bles used by peasants go up in price until they reach the climax in April. From April the peasants begin to earn a little, and the loans diminish until August. After that they rise again, because, after the crops have been gathered, the peasants begin to pay their debts with their harvest, so that they themselves soon are without provisions, and must take loans again. Sometimes the interest charged on peasant loans amounts to 300 per cent.

Shortly after our arrival in eastern Samara, news came from St. Petersburg that the count would receive a number of car-loads of American flour from the steamer *Indiana*, which had arrived in Libau. The warm weather I have described threatened to cut off for a number of weeks all communication with the railroad. This would have been disastrous, since the count, depending upon the arrival of this flour, had increased the number of free kitchens to nearly 200, besides establishing a number of depots for the distribution of victuals, so as to be able to feed daily about 20,000 who were in danger of starving. At last, on the 3d of April, notice came from the nearest railway station that part of the flour had arrived. Forthwith the count's helper, Mr. Berger, hurried away to the place to make arrangements for transporting it, if possible. Happily, at this juncture there occurred a few cold nights in succession, stopping the floods, and making it possible to transport the flour during the night.

After two days and a half the first transport of the American flour arrived. When the long procession of carts was seen coming over the steppes, the young count's face fairly beamed. The muzhiks crowded together, and were overjoyed at sight of the flour; but most of them had no idea of America, or where it might be. One muzhik said to me, as he looked at the pile of flour-sacks, "America must be a very rich *barin!*" Perhaps one out of a hundred has a faint idea of a country somewhere far, far away called America. We opened one of the sacks; the muzhiks crowded about us to look at the flour and taste it. Their faces beamed with delight, and a general murmur of exultation was heard. Within a few days the six car-loads of American flour were transported to the count's headquarters and his different depots, and thus he was enabled to carry out his plan of daily feeding 20,000 of the most destitute.

The snow was still lying deep on the steppes when the count, his helper, and I, on the afternoon of April 15 (Russian Good Friday), started to visit a large farm which Mr. X. rents from the Government. On the opposite side of the little river Matcha we saw the roofs of a

group of houses buried in snow. Not a single face met our eyes. Approaching nearer, we observed a large number of horses and cattle about the houses looking for stalks of hay in the melting snow. Our host gave us a cordial welcome. We were told that the large number of horses were kept for making kumiss, half a hundred invalids coming to the farm in summer time for the "kumiss treatment." On the bare spots between the snow we found groups of miserable-looking cattle trying to find something to eat. In the evening people went to church in the next village, the service being continued till after midnight on Easter eve. During Easter night the orthodox muzhiks, in some places, go to the graveyards with food and vodka for the dead. Easter morning dawned clear and beautiful, and the traditional Russian Easter salutation, "Christ is arisen!" and the reply, "He is risen indeed!" were exchanged. This form of salutation is used during forty days after Easter, not only when persons meet, but in letters, at the top of certain documents, and when persons drink to each other's health. Besides the Tatars and Bashkirs, who reminded us that we were on the borders of Asia, there was at the farm another Asiatic, "Herr Feltvebel," a camel, on whose back we made short trips out on the steppe. "Herr Feltvebel" treated us to an extra amusement when, with Mr. X. on his back, he lay down on a bare spot and refused to rise again and continue wading through the snow.

The spring was late, but the time for sowing had come, and the peasants had neither seed for sowing nor horses for plowing. In the public storehouses there was seed provided by the Government equal to a third of the wants of the peasants. The poor muzhiks sent to the authorities to inquire about it, but received no reply. In their despair they went to the count and asked for help. At first he had no means, but soon he received a considerable sum of money from America and elsewhere, through his mother. At once he and his helpers, procuring seed and horses, worked night and day, and within a few days about 200 of the poorest muzhiks were aided.

Many of the peasants left their homes in order to find work, which was not easy, there being only a few who could afford to hire laborers.

It was decided that, as soon as the traffic on the Volga opened, I should go to southern Samara and Saratoff in order to make arrangements for establishing free eating-rooms for the sick and convalescent. The time of my departure had come. The last evening of my stay in Petrovka I made farewell visits. On my way home I saw a poor muzhik with a shaggy little horse plowing his plot of land with a primitive plow made entirely of wood. I was afterward told that several peasants had pawned all their tools for money to pay the taxes, or to buy food for their families.

When I left eastern Samara in May, young Count Tolstoy was still busy feeding about 20,000 people every day, and, besides, helping the poor people in many other ways. He continued the work almost all of that summer. He received, later on, twelve additional car-loads of American flour, through the committee in St. Petersburg.

The governor of Samara had sent out a physician to examine into the sanitary conditions. On his return journey I got the doctor's permission to accompany him. We arranged to meet

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY J. HELLAWELL.

OXEN ON MR. X.'S FARM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.)

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

THE CAMEL ON MR. X.'S FARM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

the next day at a village seven miles from our headquarters, where I found him enjoying a four-hour dinner with a government official. When they came out, in high spirits, they took seats in the official's carriage, and I followed in our tarantass. After eight miles of fast driving we stopped at the house of a priest, who invited the company to tea and wine. Finally the doctor and the official kissed each other three times, according to the Russian fashion, and we started on our drive of over thirty miles to the railroad, the doctor plying the driver with vodka so that we should not be too late for the train. Being very weary, I gave the doctor a ten-ruble bill to pay for my first-class ticket, which was to be six or seven rubles. When the train came the doctor said my ticket was all right. On the train I again composed myself for rest, but when the conductor appeared I overheard the doctor say to him, "This gentleman is sent from America with bread for the starving, and should have free passage." The conductor assented, and passed on. At Sania the doctor returned only my change, keeping the ticket-money for himself. He had asked me to get some of the American gifts sent to him for his work among the poor. I had felt inclined to recommend him, but of course changed my mind.

It will probably never fully come to light how many died from the famine and its immediate consequences during the terrible winter of 1892. But if we take into consideration the fact that mortality in Russia, taking the average figures for the whole empire, amounts to 36 in each 1000,—*i. e.*, 1000 per cent. more than what is considered the normal rate,—and among the country population in central Russia is 62 in each 1000; and that the mortality in the German Volga provinces, during the winter of 1892, amounted to five times the usual number, or about 200 in each 1000, it may be believed that the mortality among the thirty-five millions of famine-stricken subjects of Russia during the year 1892 was something frightful. Count L. N. Tolstoy, in his report of his work of benevolence in Ryazan during last summer, says:

> In districts with good crops there have been three deaths against four births, whereas in districts with bad crops there have been five births against seven deaths. In 1892 the mortality in the district of Epiphan was 69 per cent., in the district of Bogoroditsk 112 per cent., in the district of Yephremovsk 116 per cent., greater than in common years.

The emaciated muzhik still sits in his cold izba, without warm clothes, without fuel, without suitable food, or he wanders about with a bag thrown over his shoulder begging bread for himself and his family. The muzhik boy still stands at the door shivering from cold and hunger, big tears dropping from his cheeks. Tolstoy and his friends are weary, and the representatives of the Government are telling the world that the muzhiks are happy. Persons who try to ameliorate the condition of the masses are suspected persons, and are lucky if they do not see the inside of a prison, or even Siberia.

Jonas Stadling.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA — KAMAKURA.

YOKOHAMA, September 1, 1886.

. . . NATURALLY we have again been wandering in Tokio; I don't know that we have seen anything more, as we should certainly do if we had any energy in the heat. It is more natural to fritter away time in little things. Besides, there is a general feeling of discouragement accompanying the continuance of cholera; and this is an unseasonable moment. Theaters are closed; people are away. If I had to give an account of my time, I could not make it up. I know that I went to see an engraver on wood; that he showed me his work, or his way of working, of which I knew a little; that he made me drink some cherry-blossom tea, pretty to look at and of unseizable flavor; that he took me to see some of his work printed; that I climbed up a ladder, somewhere into a hot room, where a man, naked but for his loin-cloth, sat slapping pieces of paper with a big brush upon the block previously touched with color; and that the dexterity with which he fitted the paper in proper place, so that the colors should not overlap, was as simple and primitive as his dress.

Then I went to see the painter whose drawings had been engraved. I can't explain just why the arrangement of his courtyard seemed what I might have expected, and yet I still keep that impression without having noticed anything but the heat — the heat and the sun — the heat accumulated in this big dreary city of innumerable little houses.

We explained at the door our request, and after a few moments we were told that the painter, though he was ill, would see us. We entered, and sat awhile, during which interval a boy pupil, occupied in copying sketches of the master, looked at us surreptitiously through a circular opening in the partition that made him a room.

Our artist came in and sat down, evidently an ill man, and offered us the inevitable tea, and showed us his methods of preparation for the colored wood blocks, and got down examples from the great pile of rolls and bundles of papers and drawings that filled one side of the room, among which I noticed many fragments of illustrated English or American newspapers. And we dared not intrude any further, and departed — just as the conversation had turned toward European art — with gifts of drawings from him and promise of exchange.

No; what we have really done is again to call at shops and begin over again the pursuit of bric-à-brac. It is so impossible to believe that we can find nothing in all the accumulation of all these shops. But even if it be so, the manner of hunting is an amusement, as is the mere seeing of all this stuff in its own home; and the little attentions of the dealer, the being in a house with the privileges of tea and smoking, and a lazy war of attack and defense; and the slow drawing out of pieces from bags and boxes, so that time, the great enemy, is put in the wrong. And then, what one is not expected to buy or look at is quite as good. I know of one place to which I have returned to look out of the *shoji* screens into the garden, where there is a big pottery statue of Kwannon. I don't intend to get it or to bargain about it, but I intend to buy other things under its influence: perhaps the *daimio* seats that we use in our visit, or the lanterns that light us when we stay late, whose oil will have to be emptied if they are sold. And there are places where things are for sale to people versed in Chinese ways

FROM A WATER-COLOR BY JOHN LA FARGE.

THE GREAT STATUE OF BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

of thinking, but where amateurs on the wing like ourselves are not encouraged, and that is certainly seductive. Still, I am afraid that we shall miss a great deal that we wish to see, because of this dawdling in shops.

And yet there is no sadness following these visits, such as has come upon us when we have gone to see some of the modern workers. From them we depart with no more hope. It is like some puzzles, like the having listened to an argument which you know is based on some inaccuracy that you cannot at the moment detect. This about the better, the new perfect work, if I can call it perfect, means only high finish and equal care. But the individual pieces are less and less individual; there is no more *surprise*. The means or methods are being carried further and *beyond*, so that one asks one's self, "Then why these methods at all?" The *style* of this finer modern work is poorer, no longer connected with the greater design, as if ambition was going into method and value of material. Just how far this is owing to us I cannot tell, but the market is largely European, and what is done has a vague appearance of looking less and less out of place among our works, and has, as I said before, less and less suggestion of individuality. None of it would ever give one the slight shock of an exception, none of it would have the appearance which we know of our own best work, the *feeling* that we are not going to see more of it. This statement applies to the best work; the more common work is merely a degradation, the using of some part of the methods: just enough to sell it, and to meet some easily defined immediate commercial needs. I saw the beginnings years ago, and I can remember one of our great New York dealers marking on his samples the colors that pleased most of his buyers, who themselves again were to place the goods in Oshkosh or Third Avenue. All other colors or patterns were tabooed in his instructions to the makers in Japan. This was the rude mechanism of the change, the coming down to the worst public taste, which must be that of the greatest number at any given time; for commerce in such matters is of the moment: the sale of the wooden nutmeg, good enough until used. Have I not seen through the enormous West any amount of the worst stained glass, all derived from what I made myself, some years ago, as a step toward a development of greater richness and delicacy in the "art of glass"? And my rivalry of precious stones had come to this ignoble end and caricature. The commercial man, or the semi-professional man whom we call the architect, must continually ask for something poorer, something to meet the advancing flood of clients and purchasers, something more easily placed anywhere, at random, without trouble or responsibility, and reflecting the public—as it is more easy to fit in a common tile than the most beautiful Persian one—in the average of buildings made themselves to meet the same common demand. And so with all applied beauty; the degradation is always liable to occur.

Japan is an exceptional place for studying these changes; we can see them gradually evolved—all as if by vivisection of some morbid anatomy. The study of these diseases and infections of art at home is attended with moral distress and intellectual disgust, because we are all in part responsible; but here we can see it disinterestedly, and speculate dispassionately upon the degradation of good things resulting from the demands of business.

Were it quite in the line of what you expect to-day from me, I might make out for you the lines of the old scheme of civilization under which former work was done. The feudal organization of Japan divided the country into provinces of distinct habits and modes of work—more or less isolated, partly by want of easy or general communication, partly by the political interests of their rulers and of the main government, partly by the permanence of the provincial feeling which prevented the inhabitant of one place moving to another to find occupation and employment. The rule of the idea of the family, which is still great in Japan, kept things in the same order, preserved all traditions, and at the same time offered opportunities, by adoption, to individuals who might increase or keep up the family reputation or influence. Here, too, I suppose, is the basis of a certain dignity and personal independence in the manners of the people which runs in with their courtesy. Every one must have known what was expected of him, and have felt quite free after that duty paid. Within this courtesy that I see all about me, I feel something of what we might call democratic, for want of a better name. I recognize it in the manner of the subordinate, who takes an apparently personal interest in things, after his duty of politeness and obedience is paid. And though there was no absolute caste as we understand it, except in such a case as that of the Eta, the lines of life were strictly laid out, until the new laws which have made things open more or less to all. With these changes, with disturbances of fortune, with the loss of power and of income on the part of the small rulers, with a country all laid out now in "prefectures," with the necessarily increasing power of "bureaucracy," the whole tone of individual life must change, must become less independent in any one thing, more independent apparently in general—must flatten out, if I may so express it. And the artisan will have to follow

the course of trade and its fluctuations until some general level has been established — some general level of manufactures, I mean, for there is no general level possible in art. Something will happen which will resemble the ways of France, where art still exists, but where things have been so managed that any artist out of the general level has had a very bad time of it — the whole live forces of the nation, in trade and "bureaucracy," being against his living easily any life of his own. When the forces of traditional taste and skill and habits of industry now existing in Japan shall have been organized anew, Japan, like France, will have undoubtedly a great part to play in industrial trade.

Art may live or may not in the future here; nothing of what has been done elsewhere to grow it or foster it has made it stronger. It has always come by the grace of God, to be helped when it is here, or choked out; but no gardener has ever seen its seed. Some of my friends in Japan are plunged in a movement to save what there is of the past in art, to keep its traditions, to keep teaching in the old ways, without direct opposition to what may be good in the new. They see around them the breaking up of what has been fine, and the new influences producing nothing, not even bad imitations of Europe. I know too little upon what their hopes are based, but O——, who is in the "tendency," sails with us for America and Europe, and I may find out more through him. Meanwhile he is to inquire with Professor F—— into the education of the artist and artisan with us, and to see "how we do it." I am deeply interested in their undertaking, perhaps the most remarkable of all similar inquiries — if honestly conducted. But I see vague visions of distorted values, of commercial authorities looked upon as artistic, of the same difficulties for instance that I might meet if I wished now to make an official report, not to the public or to government, — that is always easy, — but to myself, who have no special interest in being misled, of the methods of art and industry that have been and exist in the East.

. . . Three days are wasted. I do scarcely any work, and there comes to me, as a punishment, a feeling of the littleness of a great deal here, coming, I think, from the actual smallness of many details — of the sizes of the little houses, of the little gardens, of the frail materials, of the set manners.

. . . To-morrow we shall go to something great, to the great statue, the "Daibutsŭ," at Kamakura, and perhaps we may even push as far as Enoshima, but I doubt it. It will be our last day, as we shall sail the following morning for Kobe. As I run along the streets of Tokio in the afternoon, with the feeling that I have tried to set down, of things having narrowed as they become familiar, comes the excited melancholy of departure, and this same ugliness and prettiness has a new value as I look upon it for the last time. I sit in the little tea-house near the station, waiting for A——, and drink the "powdered tea," which tastes better than ever, as a stirrup-cup. And I do not resent the familiarity of a big Chinaman, proud of his English, and of national superiority here in size and commercial value, who addresses me and seeks to find out whether I too have a commercial value. My answers puzzle him, and he leaves me uncertain as to quantities, and walks off with the impudent majesty of his fellows among this smaller and less commercial race.

. . . At dinner I see at the table near me a Japanese gentleman, not very young, dining with his wife and another lady, who, I am told, is a well-known *geisha*. This information I receive from my more or less trusty courier, who also gives me some confused intimation that this gentleman had participated in the murder of Richardson, the Englishman, many years ago, under the old régime, for which murder somebody else was decapitated. The wife is correct and immovable, the geisha animated, with a great deal of color and charm. A German or Russian sits at another table, heavy, diplomatic, thick-bearded; the geisha recognizes him, rises, goes over to his table, and bends very low before him, almost kneeling, then speaks courteously and animatedly, as if in compliment, to which the diplomat without turning his head says a word or two distantly. Then the geisha bends again down to the table, and walks respectfully backward, and then swings back into her seat. I am amused by this complete inversion of our own habits, and am reminded of the manners and assiduous attentions of our men at the theaters when they call on the indifferent fair. I see, too, that the points of attack and defense must be different.

The heat was still intense even in the night, within fifty yards of the sea; we went down to the quay and hired a boat with man and boy to drift out into the hazy moonlight. The boy did the main part of the work; we lay in the boat, seeing nothing but this little body, and the flapping of its garments, and everything else a vague space of lightened shadow. We rowed or sculled far away, came near to a shore where there was a tea-house, for women opened its closed sides and, revealed by their lanterns, came down and called to us. But we pulled off, and later, in a far-off ocean with no shore nor sky, came across a little summer-house built on piles, through which the volume of the sea pressed and recoiled. Nothing could be more abandoned, more improbable. There was nothing in sight. Had we entered the little pavilion, and moored our boat or let it float away,

we might have felt as if out in the distant sea. We were the center of a globe of pearl; no edges nor outlines of anything visible, except a faint circular light above, from which the pearly color flowed tremulously, and a few wrinkles of silver and dark below; no sound but a gentle sway of water. And we came home, having had the sense of the possibility of intense isolation in a fairyland of twilight.

At Sea, off Idsu, September 3.—We sailed this morning on the French steamer. It is now quite late in the afternoon. The Pacific keeps its blue under us, and a blue sea haze separates us from the violets and greens of the mountains of the shore, behind which the light is slowly sinking. All is gentle and soothing; but our captain says that he is not sure, and that "*hors d'Idzu nous aurons la houle du Pacifique.*" While waiting for this long angry roll, I shall tell you about yesterday, of which there was little—for we had undertaken too much.

We left rather too late, and drove a good way in the foggy morning, passing much culture, and under many trees, of all which I remember little. It was late when we stopped to breakfast at the little inn from which we were to be taken by kuruma, first to the big statue of Buddha, then wherever we might have time to go. We left the place, and reached the hollow between hills where the statue dwells, after passing through a curious deep cutting right through the rocks, which marks some old approach to the former city: for these hollows and fields were once covered by a great city, the city of Kamakura, the city of Yoritomo, and the great statue now out of doors was once in a temple of that city. Places are shown you in the dells: this was where was once the mansion of such a hero, here was that of the administrators of the military rule in the fifteenth century, here stood the palace where, with his two hundred and eighty last followers, such a one retired to perform harakiri, and perish in the flames, when overwhelming forces had captured the great city which was once the other capital of Japan. Trees and ordinary culture cover these spaces now.

And here was the temple. Sixty-three pillars supported its roof, and many of their bases are still there. But a great inundation from the sea, now some miles distant, destroyed the temple and its adjacent buildings. This happened as far back as the end of the fifteenth century, and the temple has not been rebuilt. The desire of Yoritomo to see the great statue made during his lifetime was not granted; but one of his waiting-ladies, after his death, collected the necessary funds, and it appears to have been cast in 1252 by Ōno Go-rō-ye-mon. I know nothing about him, but if he be the artist, it is pleasant to record his name. The image is made of bronze cast in pieces brazed together and finished with the chisel. It is nearly fifty feet high as it sits; and if these parts help you to its size, learn that its eyes, for instance, are four feet long, the length across its lap from knee to knee is thirty-five feet, and the circumference of the thumb is fully three feet. But these measures, though they show a large scale and great size, do not indicate a proportion, as we should understand it. The whole modeling is for effect, and the means and methods of the modeling are simple and elementary. Like all work done on archaic principles, the main accentuations are overstated, and saved in their relations by great subtleties in the large surfaces. It is emphatically modeled for a colossus; it is *not a little thing made big*, like our modern colossal statues; it *has always been big*, and would be so if reduced to life-size.

We saw it first from the side through trees, as we ran rapidly to the front, where are a temple gate, and a long courtyard still in order, that leads up to the statue. From the side one can see how it bends over, and rough as it is from behind, the impression of something real was strong as its gray form moved through the openings of the trees. The photographs must long have made you know it, and they also show the great base and the immense temple ornaments that stand upon it at the feet of the statue. They show also the little lodge at the side, where the priest in attendance lives, and gives information, and sells photographs and takes them, and generally acts as showman. We took many photographs from new points of view, and we even removed the thatch of a penthouse so as to get nearer and under the statue to the side; and I painted also, more to get the curious gray and violet tone of the bronze than to make a faithful drawing, for that seemed impossible in the approaching afternoon. We did not know how long a time we had spent lingering about it. The clouds had begun to open, and a faint autumnal light filled the little hollow, which has only small trees, and no imposing monuments like the great Cryptomeria, which alone might seem fit to grow about here. All, on the contrary, was gentle and small—the lines of the hills, the trees, the garden plants about us: we might have been anywhere. Perhaps it is just as well; the whole impression comes from the statue, with the only objection or detraction that we can get near enough to it to see the mechanism, the means and details of its expression. An accident, the breaking of its prison temple by a great cataclysm of nature, a great wave of the sea coming far inland and destroying the great building, has given to the statue something that it

could never have had to the physical eye — in the degree it has now. Now, freed from its shrine, the figure sits in contemplation of entire nature, the whole open world that we feel about us, or its symbols — the landscape, the hills, the trees and fields, the sky and its depths, the sunshine playing before the eyes of the seated figure, the air in which dance all the things that live in air, from the birds that fly, to the atoms of dust, and the drifting leaves and blossoms, the confusion or the peace of the elements, the snow in crystals, and the rain in drops. All this world of ours, which to the contemplative mind is but a figurative fragment of the universe, lies before the mental gaze of the Buddha. Unwinking, without change of direction, he looks forever; his will is forever subdued and held beneath him, as his fingers pressed together indicate his freedom from all the disturbances of that past of being which is subject to time and change, and his cognition, undisturbed, envelops and images the universe in final contemplation.

Astounding success of the artist in what he has really done, for there is no trace of means: the sum of realism is so slight, the conventional has so great a part; each detail is almost more of an ornament than of a representation. One almost believes that the result may be partly accidental: that, as one cannot fathom the reason of the expressiveness of a countenance, or of the influence of a few musical notes, even though one knows the mechanism, so it seems difficult to grant that there was once a choice in the other mind that caused it, that there were once many paths opened before it.

And still more do I believe that the accident of the great tempest has given a yet more patent and subtle meaning to the entire figure. Once upon a time its details, indeed, if not its entirety, must have looked more delicate in the reflected light of the temple building, when the upper part of the figure was bathed in mysterious gloomy light, while the lower glittered in answer to the openings of the doors. But could anything ever have rivaled the undecidedness of this background of veiled sky and shifting blue, which makes one believe at times that the figure soon must move? As one looks longer and longer at it, with everything around it gently changing, and the shadows shifting upon its surface, the tension of expectation rises to anxiety. The trees rustle and wave behind it, and the light dances up and down the green boughs with the wind; it must move — but there is no change, and it shall sit forever.

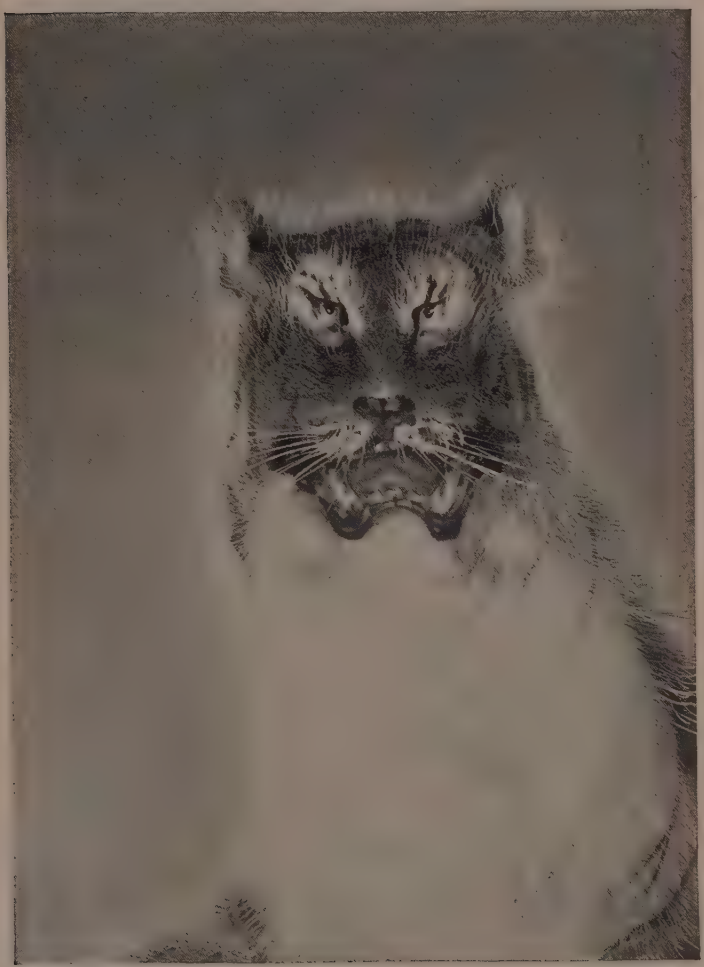
As we left, and I walked down the long pavement in front of the statue, in the early autumn sunshine and the rising freshness of the wind, I turned again and again, each time with the realization that the statue was still sitting, until we turned out of sight, a vague unreasonable sense of having left it alone accompanying me until other, different, light and gay impressions broke the influence and allowed me to think of what I had seen as a work of art, such as I could understand and decompose — and, if I wished, make also.

And we lunched at Hase, near by, and from the comfortable inn could see on the gray hill above the temple of Kwannon, and its red buildings and balustrades. After a very long lunch, we walked up to the temple, and from the platform in front looked toward the afternoon sea right before us, and the plain of Kamakura. Then we entered, and were taken in behind the great screen doors to a narrow but high place — lighted only from the little entrance — wherein stood right by us and over us, a standing figure of the divinity, all golden in the dark. It is over thirty feet high, and whether it be great art or not, — for the darkness was too great to judge of form, — the glitter of a smile of gold far up above our heads, in the obscurity of the roof, was an impression that, even so near to the great statue out of doors, remains distinct. It was late afternoon; we dared look at no more statues, nor at relics of warriors of Kamakura, and started for the beach, partly with the hope of seeing Fuji behind us. But all was veiled in the sky; we walked along the beach, our kurumas dragging with us, and crossed a little stream, and while A—— bathed in and thereby took possession of the Pacific, I walked up the sand-hills toward the little village at the end of the strand. As I came near it, an unfortunate distorted being, scarred with some leprous disease, plunged toward me in the twilight from some vague opening in the hills, and begged piteously, following me afterward with a thankful wail of "O Danna San! Danna San! Danna San," that I hear yet. We reëntered our kurumas and drove in triumph to the inn of the little village. I say in triumph: *I* drove in triumph, observed of all observers — I had my usual costume and was clothed. A——, rather than wait to get dry, rode along with only a partial covering of *yukatta*, and attracted no attention. Had he had nothing on at all, he would have been still more in keeping with many of our neighbors. Night was falling, nothing more could be done, and we got back to our carriage and horses, and drove back in the warm darkness to Yokohama. And I close as we begin to feel the roll, "*la houle du Pacifique*."

John La Farge.

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE ART.

WITH EXAMPLES FROM THE CHICAGO EXHIBIT.



PAINTING BY KISHI CHIKUDO.

TIGRESS.

THE recent tendency of Japan to return to conservative ideals marks a most healthy reaction from the policy of imitation to that of self-development. Art, the most sensitive barometer of Oriental culture, was the first national interest to plant itself on this new platform. After the fall of the shogunate and of native patronage in 1868, the masters starved; only the poorer workmen found employment in cheap production for the foreign market. Along with brick and stucco architecture, French clocks, and crimson carpets, it was deemed necessary to import Italian painters and sculptors to educate a new generation of "civilized artists." For nearly a decade large classes of young men trained in crayon drawing from Greek casts, in oil studies of models with blurry drapery, and in marble Madonnas, were turned loose upon a wondering community to perpetrate travesties of European salons. It became a disgrace to exhibit a sign of "barbarous" Oriental feeling.

CARVING IN IVORY BY ICHIKAWA KOMEI.

GODDESS KWANNON.

Meanwhile a lucrative trade had sprung up in the exportation of antiques and modern decorated wares. Japanese art became a "craze" in the West; and its signal triumphs in European and American expositions were already working a revolution in our theories of decoration. But by 1882 the old school of designers had for the most part died off without heirs, and the plundered stock of antique models was well nigh exhausted. The lull in foreign demand due to manifest deterioration perplexed the exporters. Now came the chance of the new men who had been graduated in Venuses and Italian shepherds to take the place of the masters of centuries, and to render the nation solid service. Then was it suddenly found that the fair image of Japanese creative design had been stuffed with sawdust. Those of the proud masters of

CARVING IN IVORY BY ASAHI HATSU.

BOY WITH A DOVE.

Italian art who did not despise the "inferior" work of decoration could, indeed, paint beautiful portraits of black-eyed tea-house girls languidly lolling with gauzy blue veils thrown over their bosoms; but how to adapt Renaissance arabesques to the surfaces of fans, teapots, and lacquered trays was to them an insoluble conundrum. What the West seemed to want was the very birthright which they had sold.

In this emergency the Government acted with exemplary decision. Abolishing the foreign art school as an expensive luxury, it appointed a commission to report upon the feasibility of introducing Japanese drawing into the public schools, which by this time were reveling in lead-pencil copy-books filled with outlines of such inspiring objects as goblets, student-lamps, and English barnyards. One obstacle was the lack of teachers blessed with a spark of native esthetic attainment. An immediate conservation of remaining Japanese talent into a central normal institute was seen to be imperative. A second obstacle was the bitter hostility of the ultraconservatives who wished to dominate the new movement by chaining it to the stake of modern Chinese esthetic canons. It required four years of aggressive discussion to overcome the patchwork alliance of two

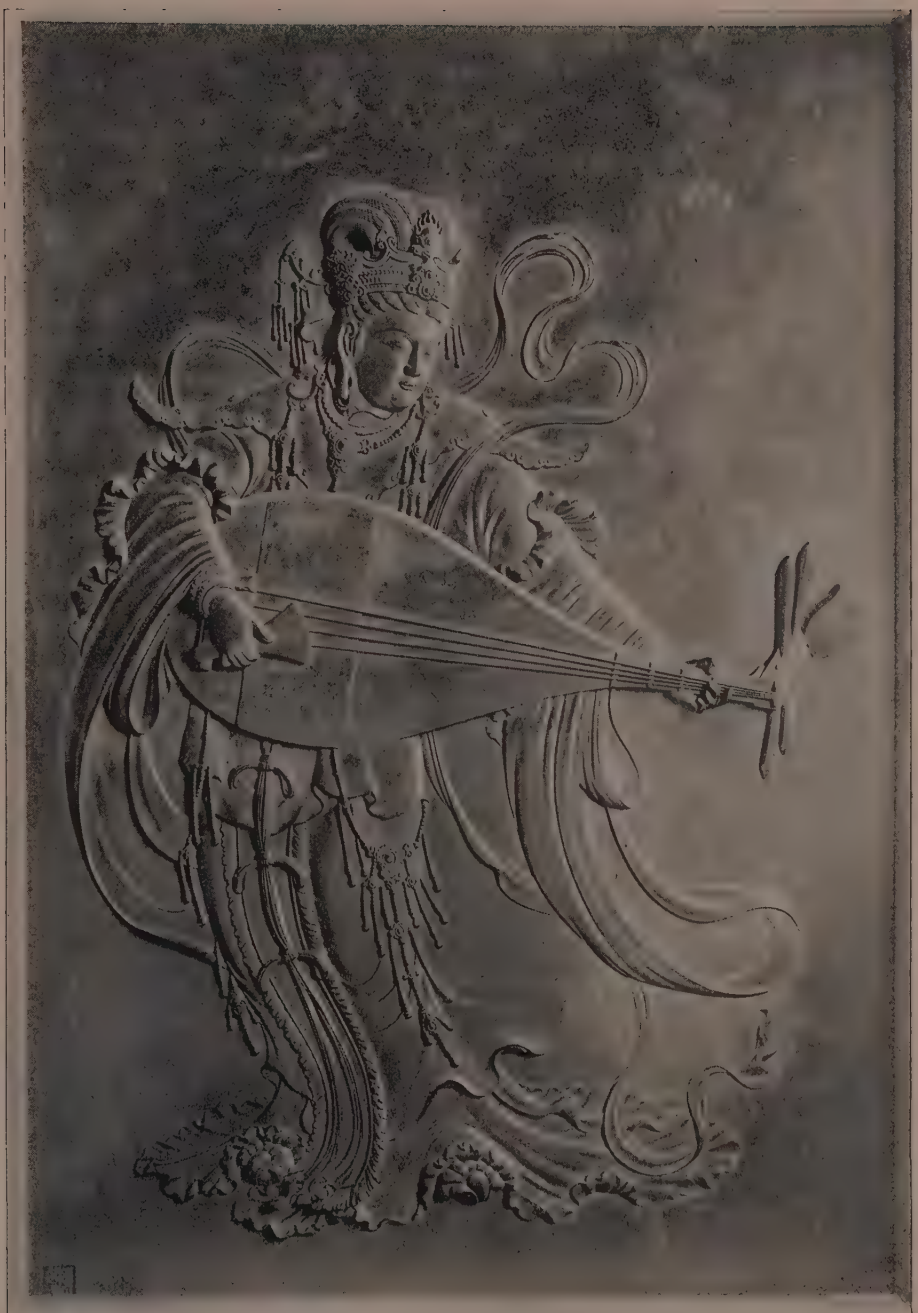
extreme parties who agreed only in this, that no policy of self-development was desirable or feasible. But by the close of 1888 the Department of Education opened the first native Fine Arts Academy, to which were gathered as instructors the few progressive masters who still survived in the arts of painting, sculpture, metal-chasing, bronze-casting, lacquering, etc., and from whom enthusiastic classes of young men, selected from hundreds by competitive examination, now hastened to learn the respective traditions before they should die out. The Government, upon imperial patronage, founded a national museum for the preservation and study of important relics, intrusted commissions for public works to the professors of the new school, and granted to artists pecuniary prizes with honorary titles. Of special moment was the appointment of the progressive leaders as judges of the national exhibitions.

The significance of the Japanese department of the World's Fair at Chicago lies in the fact that here for the first time has the policy of self-development in modern Oriental art an opportunity of justifying itself by results, however immature. By its promoters were the Government plans for this exhibition drafted and superintended; by its professors and pupils were the most important of the detached works and all of the decorations executed; and through its influence has the prevailing character of native and original design been throughout stimulated. It is well understood by the authorities that Japan's future position in the world's art cannot be established by throwing away her special gifts of pure and delicate design, in the quixotic desire to compete with France and America in the field of realistic oil-painting. Neither can she fall back listlessly upon the fame of her past achievements. She must grapple with living problems. She assumes that in her art courses sap enough for new possibilities. While at Vienna, at Paris, and at Philadelphia her triumphs were largely in her loan collections of antiques and in modern replicas, at Chicago for the first time has she deliberately dared to be original, and to ask the world's favor for her contemporary art on its own merits.

Candor compels one first of all to say that to Mr. Kakuzo Okakura, the director of the Fine Arts Academy, more than to any other one man, is the credit for this wonderful Japanese exhibit due. The wise touch of his advice is everywhere felt, from the architectural casket which reproduces the interesting proportions and decorations of the Biodoin temple at Uji, founded in the eleventh century, to the new departures in shape and glaze of the humblest pottery. In paintings the display is small but choice, the severity of the native juries having apparently exceeded that which has been deprecated in our own. The landscape by Hashimoto Gaho, chief professor of the academy, and undoubtedly Japan's greatest living artist; the summer landscape by Kumagaye Naohiko, of the school of Bunrin; the very original procession of Ogata Gekko; the group of fowls on a cart, in snow, by Watanabe Seitei; and the tigress by Kishi Chikudo, the grandson of Japan's most celebrated animal-painter, Ganku, are among the most noteworthy. In sculpture, the ape watching an eagle, by Takamura Kowun, the leading professor of wood-carving; the statuette of the Buddhist divinity Kwannon, the largest ivory carving ever made in Japan, by the famous Ichikawa Komei; and the splendid bronze relief of the goddess Benten by the great caster of the art school, Okazaki Sessei, appear to carry off the honors. In lacquer, said to be the finest work of the last forty years, is a book-shelf executed by the master Shirayama Fukumatsu; while in faience, cloisonné, woven pictures, and printed velvets, the technical qualities of former work have been decidedly surpassed. That Japanese art is dead no one can now assert.

The head of the tigress and the bronze Benten, here reproduced, are worthy of special remark, being very noble specimens of the work of the new movement. Chikudo, who has already won the highest honors in national exhibitions, here adds supreme luster to the fame of his noted family by a thoroughly original work, the power of which, reached through delicacy of technic, renders it a marvel of Japanese realism. Having painted for this exhibition four tigers which he successively destroyed as unsatisfactory, Chikudo at length produced this at the price, it is said, of temporary mental derangement, his prolonged absorption in his conception having induced the illusion that he was himself a tiger. Of the Benten it must be said that its extreme beauty and its richness of line render it the most notable contribution to sculpture of recent years. Okazaki has here far surpassed in originality and purity of design all previous efforts. Taking the simpler bronze reliefs of the Nara school of the seventh century as his starting-point, he has invested them with a wealth of line structure suggested by the Tosa religious painters of the thirteenth, fusing both elements into a splendid original impression of the "Goddess of Music," so perfectly in accord with the laws of low relief in bronze as to make this work the Japanese analogue of the purest period of the corresponding fifteenth-century Italian art. From this height seems to be descried a limitless horizon for the future of Japanese art.

Ernest Francisco Fenollosa.



BRONZE RELIEF BY OKAZAKI BESSEI.

BENTEN, THE JAPANESE GODDESS OF MUSIC.

A SWEDISH ETCHER.

(ANDERS ZORN.)

FIVE water-colors painted by Mr. Anders Zorn, and exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris in 1889, won him a first medal and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and in the same year a large painting in oils gained him a gold medal at the Salon. Another of his pictures, bought by the French government, hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery; several more are owned in Paris by Faure, the famous singer, who is an experienced collector of works of art; and certain Parisian critics have called Mr. Zorn the founder of a school of painting, although, while confessing that he can himself perceive that he has had followers, he protests that he is "a very old-fashioned person indeed," who does not give himself names or "go in for public favor," being quite satisfied if his brother artists call him a good painter. We can thus understand that Mr. Zorn is justified in saying that he is known in Europe as a painter (in England especially as a painter in water-colors), and that etching and carving are only his "diversions."

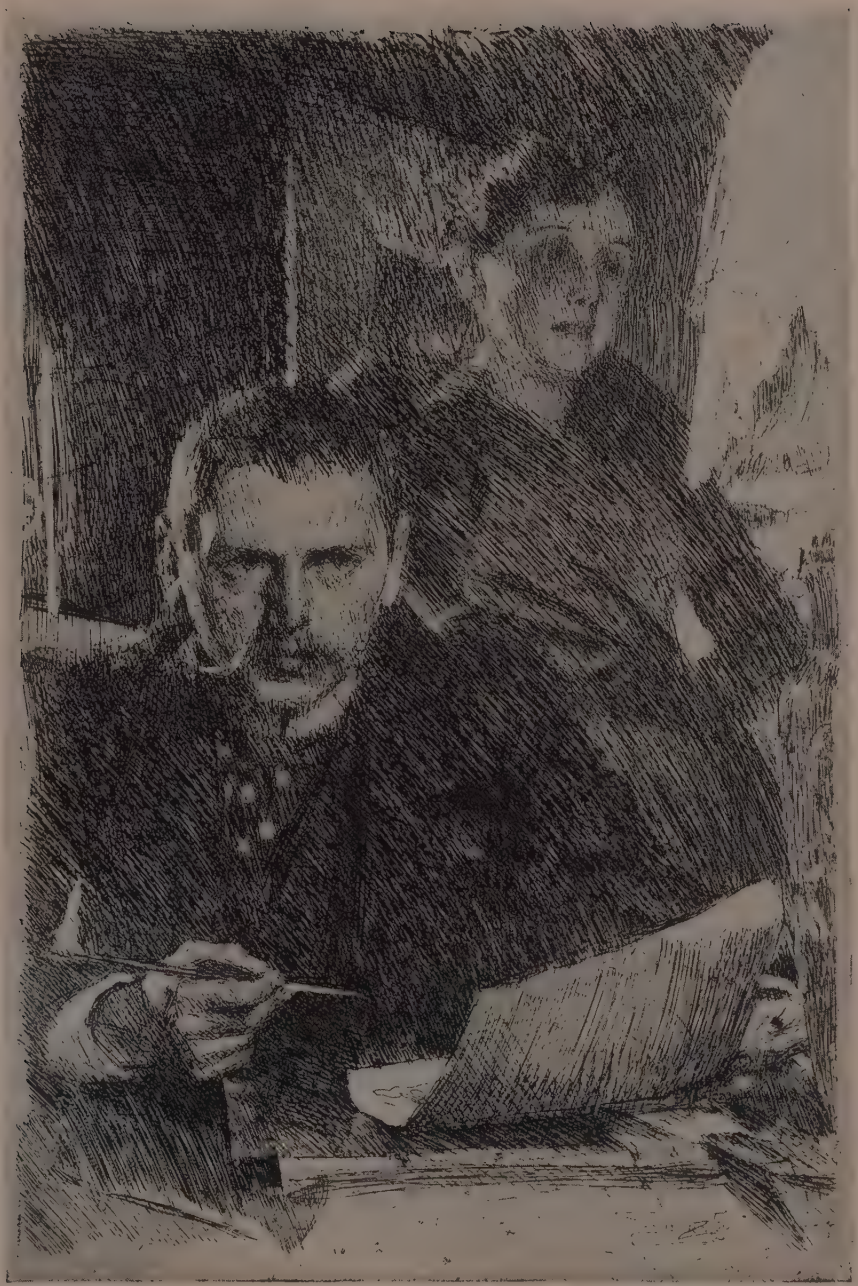
It is simply of these diversions that I have now to speak. Mr. Zorn's pictures are not yet familiar to home-keeping New-Yorkers, and I am no wiser with regard to them than the rest of my fellow-citizens. A number of them are, indeed, included in the Swedish collection at Chicago, but they were not shown while he tarried briefly in New York last spring. Only a group of etchings, four of which are herewith reproduced, and a little bust of his grandmother, carved in birch-wood, then testified to the skill and individuality of this leader among the artists of modern Sweden.

It is pleasant, of course, to be able to speak of the whole work of an artist whom one is introducing to a new public. But, on the other hand, there are disadvantages in having a large subject when what I may call one's printed canvas cannot be correspondingly wide. If I had here to comment on Mr. Zorn's paintings and water-colors, there might be little space left for mention of his etchings; and diversions though he sees fit to call them, they are works of very serious excellence, of vivid personality and singular force, well worthy of separate and special praise.

Mr. Zorn was born in Mora, in the province of Dalarne, in the central part of Sweden, thirty-three years ago. His parents were peasants, but some kindly friend gained admittance for him to a school in a small neighboring town. Later he was sent to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, where he remained three years, working chiefly in water-colors. "I was always an opponent," he says, "disliking to be controlled. I would hoist myself up on the window-sills so that no one could interfere with me. But somehow I began to get pupils, and I made a few portraits in water-color, and thus earned a little money during the year, so that in 1881 I could make my first trip abroad. I had done military service for one month before this; and I had sold my first picture, a small aquarelle, when I was sixteen. On going abroad, I spent two weeks in London and two in Paris, and then went to Spain. I spent a winter in Seville and Cadiz, painting gipsies and little girls, in water-color only. Between 1882 and 1885 I had a studio in London. In 1883 I went to Madrid to paint the nobility, and then returned to London. I had a certain amount of success in Spain, and some one in Madrid wrote my biography. In 1885 I went back to Sweden and married. After that I traveled for two years, giving the summers to Sweden and spending some time in Constantinople, Algiers, and Spain."

During all these years Mr. Zorn painted in water-colors only. He began to use oils in 1887, when he passed two months in the south of England, not knowing whether to stay there or to return to Spain. His first painting, a large one called "A Fisherman," was exhibited at the Paris Salon of next year, and was bought by the French government. In 1889 Mr. Zorn was sent by an English gentleman to paint the children of a friend in Paris, and since then he has made Paris his home. His first commission for a portrait in oils was to paint Antoine Proust, the French Minister of Fine Arts. He has also painted Coquelin, and among his most important pictures of other kinds he rates the large one called "Out of Doors," showing women bathing on the shore, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1889, and which, as I have said, received a gold medal.

Most of Mr. Zorn's paintings have been sold in Paris, and all through private channels, a fact which probably explains why we have not yet seen any of them in New-York. Here the picture-dealer's offices are almost indispensable if a young foreign painter is to appear



ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

ZORN AND HIS WIFE.

among us; and with picture-dealers Mr. Zorn will have nothing to do. In 1882, he says, when he visited London for the first time, he offered a water-color to a dealer; and after first declaring that he did not buy pictures, this gentleman offered him "fifteen dollars for a three-hundred-dollar aquarelle. I swore then," he relates, "never to enter the door of a dealer again." Many painters must have made similar vows in their youth. Mr. Zorn has been unusually fortunate in the power to keep his unbroken.

When the time came for Swedish artists to think of the Chicago Fair, Mr. Zorn was appointed their chief commissioner. He expects to remain in this country until November at least, and to paint his next Salon picture here. Let us hope that he will think better of us, from the artist's point of view, than he thinks of our English cousins. In spite of the success which he won among them as an aquarellist, "I did not care," he explains, "for their taste in art. They are in every way too heavy. Of all Europeans they are the most lacking in artistic taste. They do not feel the real art impulse. Art with them is a question of fashion. Their interest in it is only for the sake of good form. They go through a gallery paying more attention to the catalogue than to what is on the walls. Their catalogues are filled with quotations from Ruskin and Shakspere." I do not think that in this country an interest in art is thought a matter of good form. Sometimes it may be a matter of intellectual "pose," but even affectation of this sort is better than the degradation of art to the service of fashion. And most of the interest in art which Americans exhibit — whether to Mr. Zorn it seems large or small in amount, intelligent or unintelligent in quality — is, I beg him to believe, a matter of simple and serious feeling, or, at the very least, of genuine aspiration toward a kind of knowledge and emotion which, while not really possessed, is recognized as a most desirable possession.

And now it is time to say a word about the way in which Mr. Zorn has diverted himself with his etching-needle.

Contrary to the belief of the uninitiated, etching is the freest of point-processes, for the wax through which the needle merely cuts, without even scratching the plate beneath, offers less resistance to the hand than paper offers to the airiest pencil or pen. The greater an artist's freedom of hand, the greater, of course, is his chance to express himself in a distinctively personal way; and therefore personality, individuality, distinctiveness, is the first quality we look for in an etching. If we do not find it, we wonder why the artist cared to use the needle at all. But, on the other hand, an artist born to use the needle displays it in so vivid a way that a collection of etchings by master-hands has a variety unequaled in a collection of drawings done in any other way. Look from one of Whistler's fragile, dainty Venetian views, wrought as with a tracery of spider-webs, to one of Rembrandt's simply, incisively drawn landscapes, or one of Méryon's nervous, definite studies of old Paris, or one of Millet's pastoral scenes, done with a few broad, succinct lines in what I may almost call a sort of artistic shorthand. These will suffice to show how plainly an artist may put himself into his etchings — how plainly, indeed, he must put himself there if they are to be valuable; and each additional print by any other capable hand will have almost as conspicuous a personality.

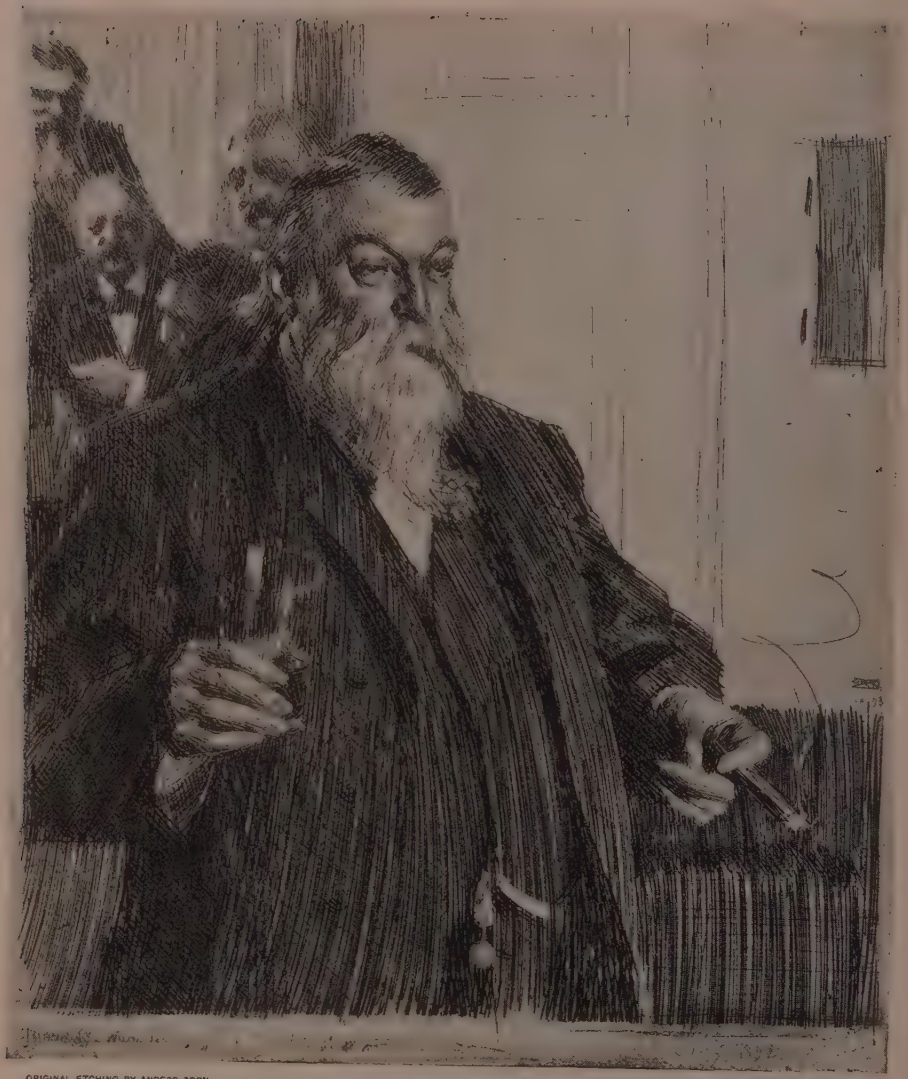
Near the extreme end of the range of the art in one direction — at the opposite pole to the subtile delicacies of a Whistler — I should put Mr. Zorn's bold, spirited, swiftly executed yet completely satisfying works. Compare, if you can, his portrait of Renan with Whistler's famous "Violoncellist," for no more instructive contrast could be studied. The figure of the violoncellist is merely indicated with a few swift lines; but the head is fully elaborated with an incomparable minuteness and refinement of touch. The more closely it is examined, the more complete and finished it appears, and the more beautiful its workmanship. We delight to study these lines for their own sake, they are so logically and harmoniously and delicately laid. We marvel how they could have been drawn; but we do not marvel that, with their aid, a beautiful, impressive head could be wrought.

Very different is the impression produced by such a figure as Mr. Zorn's "Renan." Here we do not wonder how any one could execute the lines, so much as how, with lines like these and with no more of them, so truthful, complete, and striking an effect could be produced. Mr. Whistler's method, in his violoncellist's head, attracts us in the sense that it delights the merely sensuous eye, and also satisfies the criticizing faculty by its lovely logic. Zorn's method attracts us in the sense that, while seeming hasty and almost illogical, it proves itself magnificently adequate, and therefore skilful and artful in the highest sense.

An ignorant eye may think that it must be harder to use the needle like Whistler than like Zorn. But the difficulty is as great in the one case as in the other. It would be foolish to compare the two kinds of work for the sake of trying to decide which is better. But I have a reason for contrasting them. Speedy, broad, audacious-looking work in painting is apt to be thought good to-day just because of its

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

OLGA B.



ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

"THE TOAST IN THE IDUN."

boldness, but similar work with the needle is apt to be undervalued as mere sketching which "any one could do." In both cases the inexperienced need to be told that the result is the main thing, not the method; that delicate, detailed work is worthless unless it has deeper merits, and that speedy, succinct work is good only when it really tells us all that we need to be told—when it is synthetic, not empty; when it is wisely bold, not merely reckless; when it is truly broad, not simply slipshod. One should not admire Whistler's "Violoncellist" for its refinement and finish only, but for its combination of these qualities with vigor, truth, and poetry. One should not admire Zorn's "Renan" because the facts it gives were so swiftly set down and so vigorously emphasized, but because, with this bold brevity of speech, he has managed to tell us so much and in so clear and convincing a way. His portrait of Renan is not a sketch, simple though its language is. It is a thorough study. It portrays the man, in soul and body, as fully and forcibly as any portrait without color could. It is neither to

its credit nor its discredit that, as Mr. Zorn tells us, it was done in one short sitting. The fact has biographical and critical, but no purely artistic, significance. Mr. Zorn wanted to record his impression of Renan. He could hardly have done it better had he been three months about it, and his result would be no more wonderful, as a work of art, had it been finished in three minutes. Its true value is intrinsic—resides in the impression made upon the observer desirous of knowing how Renan looked.

Yet we like, of course, to know just how so fine a piece of work was done. It was done in Renan's study in Paris, in April, 1892. "His friends," says Mr. Zorn, "came and asked me to make an etching of him. He arranged for the sitting. He was very ill, but I sat studying him for a little while, then took the plate and drew him. I asked him if it was a characteristic pose, and he replied, 'No; I very seldom sit like this.' But his wife came in and said, 'You have caught him to perfection. It is himself. When he is not watched he is always like that.' She was really touched by it. Afterward his son, who is an artist, came and expressed his feeling about it. He was very much touched indeed. I agreed with him to paint Renan when I should come back from Sweden, but he died two months after. He wrote me a most charming letter. He very seldom wrote a letter: his wife wrote for him. His letter to me is very poetical."

If, my reader, you know the poetry which resided in Renan's soul, you will be glad of this new portrait of that corporeal frame which, under the hand of less keen-sighted artists, has often seemed its almost grotesquely unfitting envelop. Here, I think, we can read signs not only of the forceful mind, but also of the idealistic temperament of the great scholar, although not so well, of course, in our reproduction as in the etching itself. No reproduction of an etching can render all its impressiveness. The mere translation of the etched lines into lines of another quality must work harm; and, moreover, as is the case with all our other reproductions, the size of the original has been much reduced, while the work of a sensitive artist is always done with a very nice regard to questions of scale.

"The Idun" (Goddess of Youth) is the name of a scientific and artistic society in Stockholm. A painting by Zorn, called "The Toast in The Idun," and showing its secretary and founder Wieselgren, Nordenskjöld, and Professors Key, Waern, and Hildebrand, was presented to the association on its thirtieth jubilee, but is now owned by the Swedish government, and hangs at this moment among the Swedish pictures at Chicago. From it Mr. Zorn made the etching

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

ERNEST RENAN.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM THE ORIGINAL CARVING IN BIRCH-WOOD (SIX INCHES HIGH) BY ZORN.

THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE ARTIST.

which we show. Here he has not worked in just the same way as in the "Renan," but his handling is even more interesting when one studies how its seemingly reckless strokes result in an effect of so much completeness and force.

Interest of this same sort, however, is still more strongly felt when we look at the portrait of the artist and his wife in their studio. Examined close at hand, in the large etching itself, these quick, bold, slanting strokes hardly seem to have definite meaning. They do not follow the contours and accommodate themselves to the modeling of the various parts of the subject as do the lines of etchers who care greatly for obvious logic and grace of handling. Yet, viewed at the proper distance, each is found to be full of most accurate purpose. The forms of the figures and accessories define and round themselves with astonishing truth and force; everything holds its proper place in the composition; atmosphere and light are beautifully rendered; and for dramatic vividness, for expression of character, few etched portraits I have ever seen can compare with these.

When one studies close at hand the apparently meaningless broad touches in a picture by Velasquez, and then, standing back, sees how marvelously they fall into place as ren-

derings of things which could not be more truthfully, or half so forcibly, rendered by any amount of careful elaboration, one learns to appreciate that truly synthetic kind of painting which may be called interpretation rather than representation. And just so it is when we study this etching of Mr. Zorn's. Mere boldness, mere dash, the mere omission of details, can never give results like these. They imply that the artist has so keenly felt and so thoroughly understood every quality of his subject, that while laying masses or lines as they do not show themselves in nature and, taken separately, do not even seem to translate anything in nature, he can, nevertheless, so lay them that when some degree of distance blends them together, the subject reveals itself with a particularly convincing veracity. Such work, I say, is interpretative work; and an artist cannot interpret truly if he sees superficially or works recklessly. He must be master of his subject, and master also of the subtilest resources of his art.

A ball-room scene, showing a brightly lighted room opening out beyond a darker one, and two figures in the foreground, waltzing half in the light and half in the shadow, is another surprising instance of seemingly rash but most intelligently calculated workmanship; and it is also remarkable for the expression of rhythmic movement in the figures. A portrait of Faure, singing to his own accompaniment on the pianoforte, is less dashingly handled, but not less strong and interesting. Different again is the portrait of Olga B. (which is reproduced on page 585), and especially attractive because it shows — what the others might leave in doubt — that this very virile etcher has, upon occasion, a keen feeling for beauty. His hand can, indeed, be very delicate, and his spirit very poetic, as may be read in a large etching called "A Fisherman" (done from his picture in the Luxembourg Gallery).

I wish that it had been possible to reproduce this for my readers; also a small half-length portrait of a middle-aged woman wrapped in furs, which has all the dramatic intensity of a Rembrandt etching; and also another, more airily treated, but with a quite delicious spirit, grace, and humor, where a prettily audacious young woman tilts up her little nose to watch the smoke from her cigarette. But to reveal the full range of Mr. Zorn's talent one would have to show each and all of his works. His mind seems able to put itself into artistic sympathy with subjects of every kind, and his hand is equally versatile and always in nicest accord with the character of his theme and his feeling about it. Still, to me, his boldest, bravest, most incisive etchings seem the most interesting, because the most characteristic, the most individual, the most unlike those of other etchers.

"I began to etch," he says, "in 1883, in London. Mr. Haig was a friend of mine, and he showed me something of the process. I had not been stimulated by the English etchers. I etched Haig's portrait among the first things that I did. I took up the art merely as an amusement, and worked at it only at odd times, instead of sitting at home or going about for entertainment. Instead of photographing a picture as a souvenir, I etched it. I etch directly on the plate from nature, and generally do but one biting. I very rarely have more than one sitting. The result is thus more harmonious; all my best things have been done in one sitting. I can do an etching from nature, like the portrait of myself and my wife, in three hours. This was retouched with a graver a couple of times. I never use anything but the graver to retouch a line; I never use the dry-point, and am almost alone in this."

With regard to the little bust of his grandmother, carved in birch-wood, Mr. Zorn says: "I have painted my grandmother a great many times, and the pictures have always been sold, so I made this little carving as something to keep. From beginning to end it was carved from nature and with carvers' tools. My grandmother," he adds, "is very picturesque"; but this we do not need to be told, nor that there were probably other reasons why her grandson wished to have a portrait of her; nor again, that this bust probably is a portrait in the fullest, exactest sense of the word. It is a delightful thing in subject as in execution. Every detail of the sweet, strong old peasant face is lovingly rendered, and yet one thinks most not of details or even of features, but of the soul behind them.

Although Mr. Zorn has practised art in so many forms, and has tried so many kinds of subjects, he says that first of all he considers himself a portrait-painter. I hope that we shall be able to judge him as a painter of portraits if we get to Chicago; but meanwhile his great talent as an interpreter of the human face and form can be well appreciated from his etchings alone. The boldest and most spirited of them are, I repeat, my favorites. I think he will agree with me when I say that, if you know the "Renan," the "Toast," and the studio group, you know the best of Zorn in so far as needle and acid can show it. And I am sure you will agree with me that thus a new figure, of a most interesting and impressive kind, has been added to the list of your friends in art.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

MR. JONES'S EXPERIMENT.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

THE PROPOSAL.

MR. F. MANDEVILLE JONES was slowly recovering from a fever which had relented only after the doctors had given him up, and his friends had begun to enumerate his good qualities; and in the seclusion of the sick-room he reflected long and seriously upon the life which he had been about to submit, as a closed record, for judgment.

With keen introspection he sought out the flaws in his character, analyzing the motives of action, testing principles, and criticizing the method and result of all his life. He was a bachelor of mature age and comfortable fortune, a fairly successful lawyer, of good social position, correct habits, and genial nature—in short, a gentleman of parts, and a most acceptable member of society. Thus, at least, he was rated by the world, and thus, in his casual moments of self-examination, he had been accustomed to regard himself. But now, solemnized by the recent near approach of death, and with new clearness of vision, he

studied the being that he had been, and knew himself for what he really was—a dishonest man; that is, conventional and insincere. He reviewed with impartial scrutiny his social relations, and was forced to admit that he had not spoken and lived the truth—the real truth of his conscience. Day by day he had politely lied, courteously repressed his real feeling, and amiably concurred in that which he knew to be false, until deception had become the unconscious habit of his life; and brooding over this unwelcome fact, he so magnified his fault that it assumed the proportions of a deadly sin, from which he must find deliverance at any cost. He resolved that with the return of strength he would enter upon a new life. He would in all things, and at all hazards, be simply true to himself and to the obvious principles of rectitude.

He realized that the duty to which he had resolved to devote himself would be exacting and difficult; but to shirk it for that reason would be unworthy of him regenerate. And again and again, during the long period of his convalescence, he renewed his resolution, and rehearsed the glories of his certain victory over the sins of duplicity, until he became an enthusiast, or perhaps a monomaniac, on the subject of truth as a rule of conduct, and longed for the field of action. Yet with all his zeal he intended to be reasonable. He would not gratuitously affront society by noisy declamation, or assert himself inopportunely or unchallenged. He would not give way to unworthy impulses simply because they were real; but, on the other hand, he would not blink the truth according to his conscience, however unwelcome, whenever he should properly be put in evidence.

After careful consideration of his physical condition and rate of improvement, he was confident that by the opening of the new year, then close at hand, he would have quite regained his strength and be ready to resume his place in the social world; and he would then resolutely take up the task of honest living.

The eventful day arrived, and Mr. Jones sallied forth with two great resolutions; whereof the major has been sufficiently indicated, and the minor may be guessed when it is known that he bent his steps toward the home of Miss Stella Van Riper. Mr. Jones belonged to that class of bachelors known as eligible. For some years he had preserved his autonomy without apparent reason; and recent meditations upon the duty of man, and the exceptional qualities of Miss Van Riper, having shown him the error of his way, he had resolved to lose no time in gaining the right path, which he fondly hoped to do by means of a frank declaration to this lady of the exact state of his feelings, in which, of course, he would state the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

He was received on this occasion with that cordiality which Miss Van Riper always manifested toward gentlemen whose calls were frequent enough to indicate a probable purpose, and with, perhaps, a certain superadded warmth due to her considerable interest in him, and consequent joy over his restoration to health and her society. After an hour of preliminary conversation, beginning with a recital by him of the interesting features of his recent illness, continued by the enumeration of similar cases, and ending with a polite but not extravagant avowal of the pleasures experienced in the renewal of their friendly intercourse, Mr. Jones found himself at the brink of opportunity, and poised for the fateful plunge.

Miss Van Riper, with a woman's quick perception of great moments, assumed the attitude of genuine and yet not painful surprise, with the right hand somewhat conspicuous and easily tangible. She had done this before, but never when she felt so sure of her emergency. Mr. Jones, having mentally renewed his vow of absolute sincerity in all things, thus proceeded:

"Miss Van Riper, I desire to speak with you upon a personal subject of great, and I trust mutual, interest; and at the outset let me assure you that I shall permit no enthusiasm or fervor or habit of hyperbole to carry me beyond the limits of exact truth and perfect sincerity; for I am resolved that simple honesty shall be henceforth my constant rule of action. You cannot have failed to observe that marked preference which I have shown of late years for your society. Indeed, I am conscious that at sundry times I have given you more or less explicit assurances of my special regard. Doubtless some of these may have been accentuated by the too common tendency to an extravagant laudation of your sex, and should be qualified by that consideration; but however that may be, the main fact of personal esteem remains."

Here he hesitated, and Miss Van Riper, being restrained by no vow, remarked that he had always been very polite, but she had never dreamed that—that he had not been just the same to the other girls.

"No," he continued; "there was a difference. While it is true that with the careless duplicity which is the unfortunate habit of my sex, and once was mine, I have given similar assurances to other ladies, they were not so fully warranted by the fact; and I now regret and ought perhaps to recall them; whereas with you I am constrained to reinforce such

"HALF A BOTTLE LATER."

former suggestions. Miss Van Riper, I have critically examined the state of my emotions; and though I have at times doubted, and have somewhat distrusted my own judgment, I am satisfied, upon a full, and, I trust, impartial, review of all the evidence, that I love you. I do not say that I adore you, or worship your footprints, or even that I love you as I had never thought to love, or as no woman was ever loved before; for I am convinced that such protestations are in most cases — and would probably be in the present — extreme and misleading. I could, indeed, find it easy to make them now, in the excitement of my emotions, and to think them true; but reason teaches me, and candor compels me to admit, that such passionate avowals should not be wholly credited. I feel that you are essential to my happiness. In this I may, of course, be mistaken; and you will therefore regard this as but the expression of a personal opinion upon the subject. As for myself, I give you no assurance of exceptional merits. There is always danger that an individual may be disqualified, either by undue vanity or by excessive modesty, to pass upon his own value. I can only say that the disposition of persons in polite society is to conceal or repress the baser elements of character, and to exhibit to the best advantage the more attractive qualities,—a fact which should not be overlooked in forming our estimates of each other; and with this caution I must leave you to your own conclusions, as I am left to mine."

By this time Miss Van Riper's face was a study. She was old enough, and sufficiently self-possessed, to appreciate the reasonableness of Mr. Jones's propositions, and felt, too, that his case ought not to be prejudiced by his extraordinary candor; but she had long looked

forward to this moment, and had well-matured ideas as to the proprieties of the occasion — none of which had been regarded. Her right hand was still free. She clasped it with the left, — feeling that something was due from somebody, — and wondered whether at this point she ought to treat his remarks as complete. She hesitated, and Mr. Jones, perceiving that he had omitted something, asked her to be his wife; and she, with downcast eyes and averted conscience, told him she was so surprised — that it was all so new and strange — that she really had hardly thought of marriage — and was he sure that he would always love her just the same? He replied that he had asked himself that question, and that while he could not honestly assure her that it was absolutely certain, he felt the greatest confidence in the stability of his affection.

It had been well for Miss Van Riper had she been content with this guarded statement of the case; but how could maiden heart surrender to a preamble and set of resolutions! She would make some effort to secure her rights; and she began by being *so* surprised that he should think her beautiful. This surprise, having really no inducement in fact, was most unfortunate. He had chosen her with his eyes open and without the aid of any optical illusion, partly because of a certain maturity, which corresponded well with his own, but which in most ladies postdates the heyday of youth and beauty; and in spite of his vow, he was terribly tried by this uncalled-for remark, and especially because he knew that in the days of his duplicity he had indulged in sundry conventional compliments which might have misled her even to the extent indicated by her expression of surprise. But he was fairly challenged, and the great principle of his new life was at stake. He was tempted for a moment to compromise by some general observation that mere beauty had never been the chief inspiration of his love; but in her eyes he read a larger expectation, and he must answer it. So he told her kindly, but firmly, that he had not intended to imply, nor could he honestly permit her to assume, that her beauty, though entirely satisfactory to him, was of that transcendent quality to compel especial and exclusive homage; and trusted that he would not be misunderstood if in his desire to be entirely frank he took occasion to correct any false impression which he might inadvertently have given her on this subject. Then she supposed, with tears in her voice, that since he was not very sure of his love, and considered her such a fright, he must have some other reason for wishing to marry her; and she was sure she could n't imagine what it was unless he wanted her fortune — and she wished she had n't a dollar, so she did. Now nothing could have been more absurd and unjust than this suggestion, and Mr. Jones hastened to assure her that her suspicion — if indeed she really entertained it — was wholly unfounded; that her appearance was really most attractive to him, and that as to her fortune, while he could not honestly assert that he had not considered it, yet he sincerely believed that it had not influenced him to any appreciable extent. But it was too late. She who had long held herself in readiness to reward the love of some honest man, in the face of this fine opportunity found her purpose paralyzed by the blow to her vanity, and she did what most women would have done under the same exasperation. Mr. Jones withdrew, sadly conscious that he had deserved a better fate, and went to his club.

It was the first time he had been there since his recovery, and the cheery greetings of several friends almost persuaded him for the moment that he had something left to live for. Here he found a note, which had been awaiting him some days, inviting him to dine that evening with his old friend Mrs. Axminster, and to meet a few other old friends. This gave him a pang; for he remembered that Miss Van Riper had spoken of this dinner as an engagement for the evening, and he was in no mood to appear again, so soon, in the presence of one who had so cruelly misjudged him. True, he felt a momentary impulse to go, and be feverishly brilliant, and stun her with reckless gaiety; but he knew well enough that this suggestion had come to him out of some novel or drama, and not from his real feeling — and this was sufficient. He had fought a good fight that day for downright honesty, and though sorely wounded, he was still loyal to the cause; and so he at once despatched to Mrs. Axminster, not a mere formal regret, but a note in which — as may hereafter appear — he set forth fully and frankly the reasons which impelled him to decline her kind invitation.

He had hardly done this when he was approached by a friend who requested him to sign the application of a certain Mr. Plush for membership in the club. He hesitated. He had frequently given his indorsement to such applications, and sometimes in behalf of applicants less worthy; but that was before his sense of responsibility had been awakened. He felt that he could not conscientiously vouch for this man as possessed of all the qualifications which, in his judgment, such a club ought to require; and so he declined to sign, and, disdaining subterfuge, candidly explained that he could not cordially recommend the applicant as a gentleman worthy of admission. Of course his words were promptly, and more than fully, reported by the indignant friend to

the aspersed candidate, who, with singular obtuseness, failed to appreciate Mr. Jones's conscientious scruples, and incontinently charged him with malice, hypocrisy, and sundry other sins of the litany.

If now we recur to the note which had been sent to Mrs. Axminster, and follow it into her hands, we shall find that estimable lady in a state of perturbation hardly to be expected, and which will require a little explanation.

Mrs. Axminster was a widow of mature age, whose buoyant spirits and persistent charms had long excited the envy of her juniors. During the few years of her widowhood she had been conspicuous as an example of the sanitary effect of well-modulated grief. She bloomed in weeds as if they nurtured her; and she had kept her heart as fresh as her complexion — a result due in part, it may be, to the fact that the late Mr. Axminster had never drawn largely upon her store of sentiment.

Her return to fashionable society was an event of great importance, especially as it was freely said that she was about to bestow her hand upon one of her many admirers, generally conceded to be the identical Mr. Plush already mentioned as a candidate for other honors.

This rumor had reached her ears, and was not altogether unwelcome. She was content that society should regard her as a flower still fresh and fair enough to pluck, and did not seriously resent the insinuation that she might, possibly, be overcome by the pleadings of some favored suitor; but she regarded the more specific details of the rumor with apprehension, since in fact Mr. Plush, although attentive enough to give color to the report, had not as yet culminated, and since, moreover, she had definitely decided against him in advance, and felt the rank injustice to other admirers of an unfounded rumor of this discouraging nature. And this is not surprising. No woman exposed to the danger of a second husband desires to have the risk unfairly diminished; and in the present instance Mrs. Axminster was especially annoyed, because she had fully determined, upon a careful review of her possible suitors, that in case Mr. Jones should reciprocate, as seemed extremely probable, the marked preference of which she was conscious, and should attempt to over-persuade her, he should have a fair chance. While she had, as a matter of extra precaution, denied to certain other possible candidates the rumor of her engagement, she had been prevented by Mr. Jones's long illness from reassuring him on this point, and felt keenly the wrong which had been done him. Indeed, she had at once diagnosed his disease as a bitter disappointment with typhoid complications, and regretted that the usages of her world forbade her to offer the only specific; and upon his recovery she had planned a little dinner, and invited him, with the secret purpose of convincing him, by all delicate and seemly methods, of the prematurity of his despair.

It was therefore with more than ordinary anxiety that she awaited his long-delayed response, and with peculiar interest that she read his note, which ran thus:

MY DEAR MRS. AXMINSTER: I have but just found your kind invitation at the club, and hasten to reply, regretting the embarrassment which the delay may have caused you. With thanks for the kindness which prompted it, I must yet decline the invitation. In saying this, I feel that it is due to our long friendship, the memory of which is very dear to me, that I reject the artifice too frequently employed on such occasions, and tell you frankly that to be of your party this evening would necessitate my meeting conventionally a lady — whom I need not name — with whom my present relations are such as would render the occasion extremely painful to me, and possibly unpleasant to her. I trust I do not seem by this to imply any censure; I simply mean that I lack the fortitude to turn so soon from the grave of my slain hope and face the slayer — alas! still so dear to me — and the gay world in which she moves. Very sincerely yours,

F. MANDEVILLE JONES.

Now, when Mrs. Axminster read this note she was ignorant of Mr. Jones's morning call on Miss Van Riper and the disaster thereof, and of the fact that Mr. Jones had been apprised of the invitation to that lady; and of course, reading his words in the dim light of what she knew, and the full glare of what she believed, about his state of feeling, she could hardly doubt that the lady to whom he referred, whom he would necessarily meet in coming to her house, and who had slain his hope, was — herself. The fact is that Mr. Jones had for some years been on the best of terms with Mrs. Axminster. Before her husband's death her house had been to him one of those quasi homes in which bachelors rejoice; and even at that time he had felt it his privilege to respond sympathetically to that yearning for sentiment which possessed her, and to some extent influenced her manner and prompted the expression of her feelings; and during the period of her seclusion as a widow he had been one of the few excepted from the ban, and had not felt it his duty to repress any natural sympathy, or belittle the esteem in which he held her. Indeed, the temptation to a man of the world — as he then was — to give full measure of devotion to any charming woman who seems to like it is clear and distinct, and Mr. Jones was not at that stage of his development superior to it; so it is not

surprising that she should have regarded his homage as more especial and exclusive than it really was. This is one of the mistakes commonly made by women who know themselves, but believe men to be honest.

But there was no time for speculation, even if there were room for it. It was already afternoon, and Mr. Jones must be saved from his error, and that right speedily; and with a palpitating heart and a blush that startled her into thoughts of long ago, she hastily penned these lines:

> MY DEAR MR. JONES: It is all a mistake. There is no reason why you should not meet the lady in question as usual; and she will be very much disappointed if you do not come.
>
> IRENE.

This note, which was quickly despatched to Mr. Jones, transformed that melancholy person as if by magic; for of course he read between the lines that Miss Van Riper had already repented of her hasty action, and had made a confidante of her dear friend Mrs. Axminster, who therefore fully understood his trouble and sought to relieve it. "Dear, good Mrs. Axminster!" thought he. "What a kindly old soul she is! I 'll adopt her as a mother."

The filial quality of his new affection was due to the fact that she was a few years his senior, a fact which, on the other hand, had given to her feeling no maternal character—so much does the point of view control the deference paid to age.

At the appointed hour Mr. Jones appeared, radiant with joy, and eager for the penitential word or glance which surely awaited him; but he was disappointed to find Miss Van Riper surrounded by other guests, and apparently indifferent to his presence. He had no difficulty, however, in getting a moment apart with his beaming hostess, and, pressing her hands with unmistakable fervor, he called her an angel and vowed that he owed her the happiness of his life. She called him a foolish boy, to be so easily discouraged, and the next moment whispered to her dearest friend that she had at last consented to become Mrs. Jones, but wished nothing said about it at present; and within five minutes her dearest friend had enjoined the same secrecy upon the other ladies present, including the astounded Miss Van Riper; and before dinner was announced the gentlemen had severally been pledged to the same silence.

Now it was most natural, from the hostess's point of view, that Mr. Jones escorted her to the table and occupied the place of honor, and most extraordinary, from his point of view, that Miss Van Riper was placed at the other end of the table and next to Mr. Plush, concerning whom his candid opinion has been already recorded; and quite clear from their respective points of view that Mr. Jones was the most shameless villain of the age—poor Mr. Jones, whose only aim it was to be perfectly honest and sincere! In fact, so profound was this conviction, that when Mr. Plush inquired of Miss Van Riper whether, in her opinion, their hostess had secured full value for herself in the transaction referred to, she replied, with some intensity, that she regarded Mr. Jones as a minus-nonentity—an estimate which Mr. Plush facetiously characterized as excessively high.

The hour wore on right merrily, with laugh and jest and tinkling table-talk, and now and then a sly allusion, closely veiled, to a certain recent social event; and yet Mr. Jones was not supremely happy. He was watching Miss Van Riper, alert to catch the tender glance that should assure him of her yielding heart, and she seemed never to see him. True, it might have been her maiden modesty, the half shame of her conscious passion, that hid her tell-tale eyes from him; it might have been some proper feminine instinct that prompted her to hang upon the words of that inferior Mr. Plush as if he were an oracle: nevertheless, he wished it otherwise, and grew uneasy. It was not enough that his hostess, in all the effulgence of her joy, beamed full-orbed upon him; he never felt her beams, but gazed disconsolate upon the cold and distant star. At last, perplexed and desperate, he turned to Mrs. Axminster, and said in a low and anxious tone, "It cannot be—you must have deceived yourself—I see no sign of feeling," and she replied, "Hush, dear! Be patient! I must play the hostess now." Strangely enough, there was something in her words, or perhaps in the fond glance that accompanied them, which disturbed him; and when, a moment later, she quietly directed his attention to the couple opposite, and remarked in a confidential undertone that she believed that Stella Van Riper was engaged, or as good as engaged, to Mr. Plush, he looked at her in amazement, which slowly settled into a sort of stupor in which his dizzy mind was vaguely conscious of some horrible mistake. He tried to think what it was; but the lady on his right insisted on telling him about some people of his name she had met last summer, and had to be satisfied upon the question of relationship. He endeavored to recall the exact words of his note to Mrs. Axminster, and her reply; and the gentleman just beyond that lady insisted that he favor the table with the story of his interview with the colored evangelist. He strove to remember whether in either note the name of the lady in question had been mentioned,

and had just reached a sickening conclusion in the negative and begun to shiver with apprehension of the possible truth, when the company arose and the ladies withdrew.

Then with the cigars came the opportunity for a moment's calm reflection; and closing his ears to the lively sallies of his companions, he swiftly reviewed the incidents of the day, and reached the conclusion that by the unrestrained exercise of simple honesty he had forever estranged the woman he loved, and become ridiculously involved with the woman he had intended to adopt as a mother.

But was he really engaged? He now saw clearly enough that his foolishly frank note to Mrs. Axminster had been construed by that excellent person as a note of despair, evoked by the rumor of her engagement to another, and he could hardly doubt that her reply was intended as a gracious acceptance of his implied devotion; but such a correspondence—so indefinite, and founded upon a misunderstanding—could never be held to constitute a contract. The more he reflected upon it, the more comfortably certain he felt that in spite of appearances he was really not engaged—until he happened to recall the genial atmosphere of the meeting with his hostess, and how he held her hands, and called her an angel, and told her how happy she had made him; and then he felt clammy, and yearned for the fool-killer. Clearly, there was nothing left him but to linger this evening, and by another frank avowal, and a more explicit statement of his experience with Miss Van Riper, explain his conduct and set matters right. It would be disagreeable. He was not a man of lively imagination, but he could easily anticipate that. Still, it must be done, and at once.

Having reached this conclusion, he felt somewhat relieved, and was about to resume his functions as a social being, when the Rev. Mr. Surplice, his old friend and pastor, drew him aside, and, claiming the privilege of his office, and his long friendship for both parties, warmly congratulated him upon his engagement, adding that he had already taken the same liberty with dear Mrs. Axminster, and had been deeply touched by her frank expression of the happiness she felt in at last yielding to the impulse of her affections. Mr. Jones gasped; but even here his presence of mind did not utterly fail him. He inquired of his reverend torturer when he had first heard of the affair, and whether he thought the rumor had reached others; and was informed that Mrs. Axminster had told Mrs. Surplice just before dinner—in confidence; that Mrs. Surplice had told him, and that he, from his general knowledge of that good lady's facility in imparting information of such matters, had no doubt that all the ladies in the party now possessed the secret, and several of the gentlemen had already indicated to him some knowledge of the situation; and indeed, he, the speaker, saw no reason to conceal an event so worthy to be known, and so certain to delight the many dear friends of both parties. Mr. Jones did not respond as an irrepressibly happy man would have done, and he felt distinctly less inclined to linger, and have that understanding with Mrs. Axminster.

What could he do! The gentlemen were now quitting the table to rejoin the ladies. He could hardly remain alone in the dining-room, and in the drawing-room, alas! what might befall! He thought of suicide, flight, insanity, and the various other avenues of escape from trouble, and had about concluded that the only happy issue out of all his tribulation would be to awake and find that he had mistaken a harmless prancing nightmare for a real hungry lion looking for Jones, when he found himself in the other room and face to face with Miss Van Riper. She flushed angrily, and would have avoided him; but in an agony of despair he pressed forward and said to her: "May I not speak with you? I did not know—a terrible mistake—" he paused. Her mild blue eye, in which until this day he had never seen an unpropitious gleam, now pierced him cruelly; and slowly, steadily, distinctly she replied, "Mr. Jones, the catalogue of your mistakes is becoming tiresome;" and before he could rally she had passed away on the arm of the objectionable Mr. Plush, who was smiling a cruel smile. From that moment his case grew steadily worse. The coldness of Miss Van Riper froze his marrow, and the frank partiality of his hostess quite unnerved him. He dared not go, and he feared to stay. The moment when he should be left alone with the charming widow, and driven to explanation, appeared to him more dreadful than the day of judgment, and seemed to approach more rapidly than to the doomed criminal comes the hour of execution; and when, one by one, the guests had taken leave, and the fair object of his apprehension turned to him and sweetly said: "At last, Mandeville, we are alone," he thought, "How happy are the dead—wherever they are!" and then silently renewing his vow of utter frankness at all hazards, he spoke:

"Mrs. Axminster, I desire, or rather I am compelled, to be perfectly candid with you—"

Here we must draw the veil, not meaning thereby to imply that there was anything in the interview which might not properly be told, but simply because Mr. Jones, who has kindly and frankly given us the true story of his experience up to this point, in the hope that it would be repeated as a warning to others,

here drew the veil himself; and no amount of persuasion, nor even the threat of supplying the omission out of the writer's imagination, could induce him to furnish the details. He says that even as there are moments in a man's experience to which the world is not entitled, so there are centuries which a man has the right to forget if possible — and that this was one of them. Of course his computation of time must be regarded as inaccurate; but the situation, so far as revealed, indicates that he may have had at least a most uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and that there might be sufficient reason why even so candid a man might desire to withhold the particulars from a cold and merely curious world. So we must be content to take up the narrative where he did, a little later in the evening, when, haggard and wan-eyed, he paused a moment on the pavement just outside the door, and assured himself in a feeble voice that he had only tried to be honest, and then mechanically took his way toward the club. At the same moment Mrs. Axminster, tearfully furious, was engaged in writing notes to her confidantes of the evening, informing them that for reasons quite sufficient, based as they were upon conduct unbecoming a gentleman, she had forever terminated the particular relations of which they had been advised, and hoped that no reference would be made to them — which of course secured a wide publicity for her unfortunate affair with the recreant Jones, and a general denunciation of that unhappy monster.

Arrived at the club, he took his seat in the café, and told a waiter to bring him a pony of brandy. Having tossed off this, he ordered a four-in-hand of the same. He was now looking wild, and a sort of hilarity, forced and unnatural, began to manifest itself.

About half a bottle later, the gentleman who had asked him to sign the application of Mr. Plush came in, and at sight of Mr. Jones walked up to him with some emphasis, and said that he had been thinking over Mr. Jones's action in that matter, and had resolved to demand an explanation of the aspersions cast upon his friend; adding that Mr. Plush also would avail himself of the first convenient opportunity to exact specifications of the serious charge which had been made against him. By this time the guiding star of his new life glimmered but faintly through a vinous mist; and rising, with difficulty, he grasped the hand of the astonished speaker, and in thick but fervent tones declared that Mr. Plush was all right, — a perfect gentleman, — and that he longed to encounter the man who doubted it — and insisted on ringing for something to Plush's health; but very soon his mollified companion detected in poor Jones's tangled cerebration signs which alarmed him, and, calling for a carriage, took him home and summoned his physician. The brain-fever which followed quite puzzled the doctor, who was loath to believe that a dinner-party, and a glass or two after it, could have produced such dire results; but Jones, on regaining his senses, evinced no surprise. He quietly resumed his place as a lawyer and citizen, and after a time reappeared in society, where he was kindly received; for it was generally conceded, after the unscientific manner of the parlor world, that the brain-fever must have been coming on for a day or two before it was recognized, and fully accounted for the exceptions to his unusually conventional behavior. Indeed, Miss Van Riper herself was led to take this view of it; and when, some months later, he recurred to the subject still near his heart, in terms which are usually considered passionate and wildly extravagant, and in which the protestations of his unique and eternal love vied with rhapsodies over her peerless beauty, she was convinced that his reason was fully restored, and said she did n't see how they could be married before autumn.

And so Mr. Jones survived his experiment of a day; and whether much the worse for it can hardly be known, though it is said that he shows at times a disposition to be cynical which rather surprises his friends. For instance, he sometimes says that in social matters honesty is not an exact science.

James Sager Norton.

THE POET.

VOICE of the wind, of singing brook and bird,
Dawn's message white and midnight's word —
These secrets all belong
Unto his song.

For nature to the poet's heart alone
Makes her mysterious meanings known: —
He is her voice and her
Interpreter!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP.

EMERSON, AGASSIZ, LOWELL, AND OTHERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Wise and polite,—and if I drew
Their several portraits, you would own
Chaucer had no such worthy crew,
Nor Boccace in Decameron.
—EMERSON, "The Adirondacs."

IN the days when the great wilderness in northern New-York, now generally known as the Adirondack region, was still little known, its only visitors being a few landscape-painters and sportsmen, I, then being of the former, became so deeply attracted to this almost undisturbed primeval forest that every summer drew me back to it; and during a short residence in Cambridge, my reports, and perhaps my enthusiasm, so impressed those with whom I was thrown into contact that on one of my returns I led back a company from the circle which had its center under the shadow of old Harvard. The first expedition included Lowell and several common friends, and was rather an exploration and verification of my reports than a serious undertaking, but was important, as it led to the formation of a club whose purpose was the recurrence of its members, for a short time each summer, to the undiluted influence of the great mother, Nature. We went from the Saranac waters down the Raquette, camping on Tupper's Lake, and then up Bog River to the sources of the Raquette, and so back to our point of departure.

The report of this trial trip was so satisfactory that I was requested to take the direction of a more important expedition the year following; and the company included Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, Dr. Jeffries Wyman (that rare scientific genius, taken from his labors too soon for the honor of our country, if not for his own), Dr. Estes Howe, John Holmes (the brother of Oliver Wendell), Judge Hoar, Horatio Woodman, Amos Binney, and myself, Lowell being of course the leading spirit. It was decided to establish a camp at some central point of the forest, each member enjoying the freedom of the country, having his own guide and boat, and exploring on his own account or remaining at headquarters at pleasure. I went some days ahead of the company, and located the camp at Follansbee Pond, a lake of the Raquette chain, out of the track of hunters or chance tourists, but where game was still plentiful and good fishing not far away; for our main sustenance was to be what nature sent us.

The journey of the company, a few days later, gave rise to an incident which has often been incorrectly told, and which, as a curious comment on human fame, deserves to be told again. The coming of the party was of course made known along the track it would follow, and at Keeseville, where the common roads then ended, the town was agog to see the "philosophers," as they were at once collectively called. But neither Emerson nor Lowell was known, Agassiz being the only celebrity to that world, owing to his having recently refused the offer by the Emperor of France of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris and a senatorship, with a large salary, he preferring to devote himself to science and America. The selectmen of the town waited on the visitors early the morning after their arrival, to pay their respects, they said, but really to see a man who had no regard for money and distinction. They were received formally, the spokesman bringing a copy of a periodical which contained a portrait of Agassiz, which he produced and carefully compared with the lineaments of the professor until he had satisfied himself of the authenticity of the individual, when he addressed his followers with, "Yes, it 's him!" and they then proceeded to shake hands with him, the rest of the party being ignored.

Follansbee was then a rare and beautiful piece of untouched nature, a *cul-de-sac* to be visited only for itself, for it was divided from the highway, the Raquette, by a marsh of several miles of weary navigating, shut in by the hills on all sides but that by which we entered, the forest still unscarred, and the tall white pines standing in files along the lake shores and up over the ridges, not a scar of ax or fire being visible as we searched the shore for a fitting spot to make our vacation lodging-place. Many things are requisite for a good camping-ground, and to fix one is a thing to be learned. First and indispensable is a spring of good water near by; then a dry and elevated plateau wooded with "hard wood,"—beeches, birch, and maple, —with level ground for the camp, free from the tangle of undergrowth which makes the fir thicket impenetrable; then a smooth sandy beach on which the boats may be drawn at night, and which may be approached without danger from the rocks, and on which loading or unloading is easy. Ours was one of the best I have ever seen—at the head of the lake, with beach, spring, and maple grove. Two of the hugest

maples I ever saw formed the upper roof of our shelter and the supports to the camp walls. Here we placed our ridge-pole, laid our roof of bark of firs (stripped from trees far away in the forest, not to disfigure our dwelling-place with stripped and dying trees), cut an open path to the lake-side, and then left our house to the naiads and dryads, and hurried back to meet our guests at Martin's Landing.

A generation has gone by since that unique meet, and of those who were at it only Judge Hoar, John Holmes, and I survive. The voices of that merry assemblage of "wise and polite" vacation-keepers come to us from the land of dreams; the echoes they wakened in the wild-wood give place to the tender and tearful evocation of poetic memory; they and their summering have passed into the traditions of the later camp-fires, where the guides tell of the "Philosophers' Camp," of the very location of which they have lost the knowledge. But Emerson, the philosopher whose genius was fittest to the temple in which we all worshiped, its high priest and oracle, has left his history of the meeting in a poem, "The Adirondacs. A Journal. Dedicated to my fellow-travellers in August, 1858," and to which my prose may serve as commentary, to be written before I have done with the memory. I, the youngest, the steward of that memorable company, the master of the hunt, the insect preserved in the amber of the poet's verse,

> Our guide 's guide, and Commodore,
> Crusoe, Crusader, Pius Æneas,

purpose to frame, even if in a poor way, this picture of a gathering unique in the history of vacations; this record, which is to those who know and love unsophisticated Nature the most curiously truthful and interesting existing revelation of her aspect, seen for the first time with a mind trained to the finest shades of impression and reflection — the most Homeric and Hellenic of all nature-poems ever written.

This was not the solitude of Walden Pond, where isolation kept in the sound of a dinner-horn, and where no bird, leaf, or tree was ignorant of the daily footfall of idlers and curious, but a virgin forest, where the crack of our rifles reached no other human ear, and where the carelessly wandering foot found no path to lead it back to camp, and the inexpert, once out of hearing of camp-call or out of sight of the water, was in imminent danger of having his bones picked by the wolves that listened dismayed to the sounds of our unaccustomed invasion. This was "the forest primeval." Hardly a trace of it now exists as we then knew it. The lumberer, the reckless sportsman with his camp-fires and his more reckless and careless guide, the ax and the fire, have left no large expanse of virgin forest in all the Adirondack region, and every year effaces the original aspect of it more completely. Then there were no song-birds, companions of mankind; no familiar sound of the paternal fields greeted the wise men of the East: but the weird laugh of the loon, the scream of the osprey or the gray eagle, and of the minor featherlings, the friendly Canada jay or the chickadee, only greeted us.

I had done all I could to induce Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes to join the party, but the latter was too closely identified with the Hub in all his mental operations to care for unhumanized nature, and Longfellow was too strongly attached to the conditions of completely civilized life to enjoy roughing it in flannels and sleeping on fir boughs. The company of his great-brained friends was a temptation at times, I think; but he hated killing animals, had no interest in fishing, and was too settled in his habits to enjoy so great a change. Possibly he was decided in his refusal by Emerson's purchase of a rifle. "Is it true that Emerson is going to take a gun?" he asked me. "Yes," I replied. "Then I shall not go," he said; "somebody will be shot."

Emerson's record plunges *in medias res.* He gives a line to Champlain:

> Thence, in strong country carts, rode up the forks
> Of the Ausable stream, intent to reach
> The Adirondac lakes. At Martin's Beach
> We chose our boats, each man a boat and guide,—
> Ten men, ten guides, our company all told.

But here I must correct my evangelist. I was Agassiz's guide, and rowed my own boat, sharing with the guides whatever work there was for all. I could not have kept in proper subordination so large a company of men, collected from all parts of the woods, though with all the care in selection possible under the circumstances, if I had not been ready to do my share of any work I called on them for. I not only rowed my own boat, but carried my own ax and rifle, and the boat when necessary. From one cause I missed, to my infinite regret, the hearing of Emerson's first impressions of the forest. I had been building a new boat for the occasion, and it lacked several hours' work when the company started up the lakes at midday, I only following toward sunset, and overtaking them at midnight at the "Indian Carry," then a mere pathway through dense pine groves, with a lumberer's hut at each end. A violent rain-storm greeted our entry into the wilderness, and I arrived after the company were dried and had eaten, myself drenched like a water-rat.

Emerson wrote out his "Adirondacs" after

he had returned to Concord, and it is curious to see in what a Greek way he condensed and idealized his impressions, forgetting all details which interfered with symmetry.

Next morn we swept with oars the Saranac,
With skies of benediction, to Round Lake,
Where all the sacred mountains drew around us,
Tahawus, Seaward,[1] MacIntyre, Baldhead,
And other Titans without muse or name.
Pleased with these grand companions, we glide on,
Instead of flowers, crowned with a wreath of hills.
We made our distance wider, boat from boat,
As each would hear the oracle alone.
By the bright morn the gay flotilla slid
Through files of flags that gleamed like bayonets,
Through gold-moth-haunted beds of pickerel-flower,
Through scented banks of lilies white and gold,
Where the deer feeds at night, the teal by day.
On through the Upper Saranac, and up
Père Raquette stream, to a small tortuous pass
Winding through grassy shallows in and out,
Two creeping miles of rushes, pads, and sponge,
To Follansbee Water and the Lake of Loons.

The poet has painted his picture with the grouping of an artist's imagination. The drenching day of arrival, the night of discomfort at the hut on the "carry," and the "carry" itself, the journey through the "Spectacle Ponds," a curious and most picturesque part of the second day, with the row down the charming stream that forms the waterway to the Raquette proper—all are dismissed as useless detail, while the "two creeping miles" of the marshy outlet of Follansbee, up which we had to pole and push, are remembered through Agassiz's discovery there of a fresh-water sponge till then unknown. But to Emerson, as to most men who are receptive to Nature's message, the forest was the overpowering fact.

We climb the bank,
And in the twilight of the forest noon
Wield the first axe these echoes ever heard.

The "twilight of the forest noon" is the most concentrated expression of the one dominant sentiment of a poetic mind on first entering this eternal silence and shadow. His catalogue of trees is in error:

The wood was sovran with centennial trees—
Oak, cedar, maple, poplar, beech, and fir,
Linden and spruce.

There is no oak, linden, or poplar in these forests. He had passed them in the Ausable valley on his way up, and probably forgot their exact habitat. But the impression of the first night clung to him with all its detail. No modern man knew the "great god Pan" as Emerson knew him,—not even Keats,—and the falling asleep in the arms of the universal mother, whose dearest child Pan was, must have left its influence on him long after he had recorded the poetic version of the experience.

"Welcome!" the wood-god murmured through the leaves,—
"Welcome, though late, unknowing, yet known to me."
Evening drew on; stars peeped through maple-boughs,
Which o'erhung, *like a cloud*,[2] our camping-fire.
Decayed millennial trunks, like moonlight flecks,
Lit with phosphoric crumbs[3] the forest floor.

Lowell named the camping-place "Camp Maple," from the huge maples under which we had pitched our house of bark; but tradition has long known it as the "Philosophers' Camp," though, like Troy, its site is unknown to all the subsequent generations of guides, and I doubt if in all the Adirondack country there is a man except my old guide, Steve Martin, who could point out the place where it stood.

To me the forest was familiar. I knew it as a boy charged with sophomorical sentiment, casting about to find what inspiration I ought to borrow from nature; and I had plowed the field too often to find any genuine crop on it. I had passed months painting in the glades, had wandered and boated in the forest and on the streams till I felt the points of the compass in the dark, and knew its material fact as I knew my bedroom; but I had come to look on it as one does on one of those curious shells which some insects cast, and which keep the form from which the life has escaped. It was to me empty; it no longer lured me with any emotion beyond that of quiet, the charm of Lethe, the fascination of an almost complete negation of intellectual existence, and absolute rest. I was therefore profoundly interested in Emerson's first impressions, and we were much together. I rowed him into the innermost recesses of Follansbee Water, and would, at his request, sometimes land him in a solitary part of the lake-shore, and leave him to his emotions or studies. We had no post, and letters neither came nor went, and so probably none record the moment's mood; but well I remember how he marveled at the completeness of the circle of life in the forest. He examined the guides, and me as one of them, with the interest of a discoverer of a new race. Me he had known in another phase of existence—at the club, in

[1] Mount Seward, south of the Saranacs, the common name being repudiated by Emerson.

[2] This is a singularly faithful expression of the appearance of the massive foliage of those lofty trees lighted by the camp-fires beneath.

[3] The decayed tree-trunks, falling into ruin, often looked like glow-worms in the dark of night, their phosphorescence being frequently brilliant.

the multitude, one of the atoms of the social whole. To find me ax in hand, ready for the elementary functions of a savage life,—to fell the trees, to kill the deer, or catch the trout, and at need to cook them,—in this to him new phenomenon of a rounded and self-sufficient individuality, waiting for and waited on by no one, he received a conception of life which had the same attraction in its completeness and roundness that a larger and fully organized existence would have had. It was a form of independence which he had never realized before, and he paid it the respect of a new discovery. He had become weary of the social completeness as a study, it seemed to me; it was too large and exacting. But now he found a man who could be taken up as a specimen, and studied as an individual, as Agassiz would have studied a fossil; and all this was new.

Emerson, as I read him, had no self-sufficiency. He lived and felt with the minimum of personal color, reflecting nature and man; and the study of the guide, the savage man thrown out of society like a chip from a log under the ax of the chopper, returning to the status of pure individuality,—men such as our guides were,—aroused in the philosopher the enthusiasm of a new fact. He often spoke of it, and watched the men as a naturalist does the animals he classifies. I remember Longfellow's once saying of Emerson that he used his friends as he did lemons — when he could squeeze nothing more from them, he threw them away; but this, while in one sense true, does Emerson a radical injustice. He had no vanity, no self-importance; truth and philosophy were so supreme in their hold on him that neither himself nor any other self was worth so much as the solution of a problem in life. To get this solution he was willing to squeeze himself like a lemon, if need were; and why should he be otherwise disposed to his neighbor? There are others who knew Emerson better than I did or could, and possibly Longfellow did, though that observation makes me doubt that there was any real sympathy between them. But what seems to me the truth is that Emerson instinctively divided men into two classes, with one of which he formed personal attachments which, though tranquil and undemonstrative as was his nature, were lasting; in the other he simply found his objects of study, problems to be solved and their solutions recorded. There was the least conceivable self-assertion in him; he was the best listener a genuine thinker, or one whom he thought to be such, ever had; and always seemed to prefer to listen rather than to talk, to observe and study rather than to discourse. So he did not say much before Nature; he took in her influences as the earth takes the rain. He was minutely interested in seeing how the old guides reversed the tendencies of civilization: how when they went to sleep on the ground they put on their coats, but took them off when they got up; wore their hats in camp, but went on the lake bareheaded.

The entire absorption of his personality in the subject-matter of study was childlike; he left no cranny of novelty unsearched. I remember that one Sunday morning when the state of the larder made it necessary for the guides to get a deer, Emerson was more disposed for quiet meditation, having at that time no interest in the hunt; so I took him in my boat, and while those of the company whose habits did not interfere with the enjoyment of the chase on Sunday went to the watching-posts with the guides, we sought the remotest nook of the lake-shore. It was a magnificent morning, and in the silence of the forest the baying of the hounds, as they took the scent on the hills above us and followed the deer in his doublings and evasions, filled the air, and the echoes redoubled the music. When the deer are in good condition, as in August, they generally take a long run before they come to water, and we heard the dogs sweeping round over the hills at the further end of the lake, and coming back, ranging to and fro, till the expectancy and the new sensation grew in effect on Emerson, and he could resist no longer. "Let us go after the deer!" he exclaimed, and though, having come out for meditation, we had no gun with us, we were soon flying down the lake from our remotest corner to where the baying led to the shore. But we were too late: Lowell had already killed the deer before we got there.

It was interesting to see how Emerson grew into the camp life. As at first he had refused to carry a rifle, and decided to take one only for uniformity, so in the early days of our forest residence he declined to take any part in the hunting or fishing: but we had not been long in camp before he caught the temper of the occasion, and began to desire to kill his deer. Luck failed him in the drives in which he took part, the deer always coming in to some other watcher, and we decided to try night-hunting; *i. e.*, stealing up to the deer as they browse in the pads along the shallow water, carrying in the bow of the boat a light which blinds the animal, the lantern throwing all its light forward and the hunter sitting invisible in the shadow. This manner of hunting is possible only on very dark nights, and was resorted to only when venison was needed and the drive had failed. If the man who paddles the boat is dexterous, the deer can be ap-

proached to within a few yards without being alarmed; but in the darkness it is very difficult for those not accustomed to the appearance of the animal to distinguish him from the rocks or shrubs around, for in the intent examination of the strange phenomenon of the light he remains motionless, except that now and then he will beat the water with his hoofs to drive away the flies. We took the best guide at the paddle, Emerson taking the firing-seat behind the lamp, and I in the middle with my rifle, ready in case he missed his shot.

We went down the lake to the large bay at the left of the outlet, now noted on the map of the State survey as "Agassiz Bay," which is a mistake, for we named this "Osprey Bay," from the osprey nest in one of its tall pines, the bay opposite the camp at the south end of the lake being named in honor of Agassiz. The shore is an alternation of stretches of sandy beach where the white pond-lily thrives, and offers food for the deer, and rocky points separate the beaches as if by screens, so that any movement in one of the little bays is not visible in another. There is something weird in silently gliding along a spectral diorama of irrecognizable landscape, with rocks and trees slipping by like phantasms; for the motion of the boat is not distinguishable, and the only sound is the occasional grating of the rushes on the bottom of the boat. It is, in fact, the most exciting form of deer-hunting for certain temperaments, and the poet was strongly impressed. The practised ear of the guide soon caught the sound of the footfall of a deer making his way down to the shore, and he turned the glare of the lamp on the beach, moving directly on him till he was within twenty yards. The signal to fire was given and repeated, but Emerson could distinguish nothing. "Shoot!" finally whispered the guide in the faintest breath. "Shoot!" I repeated nearer. But the deer was invisible to him, and we drifted to a boat's length from him before the animal took fright, and bolted for the woods, undisturbed by a hasty shot I sent after him, and we heard his triumphant whistle and gallop dying away in the forest depths. Emerson was stupefied. We rounded the next point, and found a deer already on the feeding-ground, to repeat the experience. The deer stood broadside to him, in full view, in the shallow water; but straining his vision to the utmost, he could distinguish nothing like a deer, and when we had got so near that the same result was imminent, I fired, and the buck fell dead. "Well," said Emerson, "if that was a deer, I shall fire at the first square thing I see"; but we saw no more that night. He records the impression:

> Or, later yet, beneath a lighted jack,
> In the boat's bows, a silent night-hunter
> Stealing with paddle to the feeding-grounds
> Of the red deer, to aim at a square mist.
> Hark to that muffled roar! A tree in the woods
> Is fallen: but hush! it has not scared the buck,
> Who stands astonished at the meteor light,
> Then turns to bound away,— is it too late?

Each disappointment, however, plunged him more deeply into the excitement of the chase, and he was most anxious to kill his deer before he went home, unable to resist the contagion of the passion for it. He said to me one day, "I must kill a deer before we go home, even if the guide has to hold him by the tail." At that season of the year, when the deer are in their short coat, the body sinks at once if shot in the deep water; and on overtaking the quarry in the lake, if the deerslayer was not sure of his shot, the guide used to run the boat alongside of it, and catch it by the tail, when the shot became a sure one. As we hunted only when we needed the meat, we did not risk the loss of the deer, and when a poor shot held the gun, the quarry was caught by the tail and killed in this unsportsmanlike way. That survival of the earliest passion of the primitive man, the passion of the chase, overcame even the philosophic mind of Emerson, once exposed to the original influences, and he recognized his ancestral bent. Few of us who live an active life fail to be attracted by this first of all occupations of the yet uncivilized man. Emerson never had the gratification of his desire; the deer never came to him on the drive, and his repetition of the night-hunt was no more successful.

The starry magnificence of those nights, with their pure mountain air, was another source of delight hardly to be imagined by those who have not known it by experience. There seemed to be more stars visible than anywhere else I had ever been, and we were often out on the lake till near midnight;

> Or, in the evening twilight's latest red,
> Beholding the procession of the pines,—

a curious phenomenon, now, with the ravages of fire and ax, become a thing of the past. The tall white pines, which when full grown rise from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, towering nearly half their height above the mass of deciduous trees, and beyond the protection which the solid forest gives against the dominant west winds, acquire a leaning to the east; and as they grew in long lines along the shores, or followed the rocky ridges up the mountain sides, they seemed to be gigantic human beings moving in procession to the east. I had, the year before, painted a picture of the subject, and Emerson had been struck by it at the Athenæum exhibition; and when we were established in camp, almost the first thing

he asked to see was the "procession of the pines"; and our last evening on the lake was spent together watching the glow dying out behind a noble line of the marching pines on the shore of Follansbee Water.

In memory of that summer, and the intimacy of camp life which strips the man of all disguises, Emerson seems to me to be magnified with the lapse of time, as Mont Blanc towers above his fellows with distance. For Lowell I had a passionate personal attachment to which death and time have only given a twilight glory; for Agassiz I had the feeling which all had who came under the magic of his colossal individuality — the myriad-minded one to whom nothing came amiss or unfamiliar, and who had a facet for every man he came in contact with. His inexhaustible *bonhomie* won even the guides to a personal fealty they showed no other of our band; his wide science gave us continual lectures on all the elements of nature — no plant, no insect, no quadruped hiding its secret from him. The lessons he taught us of the leaves of the pine, and of the vicissitudes of the Laurentian range, in one of whose hollows we lay; the way he drew new facts from the lake, and knew them when he saw them, as though he had set his seal on them before they were known; the daily dissection of the fish, the deer, the mice (for which he had brought his traps) were studies in which we were his assistants and pupils. All this made being with him not only "a liberal education," but perpetual sunshine and good fortune. When we went out, I at the oars and he at the dredge or insect-net, or examining the plants by the marsh-side, his spirit was a perpetual spring of science. When he and Wyman entered on the discussion of a scientific subject (and they always worked together), science seemed as easy as versification when Lowell was in the mood, and all sat around inhaling wisdom with the mountain air. Nothing could have been, to any man with the scientific bent, more intensely interesting than the academy of two of the greatest scientists of their day. Wyman's was a gentle, womanlike nature, modest to a fault, utterly absorbed in his science, and free from a shadow of pretension. He was held by many to be the greater scientist, but the personality of Agassiz towered over every other about him, and won all suffrages for the day. But, looking back across the gulf which hides all the details of life, the eternal absence which forgets personal qualities, the calm, platonic serenity of Emerson stands out from all our company as a crystallization of impersonal and universal humanity; no vexation, no mishap could disturb his philosophy, or rob him of its lesson.

At our dinners, the semblance of which life will never offer me again, the gods sent their best accompaniments and influences — health, appetite, wit, and poetry, with good digestion.

> Our foaming ale we drank from hunters' pans —
> Ale, and a sup of wine. Our steward gave
> Venison and trout, potatoes, beans, wheat-bread.
> All ate like abbots, and, if any missed
> Their wonted convenance, cheerly hid the loss
> With hunter's appetite and peals of mirth.

Lowell was the Magnus Apollo of the camp. His Castalian humor, his unceasing play of wit and erudition, — poetry and the best of the poets always on tap at the table, — all know them who knew him well, though not many as I did; but when he sat on one side of the table, and Judge Hoar (the most pyrotechnical wit I have ever known) and he were matching table-talk, with Emerson and Agassiz to sit as umpires and revive the vein as it menaced to flag, Holmes and Estes Howe not silent in the well-matched contest, the forest echoed with such laughter as no club ever knew, and the owls came in the trees overhead to wonder. These were symposia to which fortune has invited few men, and which no one invited could ever forget.

The magical quality of the forest is that of oblivion of all that is left in the busy world — of past trouble and coming care. The steeds that brought us in had no place behind for black care. We lived, as Emerson says,

> Lords of this realm,
> Bounded by dawn and sunset, and the day
> Rounded by hours where each outdid the last
> In miracles of pomp, we must be proud,
> As if associates of the sylvan gods.
> We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,
> So pure the Alpine element we breathed,
> So light, so lofty pictures came and went.

At sunrise the guides and we who had cares of the camp were afoot; fires were refreshed, bathers went out, and a boat went to look at the set lines for trout. Breakfast was at eight. Then we practised firing at a mark, a few rounds each, the scientists dissected their specimens, and the guides did the "house-work." I made a study as a memorial of the event — the morning hour in the camp: Agassiz and Wyman on one side dissecting a trout, with the assistance of Howe and Holmes; on the other, the firing party, Lowell, Judge Hoar, and the rest of us, except Emerson, who professed to be neither rifleman nor anatomist, but with a pilgrim's staff in hand took a place alone and between the two groups, with an intentional symbolism of his position in the world. Then if venison was wanted, we set the hunt, or those who chose to wander did so, explored the streams and woods around, botanized, hunted specimens, or fished.

> Ask you, how went the hours?
> All day we swept the lake, searched every cove,

North from Camp Maple, south to Osprey Bay,
Watching when the loud dogs should drive in deer,
Or whipping its rough surface for a trout;
Or, bathers, diving from the rock at noon;
Challenging Echo by our guns and cries;
Or listening to the laughter of the loon.
. . . . . .

Our heroes tried their rifles at a mark,
Six rods, sixteen, twenty, or forty-five;
Sometimes their wits at sally and retort,
With laughter sudden as the crack of rifle;
Or parties scaled the near acclivities,
Competing seekers of a rumored lake,
Whose unauthenticated waves we named
Lake Probability,— our carbuncle,
Long sought, not found.

Two doctors in the camp
Dissected the slain deer, weighed the trout's brain,
Captured the lizard, salamander, shrew,
Crab, mice, snail, dragon-fly, minnow, and moth;
Insatiate skill in water or in air
Waved the scoop-net, and nothing came amiss;
The while, one leaden pot of alcohol
Gave an impartial tomb to all the kinds.
Not less the ambitious botanist sought plants—
Orchis and gentian, fern and long whip-scirpus,
Rosy polygonum, lake-margin's pride,
Hypnum and hydnum, mushroom, sponge, and moss,
Or harebell nodding in the gorge of falls.

A pleasant life it was: there was no prevention of debtor or creditor, no due-bills or trouble of business; all had put affairs by for a certain time, and day by day the Lethean silence lured us deeper into its magic recesses. The outside world was but a dream. No visitor intruded on our presence. We ate a deer every day, and the venison was such as no king ever tasted, and our lake furnished trout in perfection. The larder was always provided; not often was the drive without its deer, and if by chance two were killed in one day, we killed none the next, for we tolerated no waste or wanton killing, and the osprey, the eagle, and the loon had in us friends. The effect of this life alike on the physical and mental constitution was such as only experience can estimate. It was wonderful to see how the healing of the mighty mother cured the ailments we brought with us. It was nothing new to me, but to the newcomers it was like enchantment. Agassiz came suffering from rheumatism and overwork, but four days sufficed to restore him to his normal condition. The dust that the turmoil of civilization throws into the mental mechanism was no longer allowed to wear or weary; life and all its problems came out in a much less complex light, and the conditions of existence seemed simplified. Why should men be anxious for more, when with little we fared so well, or were so easily provided? No complication of this problem was forced on the mind, which was left in this so facile solution of it that it seemed to clear the future of all its difficulties. We seemed to have got back into a not too greatly changed Eden, whose imperious ties to the outer world were hidden for the day in the waters and woods that lay between us and it. We had at last come to the state where what each man was and had made of himself was the real measure of his relation to the world, and the universal mother took us all on the same terms, the worst prodigal reckoned as good as he who had endured guiltlessly his temptation, the worst violator of her laws with the least sinner.

So fast will Nature acclimate her sons,
Though late returning to her pristine ways.
Off soundings, seamen do not suffer cold;
And in the forest, delicate clerks, unbrowned,
Sleep on the fragrant brush, as on down-beds.
Up with the dawn, they fancied the light air
That circled freshly in their forest dress
Made them to boys again. Happier that they
Slipped off their pack of duties, leagues behind,
At the first mounting of the giant stairs.
No placard on these rocks warned to the polls,
No door-bell heralded a visitor,
No courier waits, no letter came or went,
Nothing was ploughed, or reaped, or bought, or sold.
The frost might glitter, it would blight no crop;
The falling rain would spoil no holiday.
We were made freemen of the forest laws,
All dressed, like Nature, fit for her own ends,
Essaying nothing she cannot perform.

I have quoted enough to show how fully Emerson caught, in his first experience, the spirit of the woods: not morbidly, like Shelley, nor with the air of calling all the world to see how solitary he was, which seems to me so much to impair the genuineness of Thoreau's experience in the barn-door backwoods in which he acted the recluse. Thoreau was a modern realist with a morose and uncompanionable Genius always in attendance; his was a pinchbeck royalty with a lunch-basket from his father's farm hardly hidden behind his throne. He saw minutely, as all short-sighted people do; Emerson in his single interview with a true and uncontaminated Nature saw all the relations between her and not merely one individuality, narrow or large, but all humanity. The ancient Greek in him found the algebraic formula of existence, the absolute ideal of man and the law of his relation to nature. He saw "hypnum and hydnum," but put them down as details in a foreground. What filled his canvas was manhood. He measured and specialized nature with reference to a completed and ideal type in which nature was fulfilled, and he bowed to the backwoodsman.

Your rank is all reversed. Let men of cloth
Bow to the stalwart churls in overalls:
They are the doctors of the wilderness,
And we the low-prized laymen.

If the experience was unique, it was sufficient, and other summers had been only repetitions; his epic of the wilderness may be made more picturesque by another telling, but not more complete. When he has told Nature's message he gives by implication something beyond the interpretation of it as rendered in thought, the recognition of what it does with humanity. Taking man in the simple and complete type, to which he does full honor, as he had reverenced nature, beyond this and that there stands always the higher and ultimate nature, the aspiring and suffering humanity. There is no conflict; only when all has been said for the woods and the backwoodsman, he points to another humanity and nature beyond.

And presently the sky is changed; O world!
What pictures and what harmonies are thine!
The clouds are rich and dark, the air serene,
So like the soul of me, what if 't were me?
A melancholy better than all mirth.
Comes the sweet sadness at the retrospect,
Or at the foresight of obscurer years?
. . . . . .
And, that no day of life may lack romance,
The spiritual stars rise nightly, shedding down
A private beam into each several heart.
. . . . . .
Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home.

In the midst of this hymn to nature, it was one of the supreme achievements of the mechanical mind of man which furnished the text for his loudest pæan. Some of the members of the company, in their wanderings outside our realm, had met a traveler with the news of the laying of the first transatlantic cable, and came back to camp with the great news.

One held a printed journal, waving high,
Caught from a late-arriving traveler,
Big with great news, and shouted the report
For which the world had waited, now firm fact,
Of the wire-cable laid beneath the sea,
And landed on our coast, and pulsating
With ductile fire. Loud, exulting cries
From boat to boat, and to the echoes round,
Greet the glad miracle.

Emerson is, we say, cold. Perhaps in the day when Swinburne's bacchanals heat the public ear he may be so. There is no passion now generally recognized except the personal; but in that serener sphere where Plato breathed, the nature of Emerson is too much at home to be yet widely understood in its passion. How Greek is this passionate outburst at the new revolt of the human mind against its limitations, this clapping of hands at the Promethean unloosing! And Promethean passion was his: it quickened his blood with every human footstep upward, it kindled the light of his calm eyes anew with every indignity offered humanity; not only the slavery of the black and the barbarian made his anger burn, but the slavery of civilization and self-imposed wrong made his soul heavy.

And people have the idea of comparing him with the burly brute Carlyle! As well Apollo with a jotun! "Deficient in form and polish"? Well, the ages had not yet furnished the material to cut this diamond to its faceted formality; there is neither the form of Sophocles nor the fluency of Plato, but it was further from Homer to Plato than from Chaucer to Emerson. Then see the Greek again in his instinctive impersonation of the forces of nature — "Chronos and Tellus who were before Jove":

A spasm throbbing through the pedestals
Of Alp and Andes, isle and continent,
Urging astonished Chaos with a thrill
To be a brain, or serve the brain of man.
The lightning has run masterless too long;
He must to school and learn his verb and noun,
And teach his nimbleness to earn his wage,
Spelling with guided tongue man's messages
Shot through the weltering pit of the salt sea.

But our paradise was no Eden. The world that played bo-peep with us across the mountains came for us when the play-spell was over; this summer dream, unique in the record of poesy, melted like a cloud-castle into its original elements, and Emerson was one of the first to turn back to the sterner use of time.

The holidays were fruitful, but must end;
One August evening had a cooler breath;
Into each mind intruding duties crept;
Under the cinders burned the fires of home;
Nay, letters found us in our paradise:
So in the gladness of the new event
We struck our camp and left the happy hills.

The lake became for a time a place of pilgrimage. To visit the Philosophers' Camp was one of the items of an Adirondack trip. Out of the meeting grew the Adirondack Club.

We planned
That we should build, hard by, a spacious lodge,
And how we should come hither with our sons
Hereafter.

And the permanent meeting-place was fixed at Ampersand Pond, to which in time the tradi-

tion of the Philosophers' Camp was attached. The club expired when the war broke out.

Twenty-five years elapsed before I returned to Follansbee Water. The *genius loci*, dryad or hamadryad, had there been one, would have found it as hard to recognize me as I found it hard to find Camp Maple. I had the same guide, Steve Martin, a gray-headed man, the worse for a life of hardship, which, I find, does not always harden; but we found with great difficulty the landing and the choked-up spring. A half-reforested clearing spread round the spot where our "ten scholars" used to lie, and a tangled thicket of raspberry-bushes, lady's-willow, birch saplings, and tall grass made walking almost impossible. We found a huge rock that had been a landmark, but this and the spring alone were to be distinguished. The careless tourists had cut all the hard wood away, and let the fires in, and the whole forest round had been burned, and was succeeded by thickets of undergrowth. The great maples and the tall white pines had gone from the entire vicinity, and a vulgar new forest was on its way; the trees that used to line the lake-shore had fallen into the lake, their roots being burned away; and not the slightest feature remained of the grove where wit and wisdom held tournament a generation before. All was ashes and ruin. I

> felt like one who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted.

Nor was the lake less changed in outward appearance. Every fit camping-ground on the shore had been occupied in succession, and the camp-fires allowed to spread into the forest until the whole shore had been denuded of its fringe of hoary trees. The "procession of the pines" had gone by forever; only here and there a dead trunk was standing, among them that up which Lowell's guide climbed to the osprey's nest to get an egg for Agassiz. Speculating manufacturers had built a dam across the Raquette and flooded all the bottom-land, killing the trees over a large tract; wretched dolts had put pickerel into the Raquette waters, and the trout had become exterminated in every stream to which the ravenous fish had access.

It was well that the charm once broken, the desecration begun, it should be complete. The memories sacred to the few survivors can never be quickened by this ruin, and to the rest of the world it does not matter. Emerson has embalmed it; that is enough. In some Eastern countries it is the custom to break the bowl from which an honored guest has drunk; nature has done this service to Follansbee Water.

W. J. Stillman.

A SISTER OF SAINTS.

HER name was Gilberte Pascal. She was a woman who did nothing remarkable two centuries ago.

She was born in 1620 at Clermont, in Auvergne, where her father was a man of high position. When she was seven years old her mother died, leaving in her care a baby brother and a smaller baby sister, whose names the world was to hear one day — Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal. A few years later the family moved to Paris — the brilliant Paris of Richelieu's time. Gilberte is represented as a beautiful and accomplished as well as a capable girl. When she was twenty another move was made to Rouen, where shortly afterward she married Florin Perier, and went back to Clermont to live. He seems to have been a worthy man, and "worthy" means uninteresting, whatever the dictionaries say.

Gilberte and her husband, like the other members of the family, adopted the austere Jansenist idea of life, but not, like Blaise and Jacqueline, to the extent of absolute renouncement of the world: they abjured the trimmings of it — society, and ribbons for the children, and such things. Later, in 1661, we find Gilberte again living in Paris, where she died in 1687, having outlived her husband and two sons, as well as the gifted brother and sister, the story of whose lives she wrote. That is all, and it is not very interesting.

Gilberte does not belong in history, but, having a distinguished brother and sister who do, she tags in after, because she is one of the family. Being there, she serves as a convenient example of a wide phase of human experience, or, more exactly, one phase of her life illustrates a wide phase of human experience — the back-action of lives of definite aim and attainment on lives — more especially women's lives — which stand near them.

One saint or one genius in a family generally gives the other members of it plenty to do. Gilberte Pascal had three such on her hands; for Jacqueline was a saint, and Blaise was both a saint and a genius, and that makes three. The brother and sister are old acquaintances. Master hands have sketched the story of their lives, and the picture of that brilliant seventeenth-century France of which they formed a part has been painted again and again. All this need not be reproduced here. It is enough for our purpose to recall, in passing, that religious movement which swept the lives of Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal into its current.

Jansenism challenged the attention of men as a reform movement. Its followers sought, without forfeiting their position as loving and obedient children of the Church, to bring back their wandering parent into the true theological path marked out by St. Augustine, from which she had strayed. Claiming Augustine as authority, Jansenism emphasized the doctrine of necessity rather than free will, of faith rather than works, of grace rather than merit, of election rather than free redemption, thus antagonizing the reigning Jesuitism, which emphasized the opposing doctrines. But Jansenism stood for something more than theological reform. It demanded of its followers a life of intense religious devotion, and of a purity and unworldliness so stern and inflexible as to offer a vivid contrast to the more pliable moral system of the Jesuits.

The man through whom this thought won its first great victories was not the quiet Dutch scholar whose name it bears, but his French fellow-student, Duvergier de Hauranne, Abbé of Saint-Cyran, the magic of whose influence over men Richelieu is said to have feared. It was he who drew into the movement Arnauld, Lemaistre de Sacy, Singlin; it was he whom Angélique Arnauld sought as spiritual adviser for her convent at Port Royal, the reform of which had been her life-work; and thus the connection was established between this band of men and the Port Royal sisterhood. Jansenism crystallized about Port Royal, so that the name of the little convent came, in the end, to stand for the whole Jansenist movement — its theology, its mode of life, its method of education.

It was after Saint-Cyran's death, when Jansenism was in full swing, and fighting for its life, that Jacqueline Pascal joined the sisterhood, Blaise the "recluses," of Port Royal. Let us glance for a moment at these two vivid and interesting personalities, and the general drift of their lives; only "drift" is not the word: you might as well speak of the "drift" of two arrows shot full force from the bow.

Blaise Pascal seems to have been an intellect and a soul with just enough body to hold them, and that so uncomfortably that they moved out before long, to find, it is to be hoped, better quarters across the river. We think of the early part of his life as a passionate pressing toward the mark of scientific attainment, genius urging him on; and of the latter part of it as a still more passionate pressing toward the mark of spiritual attainment, conscience goading him on. Having once surrendered himself to the guidance of Port Royal, he threw aside, as alike worthless, scientific ambition, bodily comfort, and human affection, holding them to be hindrances to his pursuit of that absolute holiness of soul which had become his ideal. It was "this one thing I do" with him, from that time on to the end.

The latter half of Jacqueline's life-story corresponds to that of her brother. There is the same absorption in the attainment of the same ideal. But there was this difference between them, that the renouncement of the world seemed to cost her no struggle. When the call to what she believed the higher life came to her, she threw away, as indifferently as though they had been broken toys, all the social and literary possibilities of a beautiful and brilliant girlhood, pushed aside as fast as she could the hands that tried to hold her back, and sought the seclusion and privations of Port Royal with eager joy. The convent annals tell us that she became "a perfect nun."

Close beside these lives, so consecrated in purpose, so eager in spirit, that of Gilberte flowed quietly on. There was nothing about her to suggest the arrow shot full force from the bow. There was nothing of "this one thing I do" about her life. Like many — most — women's lives, it consisted of a series of adjustments to the needs and claims of those about her, this much-loved brother and sister among them.

They pursued their high ideal at a sacrifice, but the sacrifice was not all their own. Gilberte paid part of the price of their spiritual attainment. Take the story of their lives, which she has told so simply, tenderly, and proudly, and read here and there between the lines. There is many a suggestion of payment made by her for their achievement — a few pennies at a time, maybe, but the sum total could hardly have been small.

Jacqueline, then twenty-two years old, had determined to enter Port Royal, but was deterred by her father's command from taking the step immediately. During the interval, while she remained in the world under protest, she went to stay for a time with Gilberte in Auvergne. She was straining every nerve to win the prize of her high calling. The end was high, and the effort heroic; but, from an unsanctified point of view, what an uncomfortable

visitor this enthusiastic young would-be nun must have been! She allowed herself next to nothing to eat, and, being a delicate girl, fasting did not agree with her. The only room for her in the crowded house was one without a fire, and she not only refused to have anything done to make her comfortable in it, but even to go near the fire at meal-times. The number of burnt candles told the tale of constant vigils. She left the house only to go to church and on errands of charity. She shut herself up in her own room, into which none intruded. If Gilberte had anything to tell her, it must be told at table or on the way to church. "Not that she forbade me or any one else to enter her room," writes Gilberte, "nor that she refused to listen, but that we saw whenever her thoughts were called off in order to talk on subjects not absolutely necessary, it evidently tried and wearied her so much that we tried to avoid giving her the annoyance." In sickness she came to the front. Several of the children had violent illnesses,—the Perier children seem to have had some faculty in that line,—and she nursed them while they needed her. "During this time I was often indisposed, and she would stay with me all day without showing the least restlessness. . . . She was always very affable," writes Gilberte.

The whole tone of this narrative is one of loving admiration for superior goodness. Her own feelings Gilberte does not find worth mentioning, except once, where she speaks of her anxiety over the freezing and starving process. But is not there a good deal written between the lines, which may be read by any sympathetic woman who cares to try? Must it not have been a little hard on Gilberte, with her real mother-heart, to have had her idolized little sister adopt just that method of saving her soul? Do we not know, as well as though we were told, that she shivered and starved sympathetically all that winter? She quietly accepted the fact that the every-day interests of her life must not intrude themselves within the walls of her sister's room. From the point of view of both sisters that exclusion was perfectly right; but—but—she had a very human heart of her own, as I make it out, and a human heart feels rather hungry under such conditions. How many days of "affable" and patient companionship in sickness—companionship withdrawn as soon as the sickness had passed—would it take to equal in heart value one hour of spontaneous companionship, given simply because her own was wanted in return? How much starlight is equivalent to an open fire?

Three years later the father died, and Jacqueline was free to seek that retirement in Port Royal for which she longed. Blaise could not bear to have her leave him,—this was before his own final conversion,—but go she must and would, and Gilberte must soften the blow to him as much as possible. Jacqueline did not dare to say farewell to her brother. Gilberte writes, describing her departure:

> I told her for him what words of tenderness he had spoken, and after that we both retired. Though I consented with all my heart to what my sister was doing, because I thought it was for her highest good, the greatness of her resolution astonished and occupied my mind so much that I could not sleep all night.
>
> At seven o'clock the next morning, when I saw that my sister was not up, I concluded that she was no longer sleeping, and feared she might be ill. Accordingly, I went to her bed, where I found her still fast asleep. The noise I made awoke her; she asked me what time it was. I told her, and having inquired how she was, and if she had slept well, she said she was very well, and had slept excellently.
>
> So she rose, dressed, and went away, doing this, as everything else, with a tranquillity and equanimity inconceivable. We said no adieu, for fear of breaking down. I only turned aside when I saw her ready to go.

Gilberte is unconscious that she is anything in this picture but a bit of background for the figure of Jacqueline to stand out against. As a matter of fact, she is central. For she has the hardest of it in this farewell. It costs Jacqueline something to leave the brother and sister whom she loves; but, after all, there is a distant look in her eyes, and she is impatient to be gone. Is not her girlhood's dream at last to be realized? Can the runner entering the race be absorbed in thoughts of those left behind at the starting-point? But to Gilberte, left behind, absorbed in the thought of the bright young life going from her, there is just the emptiness and the ache to be borne as best they may. Even yet the story between the lines is not fully told. Gilberte must stand between Blaise and Jacqueline in this hour—and why? Is it not, at bottom, because she was a shade less dear to both than they were to each other? Jacqueline dared not see her brother. Blaise must be spared in his sorrow for the sister "who was assuredly the person whom he loved best in all the world." Did she then, or ever, mind taking the second place, and think she would like to try the first, just for a change? Her quiet words give no hint of it. She played second fiddle with perfect grace.

Gilberte's biographical sketch of her sister ends with the swinging to of the convent gate between them. We, too, take leave of Jacqueline there, and turn back to the brother whose life-story Gilberte tells through to the end. It was a life which grew even more intense toward its close. Let come what would of phys-

ical weakness and pain, Pascal took not an hour's respite from the task of self-annihilation to which he had set himself, until, when he was only thirty-nine years old, death brought its enforced rest. Gilberte was near him during these final months, and her account of them suggests a number of small payments made by her for his victories over the flesh. It was no sinecure, the care of this astonishing invalid, who never stopped trying to make himself more uncomfortable than his illness already made him, or to square the lives about him to his ideal.

Here are some sick-room notes: He could hardly eat anything, and they took great pains to procure him delicacies, but he never said, "That is good"; and when they served him something new, if any one asked him afterward if he had liked it, he answered, "You ought to have told me beforehand, for I must confess that I did n't notice." This because he had trained himself not to taste what he ate, lest he should by chance enjoy it.

His belief that the life of poverty was the only Christian life gave him an especial tenderness toward the poor, and led him to give all that he could, and a good deal that he could not, to help them; and for four years he labored with Gilberte to induce her to consecrate both herself and her children to their service. She objected, naturally enough, that such a course would interfere with her domestic duties. He refused to accept the excuse. It simply showed her lack of good will; it was quite possible to arrange such things in such a way that they should not interfere with domestic duties. She suggested trying to find some means by which the needs of the poor could be provided for in some more general way. No, that would not do either; they were not called to that sort of general service, but to the daily service of the individual.

His ideal in regard to purity was no less exacting. "I even was afraid," writes poor Gilberte, "because he found fault with things I said, which I thought perfectly innocent, and in which he made me see faults which I should never have seen without his admonitions. He could not suffer the caresses which I received from my children, and told me that I ought to break them of the habit, for it could only harm them, and that there were a thousand other ways in which tenderness could be shown."

It was part of Pascal's religion not to allow himself to have any attachment for any one, and to prevent any one from having it for him, regarding all human attachments as a wrong to God. "As I did not know that," writes Gilberte, "I was utterly surprised at the rebuffs which he gave me sometimes, and I told my sister, complaining that my brother did not love me, and that it seemed to me as though I troubled him, even when I rendered him the most loving services in his infirmities." Jacqueline assured her that it was not so, and, soon after, an occasion arising in which she needed his help, he responded in such a manner that she could not doubt his love. "So that I attributed to the fretfulness of his sickness the cold manner with which he received the attentions I paid him, trying to divert him, and this enigma was only explained to me on the very day of his death." When the news came to them both of Jacqueline's death, and "he saw me in constant grief for this loss which I felt so keenly," writes Gilberte, "he was angry, and told me that was not right, and that one ought not to have such feelings about the death of the just."

In his last distressing illness, when Gilberte was caring for him at her home, he insisted on having added to the household some poor sick man who should be cared for exactly as he was. Gilberte sent immediately to the curé, to request that the desired "pauvre malade" be forwarded without delay; but, fortunately for her overfull hands, there was none in condition to be moved. Then Pascal insisted on her sending him to the Home for Incurables; but, fortunately for her loving heart, neither was he in condition to be moved, so that plan fell through also, and he was obliged to put up with dying where he was, in all the comfort which her constant and tender care could give him.

All that Gilberte wants to do is to make us realize how good, how very, very good her brother was. "See how near heaven he was," she seems to say; "*I* could n't begin to get up there." Her admiration was not so far out, either. Pascal went down into the valley of the shadow of death with his colors flying. Still, in all this recital, there is an undertone, and I think the undertone says something like this: It says that if she made nice chicken broth for Blaise, she would have liked him to know the difference between it and soapsuds. It says that she wanted to please him in the matter of serving the poor, but that honestly she could n't. He did n't understand about household matters; she wished he would n't be angry about it. It says that she was puzzled and troubled about that ideal of purity which she was always unconsciously offending; but I think it does *not* say that the children's caresses were vetoed. It says that when she had tried her level best to minister to him in some suffering, or divert him in some tedious hour, to be treated as though she had hindered, not helped, was hard to bear, even though she learned later that he had acted from religious motives. It says that, much as she admired his Christian

resignation when Jacqueline died, it would have been acceptable to her if he had cried a little with her instead of telling her to stop crying. It says that, deeply as she reverenced that utter absorption in things of the soul which left her standing outside, none the less did she feel cold standing outside. How could it be otherwise? The man of genius and spiritual vision who lay dying there was still her baby brother, whom her mother's death had placed in her child arms, to have and to hold from that day forward.

Not that I think Gilberte Pascal was an unhappy woman, or was badly treated by this brother and sister. On the contrary, they cared much for "ma fidèle," as they called her; and thought of her, wrote to her, turned to her in any emergency as a matter of course. The pain which came to her through them could hardly be called their fault. It was inevitable, their conception of the higher life being just what it was, and their striving after it being as intense and exclusive as it was.

But good-by to Gilberte. She has served her purpose if she has brought into the foreground for a moment that army of women whom she typifies, whose lives have formed the indispensable background of the world's achievement. It is a great army, and very varied in its make-up. Some of the happiest women in the world have belonged to it — women whose service has been made a joy by the love and appreciation which have greeted it; and there are many others who would choose to be here even though they are keenly conscious of the cost, and many more whose lives have been one long hunger. The women of this army have worked in the odds and ends department. They have had to make the countless, tiresome, scrappy little sacrifices which some great sacrifice, made by one near to them, has brought in its wake. They have followed on to pick up the loose ends left flying by the lives of definite purpose and achievement, as they hurried forward. They have made the conditions right for the worker to perform his task. They have had the weapon ready for the hand that needed it, and the pillow ready for the head that needed it. They have done *so* much, waiting around to see what they would be wanted for next. They have been the left-behind ones. When genius has soared away from earth, they have stayed to clear up after it, and to see that it was not pulled down again by petty, practical complications. When sainthood has heard the command to go out from the old home life and follow some remote ideal, and has obeyed, they have been left with the added home-work on their hands, and the added loneliness in their hearts. When heroism has gone to the battle-field, their portion has been the strain of suspense, without the inspiration of struggle. When crucifixion has been the end, they have stood beside the cross, feeling the pain as their own, unable to see that vision in the soul of the sufferer which to him might make the pain seem worth while — "martyrs by the pang without the palm."

In former days, the lives of definite achievement to which these others have been the companion pictures, not on exhibition, have been largely those of men. But in our own day the call comes to woman after woman, "Be definite, be definite, and evermore be definite"; and woman after woman, hearing it, turns her back on a life of aimlessness and waiting, and takes up some definite work. It is one of the finest phases of the mighty, many-sided woman movement of our age. Now, there is no fear but these lives will have increasing recognition and honor; but what about those other lives which they necessitate? They have had scant recognition in the past. Will our own time do better by them? Will it realize, while it admires the pictures on exhibition, that the companion pictures, not on exhibition, are often masterpieces too? Will it give a place of honor all their own to its Gilberte Pascals?

Marion Libby.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XXV.

HE days that followed were very dear to Dorothy. She had given herself wholly to Philip in that first meeting of the lips, which seemed to make all things straight, and straight forever. She had her reserves with him, but she had no doubts. She knew now that she had been his, and only his, from the beginning. She thought of Jasper, as she now saw him, with a shudder, and made up to Philip in her heart, if not in the outward expressions she allowed herself, for every kindly impulse toward Jasper she had known.

For the contumely which she seemed to herself to have heaped on Philip in believing him in the wrong in the question between him and Jasper, she could find no proper penance. But the purity, the instinctive morality, the pitiless, colorless sense of right which Jasper feared and admired in her, saw in this silence of Philip's, which had gone so near to cost them each other, a nobility beyond praise. Philip laughed at this when she told him of it in the long interchange of confidences which filled the afternoon, after he had spoken and had taken his answer from her. She liked to have him laugh; but she said that however wicked and wrong and dangerous it was to have kept that silence, it was fine, and she would not have had him speak — especially when he saw that she doubted him — even if—

"Even if—?" queried Philip, with the rising inflection of impudence.

She looked at him for a moment in affectionate musing. He reached from the other end of the sofa, where they were sitting, and took her hand. "No," she said, as her eyes filled spontaneously with happy tears; "I should never have forgiven you if you had let it go so far as *that!*"

She began to abuse his foibles to win her way back to her reserves. She said it would n't do to spoil him too much. He had spoiled himself enough already. It was no wonder that she had been a long time making up her mind to accept such a reckless, careless, extravagant, haphazard lover.

"Oh, come!" cried Philip. "There was nothing haphazard about my love. I wished sometimes that there might be."

"There 's something haphazard about a young man who buys three ponies when he can't possibly use more than one."

"Not when one of them is for a young lady who chooses to take a view of things, after the purchase of ponies, which makes it impossible to ask her to ride one of them."

Dorothy blushed. "Oh!"

He made her agree to use one of the ponies as her own; and when he had taken himself off to the "Snow Find," having first given his orders about the pony at the stables, where he had left the animal after he had ceased to see Dorothy, she sent word to the livery-stable people that she should want to ride in the morning, early. She caught sight of Ernfield's boy passing the house on his way to the stables, and despatched the message by him.

"Be'n gittin' good news, Miss Maurice?" inquired Fred, as he laid a hand on the phaëton she had come from the house to stop.

She saw that he recognized the happiness in her face; and she liked Fred well enough, and felt safe enough with him to say, "Yes, Fred — very." But she admonished herself that this public expression of her happiness would n't do; and she asked Fred about Dr. Ernfield.

"Oh, Doc 's all broke up lately," said the boy. "*I* do' know what 's the matter of him. He use n't to be like that. He don't seem to have his old git up an' git any more, Doc don't. Here I be'n drivin' round to tell our patients that we can't come to-day. We 're laid up, we are; and that 's the way it goes."

Dorothy 's heart went out to Ernfield in a pity which took a new edge from her own fortune. She asked Fred, while she smiled at his invariable air of proprietorship in Ernfield, to tell the doctor that she was coming to see him next day, if he would let her. She felt as if her love somehow consecrated her to all the suffering and failure and misfortune everywhere. She felt as if she must be worthy of her bliss; it must teach her to look out, not in. There was a fresh force in the world; it was created anew. It seemed to her that her whole life must be an outgiving of the great spiritual truth which had descended upon her. Her one word, of which she had learned the meaning for the first time to-day, seemed to ex-

plain so much, to make so much perplexity smooth, to melt so much doubt and trouble, to make foolish so much striving. The joy which knocked at her heart, and seemed to beat there sometimes as if it would burst its gates, was not a thing of which either she or Philip should take all the good. It was for everybody; only, she thought, they should not know what blessed them. And in the morning, as a beginning, she took her ride.

It was a good ride. She seemed to find herself in it, and these early, sunny morning hours, in which she fled along the mesa alone, in a sweet abandonment to the joy of the motion, of the morning, and of the inward tumult of her thoughts, remained always in her memory as moments a little better than speech could report. Even Philip she never told of this ride.

They took many rides together, however, in the valley, and among the mountains, and up the mountains; and the compensatory law of nature by which the work of the world is continued in the face of an engagement enabled the usual output of ore to be taken from the "Snow Find" daily, with little assistance from Philip. Cutter was one of Nature's assistants in this, and the lovers recognized together his unfailing goodness. Philip went back and told her about their life together at Piñon. He said affectionately that Cutter was an awful ass, and the best fellow in the world. He should be sorry when he grew less an ass, because he might be less entirely the best fellow. He said, moreover, he was afraid that the West was teaching him something; he feared he was acquiring sense about some things; he could see his affectations dropping away from him one by one.

And then he told her about Cutter's affair with Elsa Berrian, and Dorothy compassionated him tenderly. She wished every one they liked to be engaged, to be happy in their love. She said hard things of Elsa, but she professed to be sure that she and Cutter would understand each other, finally, as *they* had. Surely they had suffered enough from misunderstandings, but all had fallen out well with them. Philip ridiculed her optimism; and then he asked her if she was quite sure that even they were beyond the reach of the accidents of fate. They would sometimes feign themselves lost to each other for the pleasure of surprising their happiness afresh; but something in Philip's voice made her turn upon him quickly.

"Why? *Is* there something? Have you heard from your brother? What is it, Philip?" She laid a gentle hand on his arm.

They were riding on the pine-covered mesa. Philip denied to himself the ache and the foreboding out of which he had spoken, as he held aside a bough to let her pass.

"Nothing," he said. "Why should there be anything?"

"I don't know. Everything makes me afraid. It was never so until — until I had this to lose. It seems to me every little while as if something must happen. Perhaps we are too happy." She sighed, and Philip laughed down the wasteful use of a present happiness as an object for the threats of destiny.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that no two people were ever happy enough before to excite the jealousy of the evil-minded fates?" And he added that the fates were still kept so busy on the Atlantic seaboard that they had n't had time yet to come West and grow up with the country. "They may be wrecking the happiness of some loving pair in Connecticut, or Massachusetts, or New York at this moment. In fact, it 's likely. But they have n't time for Colorado. Business is too brisk where they are."

She laughed, and Philip proposed a gallop. He was willing to be rid of his own thoughts.

Dorothy liked to make him see how she had come to be such a goose about the proportion of his guilt in the affair with Jasper. It involved accusations on both sides, and, on the whole, they liked the security with which they might now accuse each other as well as anything. She asserted that her idea about that affair was not merely the natural conclusion, but that she should think the same thing again.

"Oh, come!" cried Philip. "Not quite!"

"I don't know," said Dorothy, judicially. "You see what I went on. I was sure you were a hasty, hot-tempered, sensitive, high-strung, harum-scarum young man," she said, smiling at him, "and I knew your brother for a gentleman of judgment. You must remember that he had never given me any reason to doubt his honesty or his — his virtues. They were n't romantic, like the vices of some other people I could name, but they were solid. At least they seemed so. I believed in them, at any rate; I suppose I 'esteemed' them. Is n't that the word?"

"You took good care not to esteem *my* virtues, I observe."

"Did I?" quizzed Dorothy. "I had n't noticed. Were they about?"

"They were n't estimable."

"I 'm sure I did n't esteem them."

"I believe you. You were busy."

"Yes," she said, with a little arch lift of her eyelid; "loving them."

They had been climbing the hill which Margaret and Ernfield had once climbed. He caught her hand to his lips.

It was easy to answer such expressions — of which, however, she was very frugal — in the manner allotted to them, and to find the mo-

ment's happiness which they should produce to the normal lover; but it was impossible to keep this content. And when he was away from her, in the face of every reason for joy, he was blankly miserable. Cutter, who was the first to whom he told the news of his engagement, and who rejoiced in it as became a friend, noticed his moodiness, as Vertner and Ernfield did, also, after a time; and they twitted or gibed him after their several fashions, until Cutter saw it was serious, and set himself to help him, if he could. But Philip repulsed him almost rudely.

In the long nights he thought he must tell her; but when he saw her radiant face again, it was seen to be impossible and absurd. No; he had bought his happiness with a price. If the price was high, the more reason for not risking it by suffering foolish qualms to tempt him to the revelation which hung always on his lips. He thought sometimes that she must read his secret in his eyes. How could it be that a man should lose the power to face himself in the defenseless moments of solitude, and fail to show it in his countenance?

He could still make it seem right — what he had done — as it touched Jasper. Nay; it sometimes seemed as finely, as excellently, right as it had seemed in the moment which had persuaded him to the wrongful silence he was now committed to. But as it lived in the same world with Dorothy it was a foul and unspeakable thing; it was to the full the wrong, or more than the wrong, it could have seemed to his old rectitude, if it had approached him in its naked guise, with no question of Jasper, of vengeance, of wrong for wrong, or of the love for which he had done it. This love was now good and sweet to him only as he could find a purity of impulse in himself answerable to the purity of hers; to his inmost core he felt soiled by what he had done. Her very caresses were a shame to him. He thought how she must start away from him if she knew.

In these moods he framed a dozen passionate confessions in which he told her that he was a scoundrel beneath the least of her kindnesses; he said that he had her love on false pretenses; that she should know him — all of him — to know how unworthy he was. He said in these confessions which were never made that he would go away; that they would not meet again; and that — at this point a crazy pang of jealousy would intrude, and he would remember that he could not leave her to Jasper. He knew that she now despised Jasper. Yet this seemed possible or even probable.

In the midst of this harassment of mind small things gave him pleasure. It was with a strange joy, for example, that he arranged the details of borrowing, on the security of the "Little Cipher," the sum which Maurice owed Jasper. He transacted the business, giving him the money that was to deliver Maurice from Jasper, and to place Dorothy forever beyond him, with a pleasure hardly diminished by the sense that he was at the same time giving the final sanction to his deed, and making retreat impossible.

He recognized, with a start, as he stood by the banker's counter, the feeling which he had accused in his father. His own perception of the unwisdom, the wrong, of reprisal upon Jasper, he had played utterly false, and he found himself rejoicing in having done so. He knew now the exultation his father had felt in squaring himself with Jasper. Still more clearly, but sadly, he saw how his father had been led to cast back in his face his own seeming ingratitude.

Ah, if he could only get at his father, they might understand each other now. His father was the one person to whom he could fancy himself telling his story unreservedly, if he could only find him and reconcile himself to him. He did not believe he would be the surer that his plea for Jasper had been the false one it would now more than ever seem, though he thought of this. What came to him was that his father was the one man who could wholly know the goaded mind in which it had come to him that he *could* not let Jasper win his love from him, too.

The thought made the discovery of his father's whereabouts even more than the immediate necessity it had been for the past two months. He enjoyed the reflection that Jasper would now be indirectly furnishing him with the money for lack of which he had hitherto failed to find him. He said to himself that he would start soon — at once; and then he recalled that he had promised himself to remain in Maverick until Jasper's return. If Jasper should ever come to know what he had done, he did not wish to give it to him to say that he had dodged away. He wished to face him. He was not ashamed of what he had done — not, at least, before Jasper.

He did not find his feeling about it, even as it touched Dorothy, continuous. There were odd lapses in it, followed by quick returns of remorse. It would die away from him, in good hours, when they talked together, and grow a callous lump which he was conscious of carrying about in his bosom as a burden; but he was not constantly sure of its meaning. At these times his willingness to enjoy the nearest pleasure, his liking for the comfortable, the agreeable arrangement, minded him to keep it out of his sight, if he could, and forget it. Surely he had a right to his hardly won bliss; and if he had not, no one was likely to be benefited by any foolish asceti-

cism about it, unless, indeed, Jasper, whose enjoyment of his brother's incapacity to taste the joy he had snatched from him, being imagined, helped Philip to forget manfully.

They sometimes talked of Jasper to make sure of their possession of each other; they even indulged a wonder why he did not return, though, in their hearts, neither wished his return. They felt instinctively that his return would set a period to their present state; their next state might be better or worse, but it would not be the same. The first days of betrothal come but once, and they hedged them jealously from the world. Dorothy would not let him make their engagement known beyond the little company of their friends, and made him pledge each of them to secrecy, for a time yet. She said she knew it must come; she would have to be congratulated; she would have to see her engagement take its place among the gossip of the town, in the news of the day: but she was not ready for that yet. It was only one degree from having to feel, as she knew she would be made to feel, that a marriage was just a marriage — an interesting public function, surrounded by the usual circumstance of ushers, orange flowers, white silk, carriages, subdued whispers, rapturous comment, Lohengrin, and all the rest of it. She might as well be a statistic, and have done with it. She admitted that their marriage would be in the census; but she was willing to postpone her sense of its civic importance.

Sometimes in their rides long silences would fall, and perhaps they communicated with each other most fully in these. But they liked to speak of the time when a little turn, one way or the other, might have lost them to each other, as it seemed.

Dorothy would not admit that any chance could have been strong enough really to keep them apart; upon which Philip asked her what she said to the chance which she had given herself to accept Jasper.

"Suppose I had n't come along? Suppose Vertner had n't let on what an extra-abused fellow I was? It 's even betting what answer he would have got."

"Well, he has n't come back for it," suggested Dorothy.

"No; but if he had?"

"I gave myself a week," she said demurely.

"Do you mean that you gave me a week? Take care! I sha'n't believe that you were spending *all* your time disliking my part in the row with Jasper."

"Oh, you may believe what you like," she rejoined, flicking her horse with the quirt Philip had given her.

But, at another time, when they were sitting before the fire in her own home, she told him that it was really he who had gone nearest to make the impossibility of their not coming together possible. What did he say to the extreme folly of telling a young woman he loved her, and asking her in the same moment to understand that the fact was n't to count? To be sure, he had suddenly thought better of this absurdity. It was a great point that he *had* thought better of it. But why?

A sick feeling stole over Philip as he parried this question, so obvious, so just, for the dozenth time, with a weary joke. It reappeared with the haunting effect of a threat. Must this ghost always stand at his elbow? Might he not better tell her the whole story of his temptation and his fall, and throw himself on her mercy, and her belief in him?

But he remembered Maurice, who would be so far too much involved in anything he might try to say. He could not wound the faith in her father, which he had given so much to preserve. He wished that Maurice would at least take the action which was now a matter of days, and which could not be much longer postponed. And he wished Jasper would return. There came a point in all threatening discomforts where all his thoughts and desires about them resolved themselves into a single longing to have done with them.

When he and Maurice met in Dorothy's presence, now, they avoided each other's eye. Philip felt degraded by their common secret. He saw that he must tell Dorothy what he had done if the present situation did not come to an end soon of itself.

XXVI.

MARGARET clung to her husband, as Jasper left them and took the path back into the woods. She looked wistfully into his eyes. "Tell me it is n't true!" she whispered huskily. "Say that he is wrong! He would say his worst. I know that. O James, tell me that it is n't true!"

Deed was silent. He watched Jasper's form slowly disappearing among the pines, in the twilight, with blazing eyes. He took his breath shortly.

"True?" he asked from his absorption. He stroked her head absently. "What true, dear? Scoundrel!" he muttered.

"What he said — that you — you —?"

"That I pledged bonds left with me in trust to raise money to pay Philip? Yes; it 's true," he said, clenching his hands, and staring over her head at the point where Jasper had vanished among the trees. He was less than half conscious of making the confession, which he had considered so often and painfully; but at her shrinking from him he knew that he had told her, and that he was alone with her know-

ledge of him. "Do you object?" he asked abruptly.

The soreness of his spirit spoke. Every nerve in him ached from the interview which he had just cut short fiercely with a word.

She could have comforted him, without a backward look on the story Jasper had told, and he would have blessed her; and, later, he would have humbled himself before her with the truth. At that moment the hand of pure kindness must have been a pain, and the probe, even in the hands of love, was torture. "Do you object?" he repeated, as she did not answer.

"Object?" she cried. "O my husband!"

She saw that he was in the mood when he must be hard with the person nearest him. She had just seen him tormented beyond endurance. She meant to be gentle, to be tolerant; but she could not be silent.

"I see," exclaimed Deed. "You need n't say it. Well, the law objects, too. You are in excellent company."

"O James, how should I care for that! You were in the right. I believe it. I only ask you to say it, and I will believe you. Can't you see that I can't bear to think you in the wrong?"

"Ah, yes," he exclaimed sadly. "You care too much for the right to bear to think that."

"That is true," she said simply. "I don't think you could want me to deny that, James, though you say it as if it were an accusation. You mean that I care for that first, and then for you. I care for you as you *are* right, *the* right. Can't you see how it 's all the same thing? You have become my right. O James, did n't I take you for that in marrying you?"

"Reserving your own definitions," said Deed, bitterly.

"I don't define," she murmured entreatingly; "I only ask you to say."

"And I can't say. Nothing that I could say could make what I have done seem right to your ideas of right. You would be forced to condemn just as I should be eternally forced to do it, in the same situation. It 's temperament; it 's character!" he cried miserably.

The twilight had deepened during the brief minutes in which Jasper had told his father that he knew the secret of the hypothecation of Iron Silver stock at Leadville, and had given him his choice between retreat from the sale to Snell, and an immediate publication of the facts of the hypothecation in the newspapers. He had taken his scornful answer away with him into the dusk. The darkness was now falling about them, touched only by the last reluctances of the day, which the reflected glimmer from the white hills detained vaguely still.

"Yes, yes," assented Margaret; "I know. But what can matter if we love each other — if we trust each other?"

"Trust, Margaret! Did you trust me when I sold the ranch away from this fellow? Would you trust me, now, if I were to tell you how I used this mining stock out of a need of the same kind? I am made that way, Margaret. I could n't have helped doing it any more than you can help loathing it now," he repeated.

"I don't loathe it," she said patiently. "I am sorry — sorry. What you say about the other — yes, I see, now, that I was wrong, or unhappy, or — I don't know what — in my way of asking you not to do that. Perhaps I shall never be able to find words or ways — whatever it is with which other women explain such things," she went on, with a little note of humility in her voice which touched Deed indescribably, and caused him to take her hand in his in a quick pressure as she stole it gently, almost timidly, toward him. "But, James," she continued quickly, "we were not married then. I am your wife now. That has changed everything. I can't judge you. I am part of you. If you have done what — what he said, the error, the sin, if there is any, is mine, too. Let us help each other about it, James. Tell me, how was it?"

The moon stole an edge above the summit of Monk's Head, etching the dusky outline of the mountain against its peeping disk. The light kindled along the snowy flanks of the opposite hills, and ran tremulously into the black depths of the cañon beyond. He told her of the means by which he had paid Philip, as they stood in the broadening glow.

"But you meant to do no wrong," she said as he finished.

"Oh, meant!" he exclaimed. "Do you think they will care at Leadville what I meant to do?"

"Perhaps not," she said; "but I care. If it had not been for the chance of this snow, which might have happened to any one, you would have sold the 'Lady Bountiful' to those people at Burro Peak, and no one would have been the worse for what you did." She said this stoutly, as much by way of trying to believe it for herself as to comfort him. But her conscience forced her to add immediately, "But it was an awful mistake — it was — it was not right, was it, James?" She looked up into his eyes, questioning him doubtfully, as if she had never known days in which problems like this were decided with instinctive confidence within her own breast.

"No, Margaret; no. It was like other things — a muddle of right and wrong, I suppose; but certainly not right. Perhaps I might say for what I did that it would n't be fair to judge it in the gross. But that 's the best I could say.

I did it because I had to, Margaret. I did n't *mean* one thing or the other, as you call it. The position in which Philip placed me was intolerable. I changed it; I righted it. God knows with what show of justice." He turned away. They stood for a moment silent. Then he said: "Does it not seem my destiny, Margaret dear, to hurt you, and always at the tenderest point? I seem to have to do the things which must wound you deepest, and then to have to hurt you deeper by wickedly trying to make you pay for my error through your sensitiveness to it. From the hour that I borrowed money at Leadville on those bonds which did n't belong to me I have been ashamed to face myself; what I did has seemed to debase me deeper and deeper every day. I have hated myself. I have wished to tell you. But when you question my act, ever so gently, I must make you suffer for my pain about it. It is because I know the things I do for what they are that I can't bear your sure eyes on them. If I believed myself as much in the right as I am always ready to say I am, I could not shrink from your brave judgments."

"O James, it is n't for me to judge. But, don't you see, dear — what you say gives me courage to ask — that —" she hesitated.

"What, Margaret?" he asked gently.

"That — that all you have done — all that you have been led to do since Jasper turned false, is all of one piece, really?"

"No," said Deed, gravely; "I don't see that."

"But I do! O James," she cried, "what you did to Jasper was wrong — wrong from the beginning!"

Deed frowned heavily. "Margaret! I thought you —" He bit his lip.

"That I said I was mistaken in that? In the way I chose to make you feel what I felt — yes. But in my feeling about it — oh, no, no, I was right; and if in nothing else, then right in my instinct that it was wrong for *you!* Poor James! It has been wrong, has it not?" She slipped her hand within his arm. He dropped the arm, and looked away toward the gilded white hills. But she went on, undaunted. "We have tried to cover it up in our happiness, these last few weeks. But it 's true; and I see now — I 'm sure that you see now — that we must face it. Do you think I don't understand how, having done what you did with Jasper, what you did with Philip had to follow? It was that I feared for you — all the endless consequences, all the suffering, all the remorse, all the snarl of wrong. I feared them for *you*, James, because I knew you — because —" her hand stole into his, and this time he held it fast — "I loved you; and because I saw, oh, so clearly, how it would all be worse for you than for another man — how you would make it worse, because you would be trying always to burst your way through the misery; and because you would suffer more than other men from your failure, and — and your wounds. It was that that forced me to ask you not to do it; and it 's that that makes me ask you now, James, to *undo* it. Don't speak! Don't say you won't or can't. You can, James, and you *must!* Can you wish to be subject forever to such attacks? Jasper has to make them. They are in his nature; and they are part of the sure result of what you did," she said bravely. She was launched now, and did not care what she said. "What you did to right yourself with Philip was wrong, of course; but it was not the first nor the chief wrong." She caressed his shoulder vaguely with the arm she ran about his neck. "Whatever you did, it all came from the other. It could n't have happened if the other had n't. And we must go back to that. I see now that we have been mistaken in pretending to each other that that question is dead, and all its consequences buried. It can never die, James, until we face it together, and do what we still can." He turned and looked into her pleading face. "It lives between Jasper and you, and will always live until we have the courage to give up our wrongful right; it lives between Philip and you, and perhaps that is past help, — perhaps that is to be our punishment, — but worse, much worse, it lives between *us*, James; and we shall never be happy until it is dead and out of sight. Oh, I have been thinking while we have been standing here! I have been seeing, more than ever before, how different we are, how hard it will be, always, for us to understand each other, to make allowance, to remember that we love each other, and to keep that uppermost. But I have become sure that never, for either of us, is there to be peace until this is made right."

Deed drew her to him, and folded her in his arms. "My wise, good Margaret!" he said. "My gentle, sweet, just girl! You said a little while ago that I was your right — that you had taken me for that. But you see, now, how I could never be that. My right is personal, whimsical, fantastic, brutal, selfish. I construct it myself. I take it habitually, as if it were the one right in the world, and as if it might not be the wrong of a dozen other people. It is you who must be my right for the future; and I will obey it humbly. Your right is certain because it is *not* yours — because it is the right of others. I will do what you say, Margaret."

He bent and kissed her. Margaret touched her eyes hastily with her handkerchief. "And will you — will you restore the ranch to Jasper? Will you give him back his share?"

Deed's brow knit darkly. "My girl, my girl,"

he exclaimed in sadness, "you don't know what you ask!"

"But you would do that, surely. You would not hesitate now, would you, for any feeling of—of—"

Deed shook his head bitterly. "Is it a light feeling? Do you think I could do it? O Margaret, you don't *think!*" An inflection of reproach stole into his voice.

Her ear did not fail to note it. But she said: "I do! I do! It is because I think—and for you—that I beg it of you."

Her husband bit his lip. "It's preposterous, Margaret. Ask something reasonable. Would you have me humble myself before Jasper, *now*, after all that has passed—after to-day? Would you have me go to him,—his father,—confess that I have been in the wrong from the beginning, and beg his permission to restore, to give back, what I stole from him? I should be lying. I don't believe him in the right; I believe him terribly in the wrong. But, besides, see what he must think—that I do it in fear of his vile threat! Could you really wish that humiliation for me, Margaret? I don't believe it."

"No; we must wait, I see. We must make the other right. Then this will come right of itself. You must go back," she said. "You must find your way to Leadville the moment this snow releases us, and restore what you have borrowed."

"Borrowed? Do you think it is by that word they will know what I did at Leadville? It will be a harsher word, Margaret—a word with a penalty."

"Well, then," returned she, with a simplicity which at once appalled and enchanted him, "you must go back and make it right on those terms."

He stared at her fascinated. "I will!" he said at last.

"I don't mean to urge you to anything your own judgment does n't approve," she said, temporizing, as even a strong woman must before consequences which are to be wrought out beyond her sight in the man's world.

"No, no! It has been in my own mind a long time. I would have done it gladly long ago if I could have got out of this prison, and could have believed that I had a right to commit you to what must follow. I must have my own respect back again, Margaret. You are right. I will go to Leadville as soon as we can get away from this place, if Jasper does not contrive that I shall go earlier. And I will take the consequences."

"And then—" She looked up into his eyes confidently, joyfully.

"You mean Jasper?" he asked, frowning.

She nodded. He shook his head.

XXVII.

BEATRICE folded Margaret in her arms, and kissed her repeatedly, and took off her cloak, and asked her where she had been, when Deed brought her to the house one evening a week later. She said that Ned was down-town, and Mr. Deed was not to think of going on by the nine o'clock train to Leadville. She was charmed to keep Margaret while he went on; but he must stay, too, for the night, at least. Ned would be back soon, and he was so anxious to see him.

As she spoke Beatrice glanced from one to the other. In Margaret's face she thought she saw some of what she had expected—a development, a softening, an effect like that which photographers get from the process they call "toning." It was not merely that usual, though indescribable difference which distinguishes the matron, however recent, from the maid; Margaret had changed almost in proportion to the area she had offered for change, almost in proportion to what Beatrice had always called to herself her "unmarriageableness." What she saw made her retract silently some things she had said to Vertner, but still left her wondering. Had Margaret contrived to attune herself to her husband, or had he, feeling the sacrifice she had made in coming to him, at last, after what had happened, made the history of his sex memorable by shaping himself to her? Did they get along? That was what she asked herself. She had decided that they did (Deed's face looked strangely sad and worn; but that was, no doubt, the other matter) as she intercepted his answer to a glance from Margaret in the pause which fell at her hospitable entreaty; and yet— She went back to her old feeling that the difference between them was too irreconcilable, and that Margaret, of all persons, was the last to be able to reconcile it (it was always the woman who had to play that part in a marriage, and when the woman was wrong it was hopeless). She said, as these thoughts passed through her mind, that they had been greatly concerned lately when no one heard from them.

Deed said yes, they had been snowed up. They had been unable to get out; they had feared their friends would be anxious. He gave this explanation like a lesson learned by rote. He was conscious that people would be curious; it was necessary to supply an explanation for current use, and the simpler it was, and the sooner made, the better. Margaret glanced quickly at him as he spoke.

He would not take off his overcoat in response to Beatrice's entreaties, and in a few moments rose, and made his farewell. Margaret followed him into the hallway. She threw her arms about his neck.

"O James," she begged, through the lump that hung in her throat, "are we doing right? Or—no; of course we are doing right—but do you think—"

"Margaret!" exclaimed he, reproachfully. He took down her hands, and gazed into her eyes by the dim light of the hall-lamp, under which they stood. "It is n't you who persuade me to falter, is it?"

"No, no. But it is so easy to persuade. It is you who have to act—to suffer. Perhaps I am wrong. Oh, think!"

"I have thought," he said soberly, "You are right. We are both right. We cannot do otherwise. Tell me, dearest," he whispered, stooping to her, "can we?" Their eyes confronted in a look in which each seemed to search the other's soul.

She turned away choking. "Go! go!" she cried in a stifled voice. She caught him to her, and kissed him once, twice, and held him to her in a ravenous embrace, from which it seemed she would never let him go. Then suddenly she pushed him away, and, putting her hands to her face, ran into the room where Beatrice awaited her.

It was finally because she was ashamed of her cowardice that she forced herself to look over the "Maverick Sentinel" the next morning. She glanced at the head-lines with a cowering heart; and when she found nothing in them beyond the usual budget of snow-slides, murder trials, Washington gossip, European war-clouds, local news, mining and cattle notes, booms, and rumors of booms, she began to search again incredulously. Could it be that Jasper had held his hand? She asked Vertner, in as steady a voice as she could command,—they were at breakfast,—if Mr. Jasper Deed was in town.

"No," said Vertner. "Want to see him?" He smiled over at her, unscrupulously. She shook her head, without smiling. "No," he repeated; "he is n't in town, and it 's even up when he will be. He was going to be back in a week when he started,—that was the word he left,—and there was plenty to call him back. But it 's nearer ten days, and no one 's heard anything of him. I *did* think some of organizing a search expedition to go and find him one of these days when business was slack, but, come to talk to the fellows in town about it, there seemed to be a general agreement that *they* had n't lost Jasper Deed. I did n't know as I had myself, so I let it drop. But if you want to see him—" he offered, with twinkling eyes.

"No, no," she said. And then she told him—there could be no harm if she did not tell his errand—of the visit he had paid them at Mineral Springs. Vertner pricked up his ears at the first words, and, at the end of her recital, was leaning forward with his face supported between his hands, listening in unconscious absorption. As she finished, he emitted a little whistle.

"What a fellow!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "*What* a fellow! Snow so deep the drummers did n't try to get out, you say? Pass blocked! Everything battened down for the winter! Drifts, probably, until you could n't rest. And that fellow fought his way over into the Springs and saw Deed! My! my! but there was a rustler lost to the honest paths of speculation when that remarkable young man went into the business of being a confounded scoundrel! Like to have him in partnership with me for a year with his claws cut. Would n't we make this old Centennial State hum! But what 's become of him? That 's what I want to know. I believe I *shall* have to go after him, now. We can't leave a man with all that sand to die in a snow-drift. Come to think of it, there might be a chance to reform him if we could meet in a snow-drift—he underneath, and I on top—with a whisky-flask. It would be a pretty triumph, leading him home captive, warranted kind and gentle, and trained to go in harness. What a scoundrel! I 'm afraid he made Deed unhappy," he said suddenly.

Vertner had executed a circumscribed war-dance in their bedroom when Beatrice had told him of Deed's safety, on his return the night before. He had said that Deed was a fraud not to wait; and then had said that he should start for Leadville in the morning to hunt him up. He had something to tell him. But, in the morning, when Beatrice asked him if she should pack his bag, he told her that he had decided not to go—not to-day, anyway. Deed would probably find out at Leadville for himself what he had to tell him, and it would be all the better.

Margaret's eyes filled with tears alarmingly at his suggestion, and he shied hastily away from it, and asked her if she would n't go with them on a little picnic they had arranged for that day. They were all going to the Iron Mine. Oh, yes; certainly she would go. But there was no question about it. Margaret protested. It seemed wicked to be enjoying herself, or even to permit herself the color of enjoyment, while Deed was away from her on such an errand. But Beatrice's assurance to Vertner that she would go, and the "talking to" which Beatrice gave her when he had left them, silenced her.

She was full of her own thoughts as she prepared for the long drive to the Iron Mine; and they were not all of Deed in Leadville.

She must meet people since she had come

back. Some of those she had known during her earlier stay were sure to be of the picnic party. She must bear to guess the comment that had gone on in her absence from the looks she would receive. Ah, well, she did not care. There were other things to think of. Yet she caught herself wondering if Dr. Ernfield would be riding with them to Iron Mine. She had not dared to ask Beatrice who was going; she had not even asked how he was, though she wished much to know.

She recalled the occurrences of her former stay in Maverick, one by one. Some of them — the days of courtship, for example, when Deed and she had seen each other daily, in perfect love and confidence — were sweet recollections. But others crowded these out. The morning when she had so nearly sacrificed his love for her to save him from himself, and had failed; the desolate days which followed, — Ernfield, her flight, her happy flight from this house to which she had come back again, — these were haunting memories.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining with that effect of never having shone before, mingled with the sober purpose of going on shining just so forever, which Colorado knows, and which all December picnics should arrange for. The fact that the entire sum of the gray, or doubtful, or lowering days in the course of a Colorado year would not make up a fortnight, mysteriously seems not to dull the edge of one's pleasure in each new sun-soaked day. Dorothy was saying something like this to Philip as they rode out together to meet the party. Vertner had brought Philip the news of his father's arrival in town, and had had hard work, as he told Beatrice afterward, to restrain him from following Deed to Leadville, forthwith. It was only by representing the case to Dorothy that he had succeeded in keeping him for the picnic, he told his wife. He did not mean that he had told Dorothy anything; he had merely indicated to her the propriety of his remaining, and he had remained.

Philip rode by Dorothy's side with a happy smile on his lips. His heart stirred joyously in time to the hoof-beats of their horses. To know that his father was found, to know that he must by this have learned that he had a loyal son, was cause enough for throwing up one's hat, and to turn his own trouble idle and foolish. As they rode, Dorothy would occasionally look across the space between their horses and smile with him; and at these times a gleam of intelligence, of sympathy, would light in her eyes, which seemed to double his happiness. His head swam with it. He would not talk, and Dorothy also kept silence; but when their eyes met, Philip thought how, with every look, she endeared herself more to him, and how she must make her way into his father's heart. How his father would like her! She should make up for many things to him. She should be a daughter to him, not in the conventional sense, but truly. He fancied her replacing Jasper in his father's heart; he imagined her atoning for that loss, in so far as any one could. He knew that must always remain an unhealed sorrow, an incurable bitterness; but she could console it.

When he met Margaret, for the first time, a few moments later, he seemed to see something in her face which told him that his father must already be as happy as the love of woman could make him. He had had his one glimpse of her on the staircase of the hotel at Leadville, as she was leaving it, a bride; but her face had been veiled. He saw instantly that she was good. She was such a woman as he could fancy his father caring for. He saw why he had married her. These perceptions passed through his mind rapidly as he flung himself from his horse, and took her hand warmly.

Margaret had imagined this meeting. She supposed she must speak to him; but she had intended to make it a formal matter. She could not believe him as much at fault as her husband did; but his attitude bound her, she felt, and she must be the more careful since he was not by. Poor Margaret! Her judiciousness was always a failure. It was not less so in this case, for Philip's warmth disarmed her, and with the whole party halted and looking on she could not treat him with obvious coldness. She could only say to herself that, at least, it was not Jasper. Even her husband could not feel Philip to be as much to blame as his brother. And, before she knew it, a wave of tenderness for Philip came over her, like the tenderness she had felt toward him when Deed, for so different a reason, had left her before. He was at least his son. She had not yet found courage to glance at him. She wondered if he looked like *him*. She made herself glance down into his honest eyes, and suddenly believed in him. He *was* like his father; his eyes were particularly like his. She returned his hand-clasp.

"I have hoped we should meet," he said.

"Yes," she murmured breathlessly.

"Will you tell me how my father is? You can't know how anxious we have been about him — about you."

"He 's not well. He has been — he has been troubled. You knew that he had gone on to Leadville?"

"Yes, yes. But he is coming back?"

"Soon, I hope." She lowered her eyes.

"Only soon. Then I must run up. I had hoped he would be back to-morrow. Vertner assured me that he would."

"Oh, don't do that!" she exclaimed hastily.

"Don't?" He hesitated. "You mean —

No; I suppose father has n't forgiven me," he said gloomily. Then, with recovered buoyancy, "But that 's almost part of his fineness, is n't it? If I had done what he supposes, he *ought* to hate me. But does he still — or, no, I ought n't to ask that; it is n't fair; perhaps I ought not even to have spoken to you; but I saw you. I could n't help it. You can't think what finding father again is to me — to all of us. It 's mixed up with so many things. But it does n't need to be mixed up with anything to make me glad. He 's not like every father, quite, you know; he 's not been at all like other fathers in his goodness to me. And he 's such a *man!*"

The tone in which he said it sent a thrill leaping through her pulses, and it was hard for her not to shout what she answered a moment later, in an agitated whisper, struggling to control herself.

"I know your father," she said. She took a hand from her rein, and offered it to him, in a torrent of feeling for which she could find no words. He caught the hand in a grasp that hurt her as he wrung it.

"I believe you do," he said almost reverently.

The cavalcade had passed them as they paused together. She touched her horse and, with a single glance at him, started in pursuit of the party at a gallop. Philip joined Dorothy, and they cantered on slowly after the company together, talking of what had happened.

They caught up with the others in the gorge making into the hills outside the town — the gorge through which Margaret and Ernfield had once ridden on their way to the neighboring summit. Cutter, Beatrice, Vertner, Ernfield, and Mrs. Felton were among the group in advance. Margaret, who had rejoined the company before them, they perceived riding by Vertner's side. Every one save Margaret and Ernfield appeared in a festival mood; and shouts and laughter echoed from wall to wall of the gulch, and floated up into the still, keen air, like a kind of offering to the perfection of the day. Ernfield was with Beatrice, far in advance, and they saw him stoop to her in quiet talk. Beatrice would sometimes turn in her saddle, and laugh gaily at something Cutter and Mrs. Felton, who seemed to be having a pleasant time together, would call out from behind. But at these times Ernfield did not turn. Philip guessed that he was willing to avoid Margaret's eye, and Margaret, for her part, kept in the rear with Vertner. Ernfield had joined the van of the cavalcade after it was in motion, and they had not encountered yet. Both were willing to postpone the meeting.

The gulch narrowed presently, and forced them out of its bottom to a narrow path along the ledge which hung above it. Opposite them a gash in the hill, the effusion of a mass of green earth upon the rocky slope, an abandoned cabin, told the familiar story of failure, the little daily tragedy of disappointment. The memory of another mine, which was always with Philip now, but had seemed to leave him in the happy hours since he had known his father to be found, returned upon him with a fresh pain. It was a richer mine of which he was thinking. He had been about to say to himself more fortunate. But was it fortunate? If he could choose, would it not be his wish, now, that the ore-bearing vein in the "Little Cipher" might never have been opened? He could not wish that it should give out now; his future had been wagered on it. But what would he not have given to know that he had dreamed the assay, the exploration of the mine, the fingering of the ore in his own hands? He wished heartily that he had never leased the mine to the Ryans, who must go blundering about and snatch a fortune out of the bowels of the earth, to show his conscience the way to the hell in which it now lived.

"Poor fellows!" said Dorothy, looking across at the deserted mine, as they rode slowly along the path in single file. "What work, what hopes, they must have put into that mine! It is hard, is n't it, to think that where one succeeds a thousand must fail. It must be so, I suppose; but what a price for the success!"

"Do you mean that these men — the men who worked that mine — and others like them all over Colorado, and elsewhere, really pay for the lucky fellow's good fortune?" asked Philip, turning in his saddle (he was riding in advance) to look back at her. "That 's a hard thought for the lucky fellow, is n't it?"

"Oh, no, Philip; I did n't mean that." She saw what he was thinking of, and hesitated a moment before trying to say just what she did mean. "It 's Nature that pays. I suppose we must think that. The men will feel that they have played against Nature and lost; and that is right, too, no doubt. Some must lose; the chances are infinitely in favor of loss. Every one knows that who sinks a shaft or digs a tunnel, I fancy. And then some must win. That is natural. The men who fail don't grudge the successes. I think they like to know of them. It is a comfort to them to know that there *is* some success somewhere. But it lays a great responsibility on the successful ones, does n't it?"

"Yes," said Philip.

They rode on in silence. The hoofs of their horses seemed to make a loud voice as they struck on the rocky path. The others had been moving more rapidly while they talked, and

the hoof-beats of the animals in advance, as they died away, seemed to leave them more solitary in this lonely path between the hills than if a party had not been within hail.

"Philip," she said softly, not guessing his thoughts.

"Yes."

"Was n't it fortunate — Mr. Cutter and I were talking of it the other day — that it was the 'Little Cipher' which turned out so rich?"

"Why?" asked Philip, turning suddenly to face her again.

"Why, only think if it had been the 'Pay Ore,' and you had been obliged to give it up to your brother, after — after all that has happened, and after your making it a success. Fancy your having to think that all the work you had given to your own mine had come to nothing; and the same work in his had brought him a fortune. Fancy your having to know that *you* had done it for *him*. Why, Philip, when I think of your being forced to go to him in the face of all the wrong and suffering and insult he has heaped on you, and having to say — b-r-r-r!" She shuddered prettily.

It had come. He felt now as if he had paltered and doubted and hesitated to his shame. How could he have believed that she would not find a forgiveness in that heavenly sympathy for the means by which he had won her? These gentle words — the first in comment on that bitter situation which had found their way to any lips — were like dew in a thirsty land to him. She must know. He would not wrong her by another moment's shameful silence. His secret choked him. Their love seemed worthless while it remained between them.

"It *would* have been an odious position," he said, with an effort at lightness. "Perhaps a man might be forgiven for shirking it."

"You mean he might send some one else to tell him?"

"No; I suppose I was thinking that he might do nothing at all."

"Wait, and let his brother find out, do you mean?"

"Well, yes; something like that."

"But that would only be postponing it. His brother would be sure to learn of it sooner or later. And then he would have his silence to accuse him of. If one had a brother like Jasper, I don't think one would like to give him an accusation — even an accusation like that, where no real wrong would have been done him. Do you?"

"I think I should let him find out," said Philip. He was speaking with his head half turned toward her, and with one hand resting on his pony's flank behind the saddle. This kept his body swaying with the animal's forward stride. The others came into sight for a moment at a bend in the road, and vanished again. They probably thought to do the lovers a kindness in leaving them to themselves. "Even suppose he never found out?" he pursued after a moment, as he turned and leaned forward to adjust the pony's forelock, which had not been properly smoothed under the head-strap.

"But I can't imagine that. His brother would hear. He would know that the strike had been made in his mine."

"He might n't know which was his. You can imagine that, surely."

Something in his voice startled her. "Why, Philip — but what do you mean?"

They had emerged upon a vast open green upland, and their horses by a common impulse changed their pace to a canter. The others were visible now, far in advance, upon the road winding as far as the eye could reach between the grassy acres of the park. They cantered along side by side in the sunlight, taking the pure air of the table-land on their faces.

The interval gave Philip time. But he could not think. Her smiling face, as she glanced toward him in their buoyant flight, daunted him. Would she smile so when he had told her? He was suddenly afraid to speak.

But as the animals fell into a walk, "Suppose his brother did n't know," he repeated; and this time she was sure of the strange inflection.

She stared at him. "It would be an awful temptation," she said under her breath. She gazed thoughtfully into his eyes. He dropped them.

"Yes," he said.

He kept his eyes upon the moving roadway. He felt her glance upon him. She was reading him. He knew it. Would she never break the silence? Then at his side he heard a low moan — not like Dorothy's voice — a moan of perception and reproach and heartbreaking grief.

"Oh!" she murmured desolately. "Oh-h-h!" The wail trembled from between her trembling lips; it seemed torn from her soul. She paled. He saw her sway in her saddle, and stretched out a quick hand to stay her fall. She waved him off brokenly. "No, no! Don't, please!"

"Dorothy —" he began.

She commanded herself, and looked into his eyes again with a look of love and longing and despair, with a face of sorrow and indignation, and with scorn and pity, which shook his heart.

"How could you!" she cried in a stifled voice, through the tears that began to come. "How *could* you!"

"It was for you," he said.

"For *me!* O Philip, don't say it!"

"But for whom else, for what else? You can't

think that I would do it only for money, for revenge! It was for you — only for you."

"And you think that makes it better! Oh, what can you have imagined me! How little — little you have understood me. Better — O Philip!" she choked.

"It was a question between losing you and doing it. I did it. It was wrong, it was wicked, it was base, if you like. You may think what you will of it. I don't defend it. But I did it for you. And I would do it again."

"Don't!" she cried again, shrinking away from him. "Oh, no one could accuse you as you accuse yourself. Knowing this — this thing that you have let yourself do to be all you say, how — O Philip, *how* could you stain our — our love with it! I don't know what you mean. How could it have been? Did I make you do this?" she cried suddenly. She stretched out her hand toward him. "Was it my folly or vanity, in letting Jasper go on, that forced you to it — that seemed to give this a reason?" Philip shook his head. "Oh, no, no! Of course it could n't have been that. But why —" She stopped short. "What difference can it make? It 's done — it 's done! And for me — for our love! Oh, how could you hope that any happiness could be bought with such wrong? Can't you see how it soils and degrades and shames every moment that we have ever had with each other? Can't you see how it must kill me to think that we have come by all that has seemed so sweet and precious and good through a fraud — through a trick?"

"No," said Philip, stoutly; "I don't see that. I won't see it. If we really love each other, *that* counts. But nothing else counts. I can make this right. I have taken, I can restore." He said it, though he knew otherwise. "Why, Dorothy, no one knows. And no one can ever know. I see that you look on me as a common robber. But it 's not so. They were both my mines. Jasper sent me money to work a claim for him. The money went into the common fund. I don't know which of the two mines it was used for. I shall never know. When I began to work with his money, I said to myself that I should look upon the 'Little Cipher' as his. But both still belonged to me. I did all the work on them. They existed only through the work I directed upon them. Jasper never thought anything of his chances at Piñon. It was like giving a man $500 to place on a horse for you, or to buy a lottery-ticket with. And I thought so little of the chances, one way or the other, after the first month, that I swear to you it was never in my thoughts which claim was his, and which was mine. Legally they were both mine. In fact, they *were* both mine, not only for all practical purposes, but actually. For Jasper had never *bought* anything from me. He had given me some money to expend in working a claim." Dorothy opened her mouth, but he went on with a gesture, "Yes; I know. It 's true. Don't suppose I shirked the truth for a moment. The difference is no difference. In my conscience Jasper was the owner of the 'Little Cipher' and all that might come from it. He is so yet. I don't dispute it. It has never been present in my mind in any other way since the temptation to keep silence, and let him take the other for his, came upon me. Since you must judge me, it is fair that you should know how it has been with me. If it is worse to have done what I did knowingly, I tell you freely that I did it in the face of the knowledge that not all the deeds and registrations and formal evidence of ownership in the world could make Jasper more the owner of the 'Little Cipher' than he was through my word to myself. I know it; but I did it — I must n't tell you why or how — for you." His voice dropped, and as their horses went slowly along, he leaned over, and took the hand she had let fall by her side. "Does that count for nothing with you, Dorothy?"

She had been listening to him wearily, wonderingly, hoping against hope that he could excuse himself, that he could make the obvious wrong seem right. But at this she started as if waking herself from a sleep, and answered: "Oh, for too much! Too much!" She released her hand quietly. Philip felt a shock go through him. "Every word you say makes it a more impossible thing for *you* to have done, Philip. And to do it, above all, in the name of our love! You had an opportunity such as comes to a man in a thousand. You could have been strong; you could have turned from that awful temptation, and I should have loved you for it as women have loved heroes and martyrs. I understand the temptation. It was cruel; even leaving all this miserable thought of me out of it, it was horribly cruel. I said how it would seem very hard to do right in such a case. That was my first thought. But, O Philip, can you think that it makes it easier for me to think you have failed — to know that it was hard? Because the right is hard, the wrong is not good, is it? And surely the right is dearer for being difficult. Any man might have resisted if it had not been bitter to be strong. Only such a man as I have believed you could be great enough for the noble thing that was open to you."

"Stop! Stop!" he cried, in pain.

"No; let me speak now, please. The truth is better. O Philip," she cried, "when I think of you with those two mines in your possession, with the knowledge that one of them held a fortune, and that the other was a mere opening in the ground; and when I think of you with the

other knowledge that the one that held a fortune was your brother's, for your conscience, and the empty one, still only for your conscience, belonged to you, and that no one knew this — *no one!*" — she drew a deep breath — "when I think of that, and remember that that brother had wronged you to the death; that he had made it seem right to rob him by robbing you; that he had driven your father to desperation, and brought you to poverty; when I think of all those things, and see the splendid, generous, heroic right you might have done, and have to know that you chose to do *this* — oh, if I could have died before I knew it!"

A convulsive sob escaped her. She pressed her cheeks rapidly and repeatedly with her handkerchief. When she looked at him again it was with streaming eyes. "Say you were not in your right mind, that you did it in error! Say anything rather than leave me to believe what I must! It *was n't* you! O Philip! Was not the man I have known you for too proud? Would he not have seen how the very security with which he might take, and keep silence, forced him to hold his hand? And would he not have felt, proudly, that every one's ignorance of his duty, and the infinite delicacy that ignorance forced upon him — yes, that the mere thread which bound must be stronger for him than the strongest bond, because it bound him to himself? O Philip, say you did not do it!"

"I can't! I can't!" he cried. "It 's true!"

She gazed at him with eyes of unspeakable reproach; and he dropped the eyes he had fixed upon hers while she spoke with the fascination of a criminal who hears his sentence. The party in advance had almost disappeared. The wide plain, hemmed in by hills, seemed a world in which he and she alone existed.

She checked her horse, and held out her hand. "Good-by, then."

"Good-by?" he exclaimed, stupefied.

"Did you think we could go on?" she asked sadly. "Did you think it could all be as it was? No; it is ended for us. Good-by," she repeated. The tears fell from her eyes in a rain, but there was no relenting in her face. "Give me my ring," she said dully.

He stared. "Dorothy," he burst out, "you can't! You won't!"

"I must."

"I have wronged Jasper. I confess it. Nothing that he has done excuses it. It makes it worse. I own it. But I can right that. I will. Dorothy, surely — surely this need not touch us!"

"Oh, what do I care for Jasper?" she cried in misery. "It is for you I care, and you have lost yourself to me. It is n't the wrong to him! It is the wrong to yourself, to me, to all that we — to all that has been. Oh, is it for me to show you such a thing? You have murdered our love. All the atonements in the world can't change that."

She buried her face in her hands. Her horse stamped an impatient foot, and swung his head free of the rein.

"You despise me, you hate me; I see *that*," exclaimed Philip. "But you sha'n't throw me off. You sha'n't raise me to such a happiness as you have let me know to cast me back. You should have thought of that before you stretched out your hand to lift me up. You should have known that I am not made of the stuff that bears. I can't bear this. I won't. Dorothy, girl," — his voice fell to the note of tenderness, — "I can't do without you. You have taught me not to be able to do without you. You won't do this thing. Oh, my God, could I live and know that you were lost to me — and lost through Jasper? Have you thought of that? Can you think that I could bear to know that, after all that has gone and passed, it is Jasper who parts us? You see how it can't be."

"Give me my ring, please," she said, not coldly or hardly, but resolutely.

He tore it from his finger. "As you wish," he said with blazing eyes. And then, with cold courtesy, "You won't want me to go on with you. I will wait here until I see you with the rest."

"O Philip!" she trembled. She reached out her hand.

He would not see it. He leaned forward and gave her the reins she had allowed to slip from her. He lifted his sombrero.

"Good-by," he said coldly.

She gave one glance at him. Her mouth twitched pitifully. Then she struck the pony a sharp blow with her quirt. The beast leaped forward.

Philip watched her steadfastly until she had melted into the dust-cloud which indicated the position of the picnic party. He knit his brow upon his straining eyes, and bit his lip fiercely as he gazed. When he had seen the last of her he whirled his horse, and dug his spurs into the animal's flanks with a wild sob of pain.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

QUATRAINS.

I. PROBLEM.

So closely knit are mind and brain,
Such web and woof are soul and clay,
How is it, being rent in twain,
One part shall live, and one decay?

II. A HINT FROM HERRICK.

No slightest golden rhyme he wrote
That held not something men must quote;
Thus by design or chance did he
Drop anchors to posterity.

III. HOSPITALITY.

When friends are at your hearthside met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most
If you have made each guest forget
That he is not the host.

IV. POINTS OF VIEW.

Bonnet in hand, obsequious and discreet,
The butcher that served Shakspere with his meat
Doubtless esteemed him little, as a man
Who knew not how the market-prices ran.

V. KISMET.

A glance, a word — and joy or pain
Befalls; what was no more shall be.
How slight the links are in the chain
That binds us to our destiny!

VI. QUITS.

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There 's many another inn in town.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AT NIAGARA.

I.

THERE at the chasm's edge behold her lean
Trembling as, 'neath the charm,
A wild bird lifts no wing to 'scape from harm;
Her very soul drawn to the glittering, green,
Smooth, lustrous, awful, lovely curve of peril;
While far below the bending sea of beryl
Thunder and tumult — whence a billowy spray
Enclouds the day.

II.

What dream is hers? No dream hath wrought that spell!
The long waves rise and sink;
Pity that virgin soul on passion's brink,
Confronting Fate,— swift, unescapable,—
Fate, which of nature is the intent and core,
And dark and strong as the steep river's pour,
Cruel as love, and wild as love's first kiss!
Ah, God! the abyss!

R. W. Gilder.

THE REDEMPTIONER.[1]

A STORY IN THREE SCENES.

PROLOGUE.

THE stories we write are most of them love-stories; but in the lives of men there are also many stories that are not love-stories: some, truly, that are hate-stories. The main incident of the one I am about to tell, I found floating down from the eighteenth century on the stream of Maryland tradition. It serves to present some of our forefathers, not as they seem in patriotic orations and reverent family traditions, but as they appear to a student of the writings and prints of their own age.

SCENE I.

THE time was a warm autumn day in the year 1751. The place was a plantation on the Maryland shore of the Potomac. A planter of about thirty years of age, clad in buckskin short-clothes, sat smoking his pipe, after his noonday meal, in the wide entry that ran through his double log house from the south side to the north, the house being of the sort called alliteratively "two pens and a passage." The planter's wife sat over against him, on the other side of the passage, carding home-grown cotton-wool with hand-cards. He had placed his shuck-bottom chair so as to see down the long reach to the eastward, where the widening Potomac spread itself between low-lying banks, with never a brown hill to break the low horizon line. Every now and again he took his cob pipe from his mouth, and scanned the distant water wistfully.

"I know what you 're looking for, Mr. Browne," said his wife, as she reversed her hand-cards, and rubbed the carded cotton between the smooth backs of the two implements, to make it into a roll for spinning. "You 're looking to see the *Nancy Jane* come sailing into the river one of these days."

"That 's just what I 'm looking after," he answered.

"Why should you care?" she said. "You don't expect her to fetch you a new bonnet, and a hoop-skirt seven feet wide." She laughed merrily at her own speech, which,

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after all, was but a trifling exaggeration of the width of a hoop-skirt in that time.

Sanford Browne did not laugh, but took his pipe from his mouth, and stood up a moment, straining his sight once more against the distant horizon, where the green-blue water of the wide estuary melted into the blue-green of the sky with hardly a line of demarcation. Then he sat down and took a dry tobacco leaf lying on a stool beside him, and crushed it to powder by first chafing it between his open hands and then grinding it in the palm of his left hand, rubbing it with the thumb of his right in a mortar-and-pestle fashion.

"I 've a good deal more reason to look for the *Nancy Jane* than you have, Judy. I wrote my factor, you know, to find some trace of my father and mother, or of my sister Susan, if it took the half of my tobacco crop. I hope he 'll find them this time." Saying this, he filled his cob pipe with the powdered tobacco, and then rose and walked into the large western room of the house, which served for kitchen and dining-room. It was also the weaving-room, and the great heavy-beamed loom stood in the corner. At the farther end was the vast, smoke-blackened stone fireplace, with two large, rude andirons and a swinging crane. A skillet and a gridiron stood against the jamb on one side, a hoe for baking hoecakes, and a little wrought-iron trivet, were in order on the other. The breakfast fire had burned out; only the great back-log, hoary with gray ashes, lay slumbering at the back of the fireplace. The planter poked the drift of ashes between the andirons with a green oak stick, until he saw a live coal shining red in the gray about it. This he rolled out upon the hearth, and then took it between thumb and finger and deposited it within the bowl of his pipe by a deft motion, which gave it no time to burn him.

Having got his pipe a-going, he strolled back into the wide passage, and scanned the horizon once more. Judith Browne did not like to see her husband in this mood. She knew well how vain every exercise of her wifely arts of diversion would prove when he once fell into this train of black thoughts; but she could not refrain from essaying the hopeless task by holding up her apron of homespun cloth full of cotton rolls, pretty in their whiteness and roundness and softness, meantime coquettishly turning her still girlish head on one side, and saying: "Now, Mr. Browne, why don't you praise my cotton? Did you ever see better carding than that?"

The young planter took a roll of the cotton in his hands, holding it gingerly, and essaying absent-mindedly to yield to his wife's mood. Just at that moment Sanford Browne the younger, a boy of about eight years of age, came round the corner of the house and stood in front of his father, with his feet wide apart, feeling among the miscellanies in the bottom of his pocket for a periwinkle shell.

"How would you like to have him spirited away by a crimp, Judy?" demanded the husband, replacing the cotton, and pointing to the lad.

"I should just die, dear," said Judy Browne, in a low voice.

"That 's what happened to my mother, I suppose," said Browne. "I hope she died; it would be too bad to think that she had to live all these twenty-two years imagining all sorts of things about her lost little boy. I remember her, Judy, the day I saw her last. I went out of a side street into Fleet street, and then I grew curious and went on out through Temple Bar into the road they call the Strand. I did not know how far I had gone from the city until I heard the great bell of St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields chiming at five o'clock. I turned toward the city again, but stopped along the way to look at the noblemen's houses. Somehow, at last I got into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and could not tell which way to go. Just then a sea-captain came up to me, and, pretending to know me, told me he would fetch me to my father. I went with him, and he got me into a boat and so down to his ship below the Bridge. The ship was already taking aboard a lot of kids and free-willers out of the cook-houses, where some of them had been shut up for weeks. I cried and begged for my father, but the captain only kicked and cuffed me. It was a long and wretched voyage, as I have told you often. I was brought here and sold to work with negroes and convicts. I don't so much mind the beatings I got, or the hard living, but to think of all my mother has suffered, and that I shall never see her or my father again! If I ever lay eyes on that Captain Lewis, he will go to the devil before he has time to say any prayers."

"I 'd like to shoot him," said the boy, in sympathy with his father's mood. "I 'll kill him when I get big enough, pappy." And he went off to seek the bow and arrow given him by an Indian who lingered in the region once occupied by his tribe.

"Never mind," said the wife, stroking her husband's arm; "you are getting rich now, and your hard times are over."

"Yes; but everybody will always remember that I was a bought redemptioner, and your folks will hardly ever forgive you for marrying me."

"Oh, yes, they will some day. If you keep on as lucky as you are, I shall live in a bigger house than any of them, and drive to church behind six horses. That 'll make a great differ-

ence. If the *Nancy Jane* fetches me a London bonnet and a wide, wide petticoat such as the Princess Augusta wears, so that I can brush against the pews on both sides with my silk frock when I go down the aisle, my folks will already begin to think that Sanford Browne is somebody," and she made little motions of vanity as she fancied her entrance into Duck Creek parish church on the Sunday after the arrival of the tobacco ship, arrayed in imitation of the Princess of Wales, the news of whose recent widowhood had not yet reached Judy Browne.

"There comes the *Nancy Jane* now," called the boy from the dooryard, pointing to a sloop on the other side of the wide estuary, bowling in with topsail and jib furled, and her rusty mainsail bellying under pressure of a wind dead aft.

"That 's not the *Nancy Jane*," said the father; "only a sloop. But I don't know whose. Oh, yes; it must be that Yankee peddler back again. There 's his codfish ensign at his masthead. He 's making for the other side now, but he 'll come over here to sell his rum and kickshaws before he goes out."

"Hello, Mr. Browne!" It was a voice coming from the river in front of the house. The owner of the voice was concealed by some bushes at the margin of the water.

"Hello!" answered Browne to the invisible caller. "Is that you, Mr. Wickford?"

"I 've got some letters for you, Mr. Browne," came back from the water. "The *Nancy Jane* ran in on the east wind this morning before daylight, and anchored in the little oyster-bay below Manley's. She brings news that the Prince of Wales died last spring. I happened to come past there this morning, and I brought some things Captain Jackson had for you. I reckon there 's something pretty here for Mrs. Browne, too. Send one of your boys down."

"I 'll come myself," said Browne, going down the bank, followed eagerly by the little Sanford, who had also his interest in the arrival of the parcels from London. There came after them presently a lithe young negro boy of fifteen, not yet two years out of Africa. He was clad in nothing but his native blackness, which was deemed sufficient for a half-grown negro in that day. Mrs. Browne had sent black Jocko after the others with orders to bring up her things "without waiting for the gentlemen to get done talking."

But the gentlemen did not talk very long. The neighbor was desirous of getting on to have the first telling of the news about the death of Prince Frederick, and Mr. Browne was impatient to open the packet from his factor.

"Good-by, Mr. Wickford. Come down and see us some time, and bring all your family," he called as the neighbor's canoe shot away in answer to the lusty paddle-strokes of his men.

"I reckon we 'll come, sir," answered the receding neighbor. "My wife 'll want to see what Mrs. Browne got from London. Tell Mrs. Browne we 're afraid she 'll be too fine to know her neighbors when she puts on her new bonnet."

The last words of this neighborly chaff were shouted over a wide sheet of water, and Sanford Browne, half-way up the bank, made no reply, but went back to his chair in the passage, and opened his packet. Kid that he had been, Browne had contrived to learn to read and write from a convict bought for a schoolmaster by the planter to whom Browne had been sold. This lettered rogue took pity on the kidnapped child, and gave him lessons on nights and Sunday, because he was well born and not willing to sink to the condition of the servants about him.

Browne found his factor's letter occupied at the outset with an account of the tobacco market and congratulations on the high price obtained for the last year's crop. Then the factor proceeded to give a bill of sales and then a list of things purchased for Browne and his family, with the price set down for the hoop-skirt and the new bonnet and the silk frock, as well as for a cocked hat and dress periwig necessary to Sanford Browne's increasing dignity, and some things for the little Sanford. Browne studied each successive page of the letter in hope of finding a word on the subject in which he was most deeply interested, stopping reluctantly now and then to look up when his wife would break in with:

"Mr. Browne! Mr. Browne! won't you just look this way a minute? Is n't this fine?"

"Yes, Judy; it surely is," he would say absently, keeping his thumb on the place in the factor's letter, and resuming his reading as soon as possible, without having any definite idea of what Mrs. Judith had been showing him.

On the very last page he found these words:

I have made most diligent searche for your family as you required butt I have not discovered muche that will be to your satisfaction. I send you, Sir, a coppie of certain things sette down in the Parish Register of St. Clement Danes, wch I thoughte most like to be of interest to you. Bye these you will discover that Walter Sanford Browne was born the 27 daye of the moneth of Febuarie 1721 — wch will no doubt give you exacte knowledge of your owne age. The father and mother of Walter Sanford Browne bore the names Walter and Susan respectively wch is a fact that will not be indifferent to you I suppose. I finde that Walter Browne aforesd, who is sette down a scrivener, was married at this same church of St. Clements on the 22 daye of Marche in the

year 1720 to Anne Sanford of the same parish. Theire daughter Susan was borne in Aprill 1725, as you will see by this transcripte made by the clarke of the parish. The clarke cannot discover any further mencion of this familie nor of the name of Sanford in this register downe to this present time, from wch he deems it is to be inferred that sd. Walter Browne long since removed out of that parish, in particular as the present wardens and sidesmen of the parish afresd do not know any man of that name now residente there. It is a probabilitie that yr. father has removed to one of the plantations. I have made public advertisement in the Gazettes for your father or any neare kinsman but w'out any successe whatsoever.

There followed a memorandum of pounds, shillings, and pence paid to the "clarke" of the parish of St. Clement Danes, of money paid for advertisements in the gazettes, and of expenses incurred in further searches made by a solicitor. That was all — the end of hope to Sanford Browne. He went into the sitting-room, and put the factor's letter into a little clothespress that stood beside the chimney, and then strode out into the air, giving no heed to Judith, who had gone up the stairs at the side of the passage, and come down again wearing a hideous pannier petticoat under her new frock. She guessed her husband's disappointment, and, though she longed for a word of admiration, or at least of wondering attention, for her square-rigged petticoat, she thought best to be content with the excited prattle of her maid, a young bond-servant bought off the *Nancy Jane* the year before.

"Here, Jocko," said Browne, standing in front of his house and calling to the Adamite negro lad, "you go and call Bob, and get the sloop ready. I 'm going down to the ship."

"Get sloop, massa?" said the negro, speaking English with difficulty. "Massa say sloop?"

Sanford Browne looked at the black figure, inquiringly. It was not often that poor, cringing Jocko ventured to question him. "Yes, sloop," he said with an emphasis born of his irritating disappointment.

"Much great big wind blow — blow, right up river. Tack, tack all day," muttered the black boy, timidly.

"You 're right," said the planter, who had not observed that the strong wind would be dead ahead all the way to the anchorage. "Tell Bob to put the canoe in the water." And then to himself: "The negro is no fool."

"Bob, Bob, massa him want can-noo go see great big ship mighty quick."

"Come, Sanford; you may go too," said the planter to his son. "We 'll carry the fowling-piece: there 'll be ducks on the water."

SCENE II.

THE time is the same day, and the place the deck of the *Nancy Jane*, at anchor. The captain is giving orders to the cook: "I want a good bowl of bumbo set here on deck against the planters come aboard." Then turning to the mate: "Have the decks squeegeed clean, an' everything shipshape. Put the rogues in as good garb as you can. You 'll find a few wigs in a box in my cabin. Put these on the likeliest, and make 'em say they 're mechanics, or merchants' clerks, and housemaids. Tell 'em if they don't put out a good foot and get off our hands soon, we 'll tie 'em up and make 'em understand that it 's better to lie to a planter than to stick on shipboard too long. Make the women clean themselves up and look tidy like ancient housemaids, and don't allow any nonsense. Tell 'em if they swear or quarrel while the planters are aboard they 'll get a cat-o'-nine-tails well laid on. We 've got to make 'em more afraid of the ship than they are of the plantations."

The convicts were in the course of an hour or two ranged up against the bulwarks forward, and they were with much effort sufficiently browbeaten to bring them into some kind of order.

"They 're a sorry lot of Newgate birds," said the captain to the mate. "I 'm afraid we 'll have a time of it before we change 'em off for merchantable tobacco. Here, you Cappy," he said to one of the older convicts. "Look here! Don't you tell anybody to-day that you 're a seaman. They 'll swear you are a pirate, and that you 'll be off with one of their country sloops, and go a-blackbearding it down the coast. You 're to be a schoolmaster to-day."

"I can't read much, and I can't hardly write a word," said the man, a burly fellow of about sixty, whose heavy jaws and low brows would look brutal in spite of the brand-new periwig put on him that very morning to make him salable.

"That don't matter," said the captain. "You 're schoolmaster enough for a tobacco country. You can navigate a ship by the sun and compass, and that 's education enough. If you go and let it out that you 're a sailor, I 'll — well, you 've been a captain or mate, and you know devilish well what I 'll do with you. I 'll serve you as you have served many a poor devil in your time."

Then, catching sound of a quarrel between two of the women, the captain called the mate and said: "Give both of the wenches a touch off with your rope's-end. Don't black their eyes or hit 'em about the face, but let 'em just taste the knot once over the shoulders to keep 'em

peaceable. Be in haste or they 'll scratch one another's eyes."

The mate proceeded to salute the two women with a sharp blow apiece of the knotted rope, and thus changed their rising fury into sullenness.

Planters came and went during the forenoon, and cross-questioned the convicts, threatening to make it hard for them if they did not tell the truth. The visitors drank the captain's bumbo, but the convicts were slow of sale. Some of the planters announced their intention not to buy any more convicts, meaning for the future to purchase only free-willers, or bond-servants voluntarily selling themselves, and some had made up their minds not to buy any more Christian servants at all, but to stock their places with blacks.

It was mid-afternoon when Sanford Browne arrived in his dugout, propelled against a head wind and heavy seas by Bob, the white redemptioner, and Jocko, the negro boy. The planter himself sat astern steering, with little Sanford crouched between his knees. Leaving the two servants in the canoe, the planter and his son went aboard the ship, while the convicts crowded against the guard-rail to get a look at the naked figure of Jocko, his black skin being a novel sight to their English eyes.

There was recognition between the captain of the *Nancy Jane*, who had sailed to the Potomac for many years, and Sanford Browne. While the two stood in conversation by the bowl of strong rum punch, little Sanford strolled about the deck, shyly scrutinizing the faces of the convicts and being scrutinized by them. The women tried to talk with him, but their rather battered countenances frightened the boy, and he slipped away. At last he planted himself before old Cappy, whose bronzed face under a new powdered wig produced a curious effect.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the child, with awakened curiosity.

The would-be schoolmaster started at this question, gazed a moment at the child, and said, "God!" between his teeth.

"Lawr! 'e 's one uv yer scholars, Cappy," said one of the women, in derision. "Ye 'll be a-l'arnin' 'im lots uv words 'e ain't never 'eerd uv afore. Yer givin' the young un a prime lesson in swearin' to begin."

But Cappy made no reply. He only looked more eagerly at the child, and wiped his brow with his sleeve, disarranging his periwig in doing so. Then, changing the form of his exclamation but not its meaning, he muttered, "The devil!"

"W'atever 's the matter?" said the woman. "You 're fetchin' in God an' the devil both. Is the young un one uv yer long-lost brothers, Cappy?"

"What 's your name?" demanded Cappy of the boy, without heeding the woman's gabble.

"Sanford Browne."

The perspiration stood in beads on the man's forehead, and the veins were visibly distended. "Looks like as if he had n't got any bigger in more 'n twenty years," he soliloquized. Then he said to the boy in an eager whisper, for his voice was dry and husky, "What 's yer pappy's name, lad?"

"He 's Sanford Browne, too. That 's him a-talking to Captain Jackson at t' other end of the ship. He was stole when he was a little boy by a mean old captain, and brought over here and sold just like you folks," and the lad made the remark general by looking around him. "He 's got rich now, and he 's got more 'n a thousand acres of land," said the little Sanford, boastfully, thinking perhaps that his father's success might encourage the woebegone set before him. "But I reckon that mean old captain 'll ketch it if pappy ever sets eyes on to him," he added.

"Lawr! now w'atever 's the matter uv you, Cappy?" put in the woman again. "A body 'd think you must 'a' been that very cap'n yer own self."

The man turned fiercely upon the garrulous woman, and seized her throat with his left hand, while he threatened her with a clenched fist and growled like a wild beast. "Another word of that, Poll, and I 'll knock the life out of you."

Poll gave a little shriek, which brought the mate on the scene with his threatening rope's-end, and restored Cappy to a sort of self-control, though with a strange eagerness of terror his eyes followed the frightened lad as he retreated toward his father.

The planter, after discussing with Captain Jackson the death of the Prince of Wales in the preceding March, was explaining to the captain that he did not mean to buy any more white servants. The blacks were better, and were good property, while the black children added to a planter's estate. White servants gave you trouble, and in four or seven years at most their time expired, and you had to break in new ones. But still, if he could pick up a fellow that would know how to sail his sloop in a pinch, he might buy.

"There 's one, now," said Captain Jackson; "that chap leaning on the capstan; he 's been a captain, I believe."

"How 'd they come to convict.a captain?" demanded the planter, laughing. "We planters have always thought that all captains were allowed to steal a little."

"They must n't steal from their owners," said Captain Jackson, good-naturedly. "Passengers and shippers we do clip a little when we can, but that old fool must have tried to get something out of the owners of the ship. He 's too old to run away now, or cut up any more deviltry. Go and talk with him."

"What 's his bob-wig for?"

"Oh, that 's some of my mate's nonsense. He thought planters would n't want to buy a seaman, so he rigged the old captain up like a schoolmaster, and told him to say that he had always taught arithmetic. He 'll tell you he 's a schoolmaster, according to the mate's commands; but he is n't. He 's been a ship's captain, I believe, and he helped me take observations on the voyage, and he seemed to know the river when he got in last night."

There ensued some talk as to how many hogsheads of tobacco the convict was worth, and then Browne went forward to inspect the man and question him.

"What 's your name?" said the planter.

"James Palmer," said Cappy, with his head down.

"Lawr!" muttered Polly under her breath.

"What 's your business?"

"Schoolmaster."

"Come, don't lie to me," said Browne. "You are a sailor, or a captain maybe."

This set the old fellow to trembling visibly, and Polly again said "Lawr!" loud enough for him to hear it and give her one fierce glance that quieted her.

"Who said I was a sailor, sir?"

"Captain Jackson."

"That 's because you want a sailor," stammered the convict. "Mighty little I ever knew about a ship till I got aboard this thing. Captain would 'a' told you I was a carpenter or a preacher if he thought that was what you wanted."

The man spoke gaspingly, and a dim sense of having known him began to make its way into the mind of the planter. He was going to ask him where he had taught school, but all at once a rush of memories crowded his mind, and a strange suspicion came to him. He stood silent and staring at the convict half a minute. Then he walked around him, examining him from this side and that.

"Let me see your left hand, you villain," he muttered, approaching the man.

The convict had kept his left hand shoved down under his belt. He shook now as with an ague, and made no motion.

"Out with it!" cried the planter.

Slowly the old man drew out his hand, showing that one joint of the little finger was gone.

"You liar!" said the planter, at the same time pulling the bob-wig from the convict's head, and flinging it on the deck. "Your name is not James Palmer, but Jim Lewis, Captain Jim Lewis of the *Red Rose*—'Black Jim,' as everybody called you behind your back!"

Here Poll broke out again with "Lawr!" while Sanford Browne paused, fairly choked with emotion. Then he began again in a low voice:

"You thought I would n't know you. I 've been watching out for you these ten years, to send you to hell with my own hands! You robbed my poor mother of her boy." The wretch cowered beneath the planter's gaze, and essayed to deny his identity, but his voice died in his throat. Browne at length turned on his heel, and strode rapidly toward the captain.

"I 'll take him at the price you fixed," he called out as he advanced.

The captain wondered what gold-mine Browne had discovered in Cappy to make him so eager to accept the first price named. He for his part was equally eager to be rid of a convict whom he regarded as rather a dangerous man, so he said promptly, "He belongs to you," and shook hands according to the custom in "closing a bargain."

A moment later Black Jim Lewis, having regained his wits, rushed up to the captain entreating hoarsely not to be sold to Browne. "Now don't let him have me, Captain Jackson; for God's sake, don't now! He 's my enemy. He 'll beat me and starve me to death. I 'm one of your own kind; I 'm a sea-captain, and it 's a shame for you, a sea-captain too, to sell me to a man that hates me and only wants to make me miserable. I 'm ruinated anyhow, and you ought to take some pity on me."

This plea for a freemasonry among sea-captains had influence with the captain of the *Nancy Jane*. But he said, "W'y, Jim Lewis, I 've sold you to the best master in the province of Maryland. You don't know when you 're well off. Mr. Browne feeds his people well, and he never beats 'em bad like the rest."

"I tell you, he 'll flay me alive, that man will! You 'd better shoot me dead and put me out of misery."

While the wretch was making this appeal, Browne was silently engaged in emptying the priming of his flint-lock fowling-piece, picking open the tube, and then filling the pan with fresh powder from the horn at his side. When he had closed the pan, he struck the stock of the gun one or two blows to shake the powder well down into place, that the gun might not miss fire. Then turning to the captain, he said, "A bargain is a bargain."

Then to the convict he said: "Black Jim Lewis, you belong to me. Get into that boat, or it 'll be worse for you," and he slowly raised the snaphance with his thumb on the hammer.

Lewis had visibly aged in ten minutes. With trembling steps he walked to the ship's side, and clambered over the bulwarks into the dugout. The boy followed, and then the master took his seat in the stern, with his flint-lock fowling-piece within reach.

"My dead body 'll float down here past the *Nancy Jane*," said Jim Lewis to the captain; "and I 'll ha'nt your ship forever—see if I don't!" He half rose up, and waved his hand threateningly as he said this in a hoarse, sepulchral voice.

"Mr. Browne," interposed the captain of the *Nancy Jane*, as the lifted canoe-paddles were ready to dip into the water, "don't be too hard on the old captain. You see how old and shaken he is. You 'll show moderation, now, won't you?"

"I 'll care for him," answered Browne, unbendingly. "Away with the canoe! Good-by, captain. My tobacco will be ready for you."

And Poll, the convict, as she leaned over the rail and watched the fast-receding canoe pitching up and down on the seas, said, "Lawr!"

SCENE III.

THE time is the late afternoon of the same day, and the place is again Sanford Browne's plantation.

Judith Browne, having exhausted her experiments on the frock, the bonnet, and the hoop-petticoat bought for her in London and sent like the proverbial pig in a poke, had taken to watching the Yankee peddling-sloop, which, having lain for an hour at Patterson's on the Virginia shore, was now heading for the Browne place. It was pretty to see the sloop heel over under a beam wind and shoot steadily forward, while the waves dashed fair against her weather side and splashed the water from time to time to the top of her free-board. It was a pleasant sight to mark her approach by the gradual increase in her size and the growing distinctness with which the details of her rigging could be made out. At length, when her bow appeared to Judith Browne to be driving so straight on the bank that nothing could prevent the vessel going ashore, Captain Perkins called to his only man, standing at the helm, "Hard down!" and the sloop swung her nose into the waves, and gracefully rounded head into the wind just in time to lie close under the bank, rocking fore and aft like a duck. As soon as she had swung into the wind enough for her sail to flap, the captain called to the boy who was the third member of the crew to let go the halyards; and as the sail ran rattling down, the captain heaved the anchor at the bow with his own hands. Then a plank was run out, a line made fast forward, and Perkins climbed the bank and greeted Mrs. Browne. His manner combined strangely the heartiness of the seaman with the sinuous deference of the peddler. His speech was that which one hears only in the most up-country New England regions and among London small shopkeepers. The uttering of his vowel sounds taper end first greatly amused his customers in the Chesapeake regions, while their abrupt clipping of both vowels and liquids was equally curious to Perkins, who regarded all people outside of New England as natives to be treated with condescending kindness alike for Christian and for business reasons, and as people who were even liable to surprise him by the possession of some rudimentary virtues in spite of their unlucky outlandishness.

"Glad to see yeh again, Mis' Braown," he said when he reached the top of the bank. "Where 's Mr. Braown?"

"He 's gone down to the *Nancy Jane*. Won't you come in, Captain Perkins? Come in and sit down awhile."

"Wal, yes. And how 's your little gal?" Seeing a dubious look on Mrs. Browne's face, he said: "Or is it a boy, now? I call at so many houses I git confused. Fine child, I remember."

"The lad 's gone off with his father," said Judith, giving Perkins a seat in the passage.

After more preliminary talk the peddler got to his main point, that he had lots of nice notions and things this year cheaper 'n they could be had in London. All the folks agreed that his things were "cheaper, considerin' quality, Mis' Braown, than you could git 'em in London."

Judith knew by experience that his things were neither very good nor very cheap, but her only chance in life to know anything of the delights of shopping lay in the coming of peddling-sloops. One might order a frock, a bonnet, or a petticoat from London, but one must wait nearly a year till the tobacco ship returned to get what had been sent for. It was better to be cheated a little in order to get the pleasure of making up her mind and then changing it, of fancying herself possessor now of this and now of that, and finally getting what she liked best after having had the usufruct of the whole stock. She was soon examining the goods that Perkins's boy had brought up to her—fancy things for herself and young Sanford, and coarse cloth for her servants. She concluded nothing about staple trading till her husband should return; for prices were to be fixed on the corn and bacon which must be paid in exchange. But there were articles that she craved, and of which she preferred not to speak to her husband, for a while at least, and these she paid for from her little

hoard of pieces of eight, or Spanish dollars. The change she made in fractions of these coins — actual quarters of dollars cut like pieces of pie. These were tested in Perkins's little money-scales. Less than a quarter of a dollar was usually disregarded in the South; and as for Perkins, he never seemed to have any fractional silver to give back in change, but always proposed some little article that he would put in at cost just to fill up at the value of a piece of eight.

PADDLING with the wind, Sanford Browne's cedar canoe made good speed, and as the sun was setting and the wind falling it glided past the Yankee sloop into shoal water farther up, where its inmates disembarked, and beached their craft.

Sanford Browne walked rapidly up the bank, followed by his son, the servants, and the old convict. He approached Perkins and greeted him, but in a manner not cordial and hardly courteous. He looked at Judith so severely that she fancied him offended with her. She reflected quickly that he could not have known anything of her surreptitious trading with the peddler. Uriah Perkins concluded that a storm was brewing between husband and wife, and found it necessary to return to the sloop to make her fast astern, against the turn of the tide and the veering of the wind.

When Perkins had disappeared, Sanford Browne pointed to the convict and said slowly and with fierceness:

"Judy, that 's the man. That 's Black Jim Lewis, that stole me away from home and sold me for a redemptioner. Jocko, go fetch the manacles."

Judith stood speechless. It was a guiding maxim with her that women should not meddle with men's business, and it was an article of faith that whatever her husband did was right. She sympathized with his resentment against the man who had kidnapped him. But the sight of the terror-stricken face of the cowardly brute smote her woman's heart with pity as the manacles were put on the convict's wrists.

"See that he does n't get away," said Browne to Bob.

"He can't pound his corn with them things," said Bob, pointing to the handcuffs. "Shall I get him some meal?"

"Not to-night," said Browne. "He did n't give me a crust to eat the first night I was on ship. Turn about 's fair play, Captain Lewis. Take him to the quarters."

When the convict found himself manacled, his terror increased. He pulled away from Bob, and approached Browne.

"Let me speak a word, master," he began tremulously. "I 'm all broke up and ruinated, anyhow. I know the devil must 'a' been in me the day I took you away. I 've thought of it many a time, and I 've said, 'Jim Lewis, something dreadful 'll come to you fer stealin' a good little boy that way.'" Here he paused. Then he resumed in a still more broken voice: "When I was put on to a transport to come to this country, I remembered you, and I says, 'That 's what 's come of it.' Soon as I saw that little fellow, the very picture of you the day when I coaxed you away, I says to myself, 'O my God, I 'm done fer now! I 'm ruinated fer a fact; I might as well be in hell as in Maryland.' But, master, if you 'll only have just a little pity on an old man that 's all broke up and ruinated, I 'll — I 'll — be a good servant to you. I promise you, afore Almighty God. Don't you go and be too hard on a poor ruinated old man. I 'm old — seems to me I 'm ten year older than I wuz afore I saw you this mornin'. I know you hate me. You 've got strong reasons to hate me. I hate myself, and I keep sayin' to myself, says I, 'Jim Lewis, what an old devil you are!' But please, master, if you won't be too hard on me, I think I 'll be better. I can't live long, nohow. But —"

"There, that 'll do," said Browne.

"Please, Mr. Browne," interposed Judy.

"Lewis, do you remember when you woolded a sailor's head?" demanded the planter.

"I don't know, master. I have done lots of things a little hard. Sailors are a hard lot."

"If you 'd had pity on that poor sailor when he begged for mercy, I 'd have pity on you to-night. But I cried over that sailor that you would n't have mercy on, and now I can't pity you a bit. You 've made your own bed. Your turn has come."

Saying this, Sanford Browne went into the house, while the old sea-captain followed Bob in a half-palsied way around the south end of the house toward the servants' quarters, muttering, "Well, now, Jim Lewis, you 're done fer."

"Mr. Browne, what are you going to do with that old man?" asked Judy, with more energy than she usually showed in speaking to her husband.

"I don't know, Judy. Something awful, I reckon." Browne could not make up his mind to any distinct act of cruelty beyond sending the convict supperless to bed.

"I don't like you to be so hard on an old man. I know he 's bad — as bad as can be, but that 's no reason why you should be bad."

"I would n't be bad, Judy. Just think how he sold me like Joseph away from my family."

"But Joseph was n't really very unkind to his brothers, Mr. Browne; and you won't be too hard on the poor old wretch, now will you?"

"Judy, I mean to make him suffer. When I think of my mother, and all she must have suffered, I have n't a drop of pity in me. He 's got to suffer for his crimes, now. That 's what he was thrown into my hands for, I reckon, Judy."

"Then you won't be the man you have been. Time and again you 've bought some poor kid from a hard master like old Hoak, to save him from suffering. Now you 'll get to be hard and hateful like old Hoak yourself."

"Judy, remember my mother."

"Do you think your mother, if she is alive, would like to think of your standing over that old wretch while he was whipped and whipped and washed with salt water, maybe? If your mother has lived, she has been kept alive just by thinking what a good boy you were; and she says to herself, 'My Sanford would n't hurt anything. If he was run off to the plantations, he has grown to be the best man in all the country.' Do you think she 'd like to have you turn a kind of public whipper or hangman for her sake?"

Browne looked at his wife in surprise. Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and the little womanly body, whose highest flight had seemed to end in a London frock and petticoat, had suddenly become something much more than he had fancied possible to her. She had taken the first place, and he felt himself overshadowed. He looked up at her with a sort of reverence, but he held stubbornly to a purpose that had been ossifying for twenty years.

"That 's all well enough for a woman, Judy. But you know that any other man would do just what I am going to do, under the same circumstances. I don't like to do what you don't want me to do, but I sha'n't let old Lewis off. I reckon he 'll find my hand hard on him as long as he holds out. Any other man would do just the same, Judy."

Judith Browne stood still and looked at her husband in silence. Then she spoke in a repressed voice:

"Sanford Browne, what do you talk to me that way for? Any other man might worry this old wretch out of his life, but you won't do it. What did I marry you for? Why did I leave my father's house to take you, a poor redemptioner just out of your time? It was because you were n't like other men. I knew you were kind and good-hearted when other men were cruel and unfeeling. From that day to this you have never made me sorry that I left home and turned my father against me. But if you do this thing you have in mind to a poor old wretch that can't help himself, then you won't be Sanford Browne any more. You 'll have that old man's blood on your hands, and Judy will never get over being sorry that she left her friends to go with you." The woman's voice had broken as she spoke these last words, and now she broke down completely, and sobbed a little.

"What shall I do, Judy?" said her husband, softly. "God knows, if I keep him in sight I shall kill him some day."

"Sell him. Sell him right off. There 's Captain Perkins coming up the bank now."

"You sell him, Judy. Perkins has things you want. I give Lewis to you. Make any trade you please." Then, as his wife moved away, he followed her, and said in a smothered voice: "Sell him quick, Judy. Don't stand on the price. Get him out of sight before I kill him."

Judith went out to meet the peddling captain, who was now strolling toward the house in hope of an invitation to supper, knowing that Mrs. Browne's biscuit and fried chicken were better than the salt pork and hoe-cake cooked by the boy on the sloop. The wind had fallen, and the water-view was growing dim in the gloaming. Judith explained to the peddler that the convict her husband had bought proved to be an old enemy of his. She stammered a little in her endeavor not to betray the real reasons for selling him, and Perkins, who was proud of his own penetration, inferred that Browne was afraid of his life if he should keep the new servant. He saw in this an unexpected chance for profit. When Mrs. Browne offered to sell him if Perkins would take him to the eastern shore or some other place away off, he said that servants wuz a thing he did n't deal in — a leetle dangerous at sea where the crew wuz so small as his. Hard to sell an old fellow; the planters wanted young men. But he wanted to accommodate, you know, and seein' as how Mis' Braown had been a good customer, he would do what he could. He would have to make a run over to the eastern shore perticular to sell this man. Folks on the eastern shore did n't buy much. Had n't sold 'em a hat, for instance. They all wore white cotton caps, men and women; an' they made the caps themselves out of cotton of their own raisin'. But, as he wuz a-sayin', Mis' Braown had been a good customer, and he wanted to accommodate. But he 'd have to put the price low enough so as he would n't be poorer by the trade. Thus he faced about on his disjunctive conjunction, now this way, now that, until he had time to consider what was the very lowest figure he could offer as a basis for his higgling. He could n't offer much, but he would give a price which he named in pieces of eight, stipulating that he should pay it in goods. He saw in this a chance for elastic profits in both directions.

Judith hardly gave a thought to the price he

named; but as soon as she perceived that he had disentangled himself from his higgling preamble so far as to offer a definite sum, she accepted it.

This lack of hesitation on her part disconcerted the peddler, who had a feeling that a bargain made without preliminary chaffering had not been properly solemnized. He was suspicious now that he was the victim of some design.

"That is to say, Mis' Braown, I only dew this to accommodate ole friends. It ain't preudent to make such a trade in the dark. I 'll dew it if I find the man sound in wind and limb, and all satisfactory, when I come to look him over."

"Of course that 's what I mean," said Judith. "Now come in and take supper with us, captain," she continued, her voice still in a quiver with recent emotions.

"Well, I don't keer if I dew, jest fer to bind the bargain, you knaow. I told the boy I 'd be back, but I reckon they won't wait long. Ship folks don't wait much on nobody."

Judith turned toward the house, followed by the peddler. Sanford Browne was still sitting in the entry just as Judith had left him, surprised and in a sense paralyzed by the sudden and effective opposition which his wife had offered to the gratification of his only grudge.

"Mr. Browne!" called Judith, almost hysterically, her tense nerves suddenly shaken again. "What 's that? Something 's happened down at the quarters."

Looking through the wide passage into the dim twilight beyond, she could see running figures like shadows approaching the house. Sanford Browne rose at his wife's summons in time to meet the convict Lewis, still manacled, as he rushed into the passage at the back of the house and dashed out again at the front. Browne attempted to arrest his flight, crying out, as he made an effort to seize him, "Stop, you old villain, or I 'll kill you!" But the momentum of the flying figure rendered Browne's grasp ineffectual, and in a moment he was out of doors, just as Bob and Jocko and the other servants entered the passage in a pell-mell pursuit.

As the running man emerged from the darkness of the passage, Perkins, thinking his profit in jeopardy, threw himself athwart his path, and cried: "Here! Where be you a-goin' so fast with them things on your wrist?"

"To hell and damnation!" yelled Lewis, striking the peddler fair in the breast with both manacled hands, and sending him rolling on the ground.

The convict did not pause a moment in his flight, but with the whole pack in full cry after him, dashed onward to the bank, and down it. Before any of his pursuers could lay hands on him, he was aboard the sloop.

"Ketch him! Ketch him!" cried Captain Perkins, once more on his feet, and giving orders from the top of the bank.

The cabin-boy had just emerged from the cabin to call the man to supper. He and the sailor tried hard to seize the fleeing man, but Captain Lewis swerved to one side and ran round the gunwale of the sloop with both men after him. When he reached the stern he leaped beyond their reach, and plunged head first into the water, sinking out of sight where the fast-ebbing tide was now gurgling round the rudder.

In vain the boy and the sailorman looked with all their might at the place where he had gone down; in vain they poked a long pole into the water after him; in vain did Bob and Jocko paddle in the canoe all over the place where Black Jim Lewis had sunk.

Perkins took the precaution before descending the bank to say: "You 'll remember, Mis' Braown, that I only bought him on conditions, and stipple-lated I wuz to be satisfied when I come to look him over. 'T ain't no loss of mine." This caveat duly lodged, he descended to the deck of his sloop, where he found the cabin-boy shaking as with an ague.

"What be you a-trimblin' abaout, naow? Got a fever 'n' agur a'ready? Y' ain't afeard of a dead man, be yeh, Elkanah?"

"I don't nowaysliketheidear," said Elkanah, "of sleepin' aboard, an' him dead thar by his own will, a-layin' closte up to the sloop."

"He ain't nowher's nigh the sloop," responded Perkins. "This ebb-tide 's got him in tow, an' he 'll be down layin' ag'in' the *Nancy Jane* afore mornin'. That 's the ship he 'll ha'nt, bein' kind uv used to her."

Browne had remained standing at the top of the bank, without saying a single word. He turned at last, and started slowly toward the house. Judith, forgetting her invitation to the peddler, went after her husband and took his hand.

"I 'm so glad he 's dead," said she. "I know the cruel man deserved his fate. He 'll be off your mind, now, dear; and nobody can say you did it."

Edward Eggleston.

AUGUST.

THE heaty, stinging outcry, sharp and high,
The one-keyed insect's, is the music now;
The buckwheat, corn, and oat have from the bough
Lured down the splendor and the melody.
The sparrow sings, and — oh, so tenderly! —
The yellow-bird. The field and air allow
Clear piping yet, but on the wood the vow
Of silence is, mute bliss of memory.
From time to time there comes a voice, but, filled
With thought on what has been, oft'ner grave Day
Stands bowed and speechless. Hill and vale are stilled,
The chatty winds have little left to say;
All busily the thrifty spiders build,
And, one by one, the late birds slip away.

John Vance Cheney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Foreign Control of Labor-Unions.

THAT nearly all the trade organizations of the country are controlled by foreigners is so generally admitted that proof of it seems almost unnecessary. In order, however, that there may be no dispute on this point, we will make some citations from official sources bearing upon it, before proceeding to show what the character of this foreign control is. In the report of the New Jersey Labor Bureau for 1887, statistics are given which show that of the total membership of 158 labor-unions in that State 52 per cent. was foreign-born. The chief of the bureau, commenting on these statistics, says:

> Our calculations hardly give a fair idea of the influence of the foreign-born element, which is said to be far more favorable to organization than the native-born. The parents of very many members classed as American-born were immigrants. Generally speaking, the native-born mechanic gives way to the foreign-born, so far as trade-union membership is concerned, as we proceed from South to North.

The report of the Labor Bureau of Illinois for 1886 gave the proportion of American-born in the labor organization of that State as 32 per cent., the "proportion of Americans in the Knights of Labor being considerably greater than in the trade-unions, that of the former being 45 and of the latter 21 per cent." The Labor Bureau of Wisconsin, from the reports of which we shall quote hereafter concerning the character of foreign laborers, gives similar information as to that State. In regard to New York State, Mr. Peck's reports — from which we have quoted freely in the foregoing articles of this series, and which are of value chiefly because Mr. Peck compiled his information as a devoted friend of organized labor — leave no doubt as to the foreign domination. He says in his report for 1886:

> A visit to the workshops and factories of the State, and a scrutiny of the faces of the workers, will discover unmistakable evidences of foreign birth. If this examination cannot be conducted, an inquiry of the manufacturers and employers as to the nationalities of their help, and of the workers themselves as to where they were born, will no longer leave any room to doubt the truthfulness of the statement that the large majority of our tradesmen and mechanics are foreigners. Indeed, in many large industrial establishments there is not a single American at work. This is the sworn testimony of several of the largest manufacturers in the State. Of course, the presence of so large a number of foreign-born workers cannot but have an injurious effect upon the trades in which they have practically secured a monopoly, for that monopoly means the exclusion of American labor.

The fact of foreign control being established, it becomes important to ascertain the character of that control. On this point all official authorities are in substantial agreement to the effect that the control is disastrous to American labor, and inimical to the orderly conduct of American institutions. While it cannot be said that all foreign trade-union control is exerted to cause rioting and social disorder, it is to be said that the worst labor riots and the most dastardly assaults upon social order that have ever been witnessed have been due to this control. On this point we shall quote first from official records, taking the Labor Bureau reports of two States (Wisconsin and New York) as fairly representing the general situation. There was a labor riot in Milwaukee in May, 1886, in which several men were killed and others wounded. It occurred at the same time as the anarchist riots in Chicago, to which we shall presently refer, and was part of a general

eight-hour movement. The rioters had started for the mills in which they had been employed, shouting, "Kill the militia, and burn the mills," when they were fired upon and dispersed by the militia. In commenting upon the affair in his report for 1886, the Wisconsin State Commissioner of Labor said that the rioters, so far as he could learn, were all foreign-born, and in describing their leaders he specified the following as among the more prominent:

> One, who came to Milwaukee about the middle of February, 1886, fled his native country with Johann Most as a professional agitator and revolutionist. Not having been in the State at all before he began operations here, he could know nothing of the wage slavery, iniquities, oppression, and general rascality of capital of which he and others said so much. Another prominent figure in the councils of the eight-hour leaders is a printer who had been in the United States but a few months when the agitation began. Although a stranger and an alien, he had no sooner set foot in Milwaukee than he discovered that everything was going wrong in labor and politics, and that American laws and society are nothing but wicked inventions to rob, oppress, and degrade wage-earners.

Speaking more generally than this, the New York Commissioner of Labor said in his report for 1885:

> Labor disturbances are almost entirely led by foreigners, and the cheaper and more ignorant class of foreigners are the most destructive and hardest to govern from mob violence.

Our readers have not forgotten the remarkable account of the Chicago anarchist trial, written by the judge who presided over it, which was published in THE CENTURY for April. The leaders in the riot which led to that trial professed to be the especial friends of working-men, and issued all their appeals for meetings and vengeance to the working-men of the country. The riot that they instigated was in the interest ostensibly of the eight-hour labor movement. Judge Gary declared that one motive of his CENTURY paper was "to show to the laboring people, of whom the anarchists claimed to be the especial friends, that that claim was a sham and pretense, adopted only as a means to bring manual laborers into their own ranks; and that the counsel and advice of the anarchists, if followed by the working-men, would expose them to the danger of becoming, in law, murderers." While it is true that many labor organizations denounced the anarchists, and repudiated their right to be considered working-men, it is also true that they had the sympathy of many labor organizations, which exerted all their influence to save them from the penalty of their atrocious conduct.

The Homestead riots of 1892, and the subsequent poisoning of the food of men who had taken the places of the rioting strikers, were acts committed by the turbulent and anarchistic foreign element which has been admitted to the ranks of American labor so freely during recent years. About sixty per cent. of all the working-men on strike at Homestead were foreigners, most of whom were unable to speak the English language. It is impossible to conceive of American-born working-men rioting and killing as these men did; least of all is it possible to think of American-born working-men poisoning the food of other working-men. Yet the cause of the men who were guilty of these acts was taken up as the cause of American labor by many of our labor organizations.

As a final bit of proof to show how powerful the foreign element is in the labor organizations, let us cite the action of the Labor Convention of the State of New York in 1888, in demanding the repeal of all laws forbidding industrial conspiracies, and the amendment of the penal code in such a way as to legalize boycotting and the use of violence in support of strikes. This action was taken under the lead of foreign-born agitators, and it was subsequently followed up by the introduction of bills in the legislature for repealing these laws. Organized labor in the first State in the Union was thus made to confess that it was against law and order, and in favor of conspiracy, violence, and even crime. Of the injustice to American-born laborers and of the danger to American institutions which this foreign control entails, we shall treat in the next article of this series.

Silver and the Debtor Class.

IT has been the constant aim of the financial articles which have appeared from time to time in this department of THE CENTURY during the last few years, to show that an unsound money system is one of the worst evils which can befall a nation, and that the most severe sufferers from such an evil are always the people who have the least money. We are rejoiced to say that our efforts in this direction have met with wide-spread appreciation, much of which has come from toilers and others in the humbler walks of life. The writer of one of the letters of thanks that have come to us, who is an employee on a great Western railway, speaks gratefully of these articles as "efforts in behalf of the toilers, for they are the ones most interested in this question, though few seem to realize it," and adds, "May God grant you wisdom, patience, and strength of mind and body to continue to labor for the working-people."

We are confident that the experience of the West during the last few months has convinced a great many people there that advocacy of sound money principles is the best service which any public servant, statesman, newspaper, or magazine, can perform. The numerous failures and business embarrassments which the West has been called upon to sustain are due to the influence of the West and South in unsettling the financial stability of the country. The business of the land is conducted on a basis of credit,— that is, of confidence,— and the clamor of the West and South for silver, or debased and uncertain currency, has shaken the whole fabric of credit, and brought disaster to all its weaker portions.

The business of the world, as we have said many times, is carried on more and more every year by means of credit instruments, and with a diminishing ratio of coin. In Great Britain the daily clearances of the banks amount to nearly one fifth of the whole gold supply of the country, and it has been shown repeatedly that only about six per cent. of coin is used in the transactions of the banks and bankers. In New York city the exchanges of the Clearing House average over $100,000,000 a day, and the balances in actual money average not over $4,000,000, or only four per cent. The usual percentage of credit instruments in the receipts of the New York banks in ordinary times is over 98, and in the receipts of all the banks in the United States it is 95. During the fiscal year 1891–92 the foreign trade of the United States, the combined exports and imports of merchandise, including silver, aggregated $1,900,000,000, yet the actual exchange of gold was less than $100,000,000.

Such a fabric as this is, from the nature of the case, highly sensitive. Doubt is its worst enemy. The mere suspicion last spring that the General government might decide that the treasury notes, issued under the law of 1890, were payable in silver, sent a thrill of alarm throughout the whole credit system, and brought business of all kinds nearly to a standstill. President Cleveland's announcement that the Government would meet all its obligations in gold had a reassuring but not a permanently quieting effect, for the reason that the President cannot by himself repeal the Sherman law of 1890. Until that menace is removed, credit will not be safe from assault, and every man who has need to borrow money will suffer severely in consequence.

It requires very simple reasoning to see why this is the case. Every man who has money to invest either for himself or for others will invest it only in such securities as will best assure him against loss. He will lend only on condition of having both interest and principal payable in gold. He would be foolish to lend in any other way so long as there remained a shadow of danger of having to accept interest and principal in depreciated money. This is the situation which has confronted the borrowers, or the debtor class, since the danger of a descent to the silver standard first showed itself. It is not of any advantage to a debtor to be able to get rid of a portion of his debt by paying it in a money of less value than that in which he contracted it, unless he has money with which to discharge it. Most debtors obtain the means for paying one debt by incurring another. They can gain nothing by borrowing money on a gold basis with which to pay a debt on a silver basis. The uncertainty about the future which a threatened descent to a debased standard creates, impels a jealous scrutiny of all kinds of securities; and every borrower whose credit is not first-rate finds that he must not only promise to pay interest and principal in gold, but that he cannot obtain such favorable loans as formerly.

This is the trouble with the West and South at present. Their alleged determination to force the country upon the silver standard has weakened if not destroyed their own credit. They can no longer borrow except under the most stringent conditions. They are thus learning anew the lesson that all nations which have experimented with cheap money have learned before them, that an honest and sound money system is the only one which is beneficial to both debtor and creditor. No man can be compelled to lend his money against his will; the interest which he may demand may be regulated by law, but if he choose not to lend at all, there is no power which can force him to lend. Our readers will remember the experiment which was made in Rhode Island in 1785–86 [1] to compel shopkeepers and tradesmen to receive the debased paper money of the State on a par with coin, under penalty of heavy fine and loss of citizenship in case of refusal. The merchants and traders simply closed their shops and declined to sell at all. So it is with those who have money to lend. Rather than risk it on poor security, they decline to lend it at all. The result is a great contraction of credit under which all debtors who cannot at once convert their property into cash must go down.

It should be borne in mind that this contraction of credit which has caused money to be scarce, or "tight," comes at a time when the country has the largest *per capita* circulation of currency in its history — larger, in fact, than the *per capita* of any other country in the world except France. The *per capita* of the United Kingdom is $17.90; of Germany, $16.40; of France, $43.11. In the United States before the outflow of gold began it was $25.62; and at the beginning of June it was $23.88. France has a large *per capita* because it has not the system of checks and credits in use in other countries. Surely if the solution of our financial troubles lay in a large *per capita*, the West and South ought to be prosperous now. If more money in circulation means more money in the pockets of the people who need it more, the borrowers of the country ought to be comfortably in funds at the present time. On the contrary, they have less and the creditors have more than ever. This, too, is an old, old lesson, taught over and over again in every nation of the world that has experimented with financial problems. The only remedy for us is also old; and it is to get back to a sound basis at the earliest possible moment. The repeal of the Sherman law of 1890 is the first step toward putting ourselves on the same solid financial footing that all other great nations of the world are occupying. Until we take that step credit will remain impaired, and the debtor class, whose downfall always carries ruin for innocent people with it, will continue to suffer disaster.

1 See "Cheap-Money Experiments," The Century Co.

OPEN LETTERS.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

WINSLOW HOMER.

WITH the exception of a short period of study in the old National Academy of Design, and the aid of an artist who showed him how to set a palette, Winslow Homer has never been taught methods or known the academy, and certainly he has "arrived." I mean no disparagement to American artists — no class that I have any knowledge of are more bravely leading a "forlorn hope" — when I say that Winslow Homer, George Inness, and Alfred Kappes form a trio who, while profiting in the way of suggestion and instruction by the world's best art, have perhaps more than any others held themselves individual and distinct.

Some years ago — in the days of the conventional art of the wood-engraver — Homer made his bow to the public in "Harper's Weekly." His drawings were naïve and unconventional, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Parsons, then art director of that paper, for his discernment in allowing them to appear. A few years later the picture exhibitions contained each year little cabinet paintings of jolly, barefooted, tow-headed New England children, instinct with animalism. A few years later the American Water-Color Society gave the post of honor to a water-color of Homer's showing three sturdy fisher-girls, and entitled "A Voice from the Cliff," which took the art world by storm, and was promptly bought by one of our best-known literary

men. A year or two later, in the same gallery, but in one of the regular exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, bearing the same signature, in this same post of honor, was exhibited a picture in oil, "The Rescue," which attracted equal attention. This, while no better story-telling than "A Voice from the Cliff," from the nature of the subject possessed a dramatic quality which rendered it more remarkable than the former composition. But what was still better, it showed that the artist had been let into one of nature's most important secrets — the secret that local color is always affected by atmospheric conditions. I remember well one of Homer's pictures painted several years ago, for it impressed me deeply, of some boys at play. It was instinct with life and motion, but was heavy and "bricky" in color, and as much unlike his "Rescue" in this respect as dawn is unlike noonday.

I do not know that Homer has done anything better than "The Rescue"; he certainly has done nothing worse, and such a picture as that engraved on page 519 shows that he is still the same careful, thoughtful student of nature as when he painted that picture.

Winslow Homer was born in Boston in 1836, and has been abroad but once. He is a National Academician. For an extended review of his work, see Mrs. M. G. van Rensselaer's article in THE CENTURY for November, 1883.

F. EDWIN ELWELL.

THERE are some natures that, aided by talent, will work and plod and by a thoughtful method achieve a result; there are others that can work out their ideals only in a burst of what for want of a better word we call inspiration. Elwell belongs to this latter class. His work is most valuable when done by a *tour de force*. He will tell you that his models are the result of many hours — nay, days — of anxious cogitation; but his finest achievements are the result of a few hours of artistic fervor. I shall never forget my impression of his "Aphrodite" after he had worked a few days on it in the clay. Poised on a wave which had just cast her up, it was vibrant with life, a momentary action exquisitely caught. It was impossible in sculpture — as impossible as the dozens of beginnings by Michelangelo scattered over Italy, but, like these, impressive, notwithstanding.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

"DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL," BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

F. Edwin Elwell was born in Concord, Massachusetts, thirty-four years ago. He began work as a sculptor under the influence of Mr. D. C. French in 1879, and is, so far as I know, the only American sculptor to execute in America a work to be set up abroad — the memorial to F. H. Pont, now in the garden of the old cathedral at Edam, Holland. Mr. Elwell is a student of the Beaux-Arts, Paris, and of the distinguished sculptor A. Falguière. He has been an exhibitor at the Salon and the English Royal Academy, and was the recipient of a medal for architecture in the Architectural School of Ghent.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Business Politics.

RECENT sessions of different State legislatures have furnished abundant evidence that the idea of personal and business politics goes deeper than has yet been realized, and is more threatening than usually stated. Nor has such evidence been wanting elsewhere. There have been frequent proofs that many very respectable people have been imbued with this idea that practical politics has a capitalistic and speculative worth. The danger lies deeper than the spoils system, and is even more wide-spread than the bribery and corruption of political life would lead us to suppose.

It was several years ago that a politician whose morality was probably up to the standard of his fellows, asked the question, "What are we here for, if not for the offices?" and asked it as if the question were unanswerable. "What are we here for?" some one who is in the business of legislating may ask now, and there seem to be very few who can answer rightly. In one State we find a partizan legislature one year devoting much of its time to passing laws that transfer the State patronage from the governor to the legislature. The next year we see the succeeding legislature spending even more of its time — nay, most of the session — in passing laws which shall restore to the governor his patronage and give him much more power than he had before his rights were invaded. We find the whole power of a political caucus and the entire legislative authority of a popular assembly bent to the passage of a bill which shall prevent a municipal body's removing the speaker of the assembly from an office which he holds under the city government. We find sergeants-at-arms and their assistants hurrying over the State that a full vote may be marshaled for a bill which insures the safe return of a legislator for another term at the State capitol by adding a polling district to his bailiwick. One State legislature we find whose members consider it their most solemn duty to provide seats for themselves at a great public celebration. We see a State House of Representatives busy another day providing that a

certain parade in a certain city shall not follow a certain route. We find men who have secured an election to the legislature solely that they may look after business interests in which they are concerned, and which are imperiled by the passage of a restrictive law; and we see that it is considered most natural that they should desire an election on that account, and far from extraordinary that they should receive it. In a Western State we find a member of the legislature arguing on the propriety of ordering a change in the methods of instruction in political economy at the State college, to conform more closely to the economic teachings of the party in control of the legislature. So great has the pressure of individual legislation become that real public business has been delayed and real public reforms defeated to the advancement of private bills; and in one State the proposition is made to legalize special legislation because the present constitutional prohibition of such legislation has led to an increase of the difficulties attending the passage of the many petty local and individual measures to which members of the legislature often give their undivided attention.

Have any of these legislators rightly answered for themselves the question, "What are we here for?" Or have many of their constituents properly answered that question for them? The legislators want certain things, and they do not understand why they should desire to be elected if they cannot give their time to obtaining what they wish. The citizens, perhaps, want pensions or places, and they, in turn, cannot conceive the object of their working for any particular candidate if they are to receive no reward for their labors. Every other man who gave his support to a successful candidate has come to believe that he has a special claim to a reward for his labors, no matter how mean or small they may have been, and that this reward shall take shape in an appointment to a government position — in short, that the administration is the Government, and that the Government shall pay the political debts of the administration. But the application of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils is only a feature of the teaching that has led to the acceptance of public office as a means to the furtherance of private ends, and of public bodies as convenient servants for the transaction of private business. We find men who do not ask for positions entirely acquiescing in the right of others to "claim" them; and among every class we find a tendency which is even more dangerous and insidious than the spoils system — the tendency to look upon legislatures only as places where private rights shall be obtained and private wrongs redressed. The old idea that there are many things the individual must do for himself, many things the city must do for itself, many things over which the county must have complete control, has been entirely lost sight of. Nothing seems too small to demand attention at the legislature's hands; nothing too insignificant. Men come from one part of the State to secure the passage of a bill which shall force a city council to do a particular thing; and when they have succeeded they are followed by other men from another part of the State seeking to have an act approved which shall prevent their city council's doing the same thing.

The evil needs only to be stated to be shunned. Men who have studied it have opposed and preached against the shirking, shifting tendency, the easy-going cowardice and irresponsibility of action, the lazy dependence on government, and the careless indifference of what that government is, of which the growing tendency to leave everything to Congress and the legislature is the outward and visible sign. Education is what has been necessary to check the evil, and education has been mainly directed against the spoils system, and with gratifying results. There is an appreciable change in public sentiment — or rather, a perceptible growth, a birth, of public sentiment — on that matter that bodes ill for the politicians who openly act on the principle of the division of the spoils; though much is to be done yet. Meanwhile the evils of indiscriminate far-reaching and all-providing legislation are not so readily seen or so easily fought. With the growth of the civil service reform idea, however, the people will be better prepared for education on this point, and the attack on that ground will follow the downfall of the spoils system.

Charles Fiske.

"Napoleon's Deportation to Elba."

HAVING just read Admiral Ussher's paper on "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," in THE CENTURY for March, it occurred to me that as I was residing temporarily in Fréjus, it might be of interest to inquire if any eye-witnesses of the event were still living in the neighborhood. Such a person I found in M. Coulis, a gentleman ninety-three years old, but unusually intelligent and lucid in conversation. As his account differs slightly from that given by Admiral Ussher, it may be worth while to put it on record.

A slight temporary jetty had been erected at the beach for the occasion, and among those gathered near it were he and his father. It was about half-past seven of a bright moonlight evening when the imperial party arrived upon the beach — so bright indeed that the emperor's peculiarly vivid smile was apparent to all as he advanced from his carriage toward the boat which was awaiting him. Just as he put foot upon the jetty, however, his countenance darkened somewhat, and, turning to the prefect of the Department of the Var, who was standing by, the emperor remarked:

"This is still another deception. But I should have expected as much." ("Voici encore une déception. Mais j'aurai du m'attendre à cela.")

In reply to my query as to what had provoked this parting shot at a former official, M. Coulis said that he supposed it referred to his desertion by the French corvette *Victorieuse*, which was to accompany him to Elba and to remain permanently in his service, but which had sailed out of the bay the preceding afternoon upon learning that the emperor was to go to Elba in an English ship.

Admiral Ussher makes a curious topographical error when he states that Fréjus "lies on a height three or four miles from the anchorage." In point of fact, the town is separated from the beach by a scant three quarters of a mile of barren sand-dunes.

FRÉJUS, VAR, FRANCE. *Birge Harrison.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

How Hans Pickel saw the Brooklyn Bridge.

(*A True Story.*)

HANS PICKEL vas mine fat'er's name; Hans Pickel, id vas mine;
He kvit der fat'erland mit me in achtzen-forty-nine.
I vas a liddle bubchen denn, and now I 'm olt und gray,
Und schtill don' spik die English vell, I 'm very zad to zay.
Die poys I spielt mit almost all vas liddle Cherman poys,
Egcept die liddle Cherman girls who helpt to maig die noise;
Und von of dem now pears mine name — I gall her mine schweet Pickel,
Und such a shoak id maig her laugh und zay dat I 'm ridickel.
I vent to school a year or doo, und denn I learnt mine drade;
I vas a gleffer blumber, und a vortune I haf made.
Bud all dis dime of doil und moil I schtuck right straight to peesness,
Und neffer vonce haf took a day but Zundays for mine ease-ness.
Now Elspet (dat 's mine frau) she zay I 'd ought to haf a schange,
Und zo to go avay a vile I manetch to arrange.
I pought a dicket for New York, und had a lofly ride,
Und zaw die level landschaft all dat schmiled on efery zide;
Bud venn I reach die zitty I vas marvel at her zize —
I neffer zee such hurrying growds, such schplendit pildings rise.
I velt dat I vas almost lost, dough I veigh zwei-hundert pound!
Mine poor olt ears vas deafened by die Niagára zound.
'T vas most of all dat Prooklyn Pritch I vantet to peholt,
For of her vondrous maknitut I 'd many dimes peen tolt.
Und zo I vent down Vulton schtreet, und kvickly bay mine vare,
To zee it vrom beneat' at first, zoospended in die air.
A ferry-poat yoost loaded vas tree-four feet vrom der schlip —
I had zo liddle dime to schpare, I gould not lose dat trip.
Und zo I run mit all mine strengt' und gif a mighty schump!
Vot zay you? Miss it? Ach! not zo! I landet all kaflump.
I schtruck a pird-gage, und mine veight vas too much, on mine vord:
It crush it flatter denn mine hat, und kilt dat liddle pird.
Und denn against die gabin-door I rollt und schmasht it t'rough —
I neffer, neffer zaw die vay dose proken klasses flew!
Zwei purly teck-hants krapt me, und, t'inking me inzane,
Pegan to bound me mit deir fists mit all deir might und main.
I lose mine demper, I gonfess, und knockt dose zwei men down;
I do teclare I vas in troot der angr'est man in town.
Die voman of der pird-gage she game und zaid I 'd bay
For gilling of her liddle pird, before I vent avay.
Der gaptain of der ferry-poat he game und schvore profane,
Und dolt me I must go to schail or mend dat proken pane.
Die teck-hants schramplet to deir veet, und schoutet to egsplain:
I moss pe trunk pecause I run und gif dat fearful leap,
Und lantet on der pird-gage in such a glumsy heap.
Und zo to schpare more droupple, I dakes mine roll of pills,
Und hands den tollers to der frau whose liddle pird I gills.
I gifs den tollers to dose men whose nose I make to pleed
(Mine frau, she dells me aftervords I bay more as vas need),
Und I gifs der gaptain twenty-von to mend dat proken door —
Ach! 't vas a gostly trip I had, und I schpoilt die glose I vore.
Und denn as I did look me round, die beoples all did krin:
"Vat vas die hurry?" zo dey ask, "*die poat vas coming in!*"

But denn I zaw die Prooklyn Pritch, for ven der poat vent beck,
I schtoot upon der ferry ent und almost straint mine neck
Und zaw dat schplendit arch of schteel dat crosses t'rough die schky,
As kraceful as der regen-bow und, ach! zo proad und high!
Ach ja! es freut me dat I vent; I do not krudge die gost,—
I might haf schpent it besser, but I gan not gount it lost;
For I learnt a lot of visdom vrom der droupple I vas bin —
Zince denn I neffer hurries venn die poat iss goming in!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

The Harbor-Mother.

THE little boats from the ocean glide,
Hurrying home with the eventide
For shelter and rest
To the peaceful breast
Of the harbor-mother, whose arms stretch wide.

As she quiets each quivering, weary wing,
This is the song that I hear her sing,
While the stars hang low,
And the night-winds blow,
And strong and silent the slow tides swing:

"Rest, little boats, through the deepening night —
Rest till the smile of the sun is bright;
Then away and away
Through the long, fair day:
Nothing shall hinder your eager flight.

"Sleep now, and rest;
For that is best,
And calm and safe is the harbor-breast."

Grace Duffield Goodwin.

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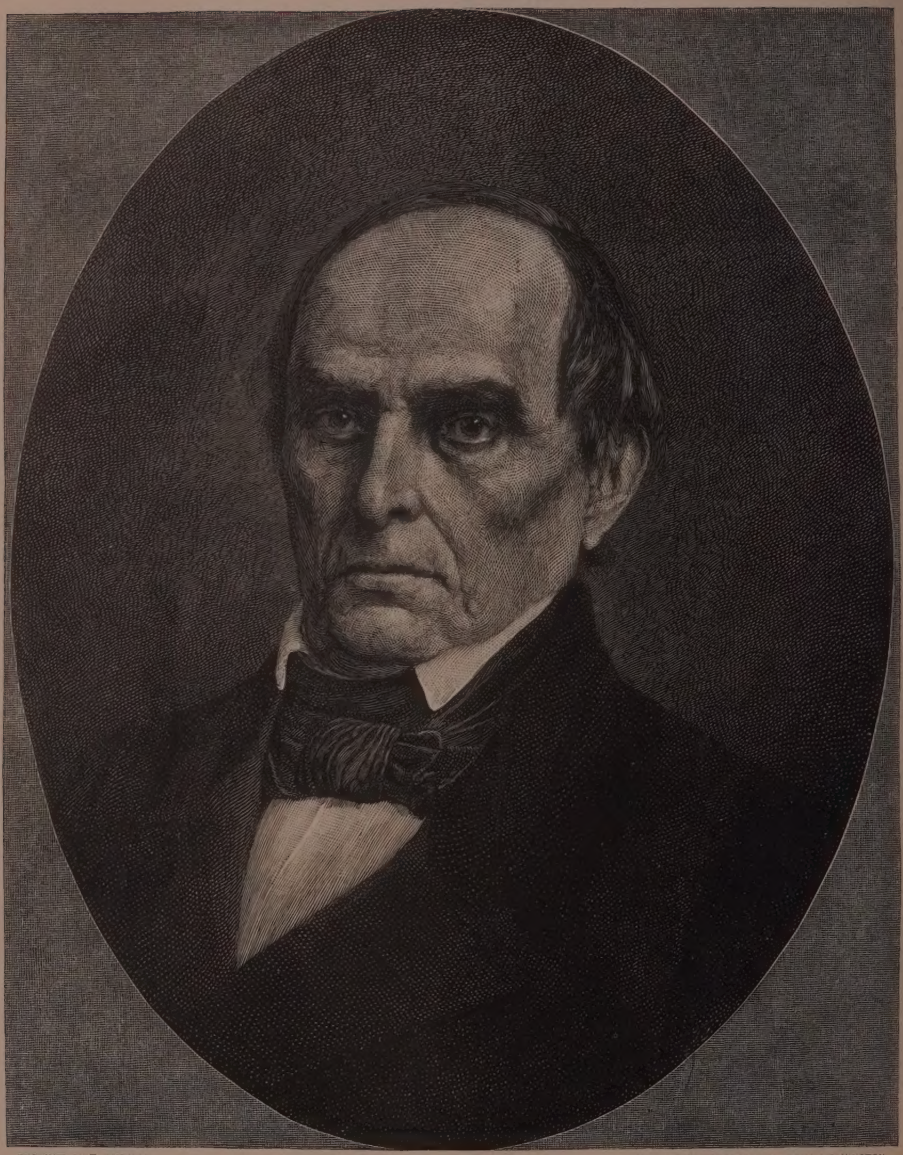

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

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Daniel Webster